# McClure's Magazine

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## A CENTURY OF PAINTING IN AMERICA

### THE FATHERS OF ART IN AMERICA

*Notes Descriptive and Biographical—Smybert, West, Copley, Peale (Father and Son), Trumbull, and Stuart*

BY WILL H. LOW

IT is a pleasant thought for a painter essaying here to record the history of his art in America to note that from the first his craft has been esteemed honorable. While it has never enjoyed, as in France, the fostering care of a paternal government, and indeed has met with but slight encouragement from private hands, it has escaped the servile conditions in which the entailed manual labor of the painter's craft shared the lot of other trades, excluding their practitioners from the rank of gentle folk in England. In a new country where virtually all men worked, the very mystery of his craft gave the painter a place not remote from the learned professions, which in our simple society were most highly respected. This rank he has sustained, and the list of our painters, though not over long, is a roll of honor.

#### *John Smybert*

In the earlier days many of our best men were foreign born, and followed the traditional path of art from East to West, while numbers of others, of American birth, passed the greater part of their lives in Europe, seeking influences which they could not find at home. Two notable instances of these contrary conditions are found at the outset in John Smybert and Benjamin West. Smybert, whose birth in Edinburgh, 1684, would preclude consideration of him in tracing the history of our art in the century just closed except for his influence on the early work of Copley, Trumbull, and Allston, was the first painter to reach our shore. He came here in 1728 in the company of Dean Berkeley, whose intent was to found a university "in the Bermudas" for the conversion of the heathen and their instruction in the arts and sciences. Landing in Rhode Island, Dean Berkeley and his companions remained for two years, when, finding that a promised royal charter for the University was not forthcoming, Berkeley returned to England. Smybert stayed, however, married the daughter of Dr. Williams, "who was Latin school master of the town of Boston for fifty years," and died there in 1751.

#### *Benjamin West*

Benjamin West, born near Springfield, Chester County, "in the province of Pennsylvania," on the tenth of October, 1738, was the first artist of American birth. Of Quaker parentage, and despite the almost Oriental abhorrence of the pictured image which was one of the tenets of their sect, the art instinct awoke in him at an early age. The story of his early efforts is unique in the history of art. He first drew with charcoal or chalk. Indigo, however, was used to tinge the stiffly starched caps and kerchiefs of the women; and the native American unconsciously ministered to the progress of the arts in his conquered country, for some friendly Indians, we are told, gave West red and yellow earths such as they used to paint their faces. With this primitive palette, undoubtedly ignoring the fact that from blue, red, and yellow all the painter's colors are derived, and with brushes

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BISHOP BERKELEY AND FAMILY, BY JOHN SMYBERT

*This group, which includes a portrait of the artist on the extreme left, was his first picture, certainly the first group painted in America. It is now in the possession of the Museum of Fine Arts, Yale University, and is reproduced by permission*

which he made for himself by inserting the hair of the domestic cat in goose quills obtained from the family flock, little Benjamin made his first essays in painting. These were portraits of his family and neighbors, and must have borne some resemblance to the subjects, for he was encouraged to continue. A traveling merchant from Philadelphia sent him a box of colors, and soon after the child was taken to Philadelphia, where (about 1746) there was a portrait painter whose name, Williams, would have remained unknown but for the fact that he gave West some instruction, and lent him the works of DuFresnoy and Richardson on painting. The next few years West spent at home working constantly from nature. On the death of his mother in 1756 he went to live with a brother-in-law in Philadelphia, and established himself as a portrait painter, demanding "two-and-a-half guineas for a head and five for a half length." He met with such success that later he visited New York, where he was enabled to double these munificent prices. From his reading the young Quaker had long desired to visit Italy, and, having saved a little money, in the latter part of 1759, at the age of twenty-one, he set sail, and after a prosperous voyage landed at Leghorn and proceeded to Rome.

West was received with great kindness by Raphael Mengs, who was then the principal painter in Rome, and by his advice took an extended tour through Italy, visiting Florence and Venice as well as Bologna, Parma, and some of the smaller towns. On his return to Rome he painted, in the taste of the time, pictures of Cymon and Iphigenia and Angelica and Medora which were highly approved, and gained his admission as a member of the Roman Academy. Two years were spent in Italy, when, passing by Paris, West went to England with the intention of returning home. This, however, was not to be, nor did our first American painter ever return to the land of his birth, though his constant kindness to his compatriots who flocked to him for tuition as the most prominent artist of his time in English-speaking countries, and his habit of considering himself an American, even in the company of George the Third when the King's whilom colonies were in active revolt, mark him for our own.

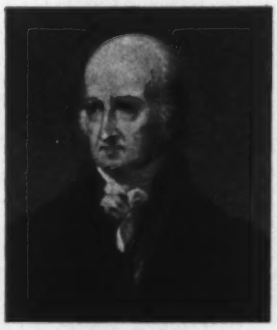
### *Refused Knighthood from George III.*

The death of Benjamin West on the eleventh of March, 1820, and the labor of the last twenty years of the four-score and two which he lived, bring him chronologically within the

*Photograph by Chas. Balliard*

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL

*Painted by Benjamin West. Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York*



BENJAMIN WEST

*From the full-length painting by James Green. In this thoughtful and dignified presentment of the painter in his old age there is still felt that charm of the young Quaker whose modest, straightforward demeanor won for him such favorable reception in Europe*

MR. AND MRS. RALPH IZARD, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

*This first important composition painted by Copley in Europe was executed in Rome in 1775, and is the most remarkable work done by any American artist of the period, who, like Copley, was self-taught*

category of painters of the nineteenth century, though his work is artistically of an anterior period. At the time of his arrival in England there were virtually no painters of historical subjects. He early attracted the attention of the then young King, and those two honest men for many years bore to each other relations like those which existed between Velasquez and Philip the Second of Spain. Under the protection of the King, West was instrumental in the foundation of the Royal Academy, and might have been its first president had he so willed. Considering his birth foreign, albeit in an English colony, he advised the election of Reynolds, after whose death in 1792, however, he was elected president. Upon this occasion his royal patron proposed to confer the honor of knighthood upon him, but West was able so respectfully to convey a declination through which sounds a note of pride—"I think I have earned greater eminence with my pencil than knighthood could confer on me"—as to retain the royal favor. This favor continued throughout the reign of the King, West being chiefly employed on a series of thirty-six vast compositions for the chapel at Windsor Castle, depicting the progress of revealed religion. Soon after his arrival in London his father had accompanied to England the affianced bride of his son, Miss Elizabeth Shewell, of Philadelphia. After his marriage West built a large house with spacious studios and a gallery for his pictures, and here he lived until his death. Most of our early painters, including Charles Wilson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and John Trumbull, were his pupils, and later Washington Allston and S. F. B. Morse (whose later celebrity as inventor of the practical telegraph has overshadowed his genuine attainment as a painter) profited by his counsel. Upon the accession of George the Fourth, West's patronage by the court ceased, but he continued with extraordinary facility to cover great areas of canvas, and by their exhibition and sale he earned considerable sums. His expenditures, however, were equally considerable, though he was in no sense a spendthrift. His official position demanded this, and his life points to the axiomatic truth that no great fortune is ever gained by the work of one's hands, the profits upon others' employment being the source of wealth. Until the last, however, with some

COPLEY AND HIS FAMILY, PAINTED BY COPLEY

*Owned by E. L. Amory, Boston. Temporarily loaned and on exhibition at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

slight diminution of court favor, he retained a position which has hardly been equaled by any artist since the time of Rubens. Beyond the kindness shown to his American pupils he evinced late in life his affection for the country of his birth by painting for presentation to the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia a vast composition representing "Christ Healing the Sick." This, with the possible exception of "Death on the Pale Horse," in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is his most important work in this country.

### *West's Merits and Shortcomings*

Both of these pictures are composed and painted with the facility of a man who, according to the standards of the art of his time in England, was a master. The ability to present and control all the elements of a composition of many figures is rare, and to judge these works by modern standards is hardly just. To consider them with those of his own time in France, to compare him with David, for instance, whose aim was not dissimilar, is to realize that in form, in accurate and forcible representation of the human figure, he is undoubtedly weak. On the other hand his color, though never rising to the height of the great colorists, is more agreeable than that of his French contemporary. In smaller works he has broken through the somewhat empty formulæ which governed the historical painter of his time. His "Death of Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham" was indeed the first picture which dared depict a modern historical event in the costumes worn by the actors therein. Garrick, we are told, played Richard the Third in a bag wig; but the historical painter or sculptor of the day was forced by the fashion of his time to clothe all his heroes in classical costume, and when West painted the "Death of Wolfe" the painters and amateurs of Great Britain stood aghast at the realistic uniforms of the day. The influence of his life was of no mean import for our art, and the varying character of the works of his pupils affords an insight into the liberality of his teaching, while their concurrent testimony to his virtues is confirmed by the touching affirmation of his wife just before her death in 1817: "He is a good man; he never had a vice."

### *John Singleton Copley*

John Singleton Copley, born in Boston in 1738, the year of West's birth, repeats in some respects the Quaker painter's career, as he left this country in 1774, and after two years in Italy settled in England, where he lived until his death on the ninth of September, 1815. Unlike West, however, Copley was thirty-six years of age before he left America, and had been in active practice of his profession fourteen years. Consequently, many of his works remain to us by which he may be fairly judged, for he early developed a style which his subsequent study in Europe mellowed but did not change. A painstaking search for accuracy gives to his work a certain naïve hardness, most refreshing in contrast to the mannered work of many of his contemporaries. It is pleasant to recognize this plain, honest, thorough quality as typical of the self-taught artist who acquired no mean degree of skill in the simple environment of provincial Boston. Of his life we have little knowledge; his son, born in Boston, who as Lord Lyndhurst became high chancellor of England, writing to S. F. B. Morse, President of the National Academy of Design in 1827, speaks of his life as "so uniform as to afford little material for a biographer." We know, however, that in his youth he saw copies made in Europe by Smybert, and that as early as 1760 he sent to England for exhibition a picture of a boy with a tame squirrel—a portrait of his half-brother, Harry Pelham—which received attention both from its merits and from its being no doubt the first of the since often-repeated efforts of the artist at home to seek recognition in Europe. In 1771 John Trumbull, when a student in Harvard, visited Copley, and finding him arrayed for his marriage, brave "in crimson velvet with gold buttons," was much influenced in his own choice of a profession by the high repute and obvious prosperity of the painter. Before leaving for Italy, Copley spent a year in New York, Dunlap saying: "The painters esel" (*sic*) "was in Broadway on the west side in a house which was burnt in the great conflagration on the night the British army entered the city as enemies." Soon after his arrival in Italy he painted the portrait group of Mr. and Mrs. Izard, of Charleston, S. C., whom he met in Rome. Few of the painters of the day in any country could have painted this group with as much individuality as Copley has shown. It shows to an astonishing degree the self-possession of the painter, who, newly arrived in Italy and visibly influenced by the art of the Old World, yet retained the truths which, in his isolation, he had discovered for himself. Later in England he followed in West's footsteps in attempting large historical compositions, but through all his work he is essentially a portraitist. His "Death of Lord Chatham," in the National Gallery in London, is primarily a collection of portraits, though not lacking a dramatic conception of the same. It is as a painter of portraits that he merits remembrance, and few of those executed in Europe excel the work of his self-taught early manhood. He prospered in England, was elected to the Royal Academy in 1783, and exhibited there until the year of his death.

### *How Washington Sat for His Portrait*

Nothing is more typical of our art in these early years than the great preponderance of portrait painters. The plain living of a plain people in nowise encouraged work that was at all decorative in character, and the engrossment in commercial affairs precluded interest in works of the imagination. Undoubtedly hearts beat as warmly and human affection was as sincere as in lands more propitious to the arts, and the portrait painter found work not only in the larger towns but also in sparsely settled portions of the country. From the desire to perpetuate the image of Washington alone, the semblance of a school of portraitists arose, and one of the few touches of humor in which the dignified father of his country ever indulged occurs in a letter to the Hon. Francis Hopkinson, who had asked him to sit for an English painter, Robert Edge Pine, then newly arrived in the United States.

MOUNT VERNON, 16th May, 1785.

*Dear Sir*:—"In for a penny in for a pound" is an old adage. I am so hacknied (*sic*) to the touches of the painters' pencils that I am now altogether at their beck, and sit like Patience on a monument whilst they delineate the features of my face. It is a proof, among many others, of what habit and custom may effect. At first I was impatient in the extreme, and as restive under the operation as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with fewer flounces: now, no dray-horse moves more readily to the drill than I to the painter's chair. It may easily be conceived, therefore, that I yielded a ready acquiescence to your request and to the views of Mr. Pine.

### *The Elder Peale*

Many and curious types of our men have either entered the painter's craft from very dissimilar pursuits, or plied a variety of trades in addition to their profession. During Charles Wilson Peale's busy career, which ended when he was eighty-five years of age, in 1827, he

MRS. ABIGAIL BLOOMFIELD ROGERS

*Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Anna P. Rogers, Boston, the present owner. If, as is believed, this portrait was painted before Copley had studied abroad, it will be seen that his style was already formed, and that, in comparison with the contemporary painting of any countrymen, his technical equipment was very great*

had *tour à tour* been a "saddle and harness maker; clock and watch maker; painter in oil, crayons, and miniature; modeler in clay, wax, and plaster; sawed the ivory; molded the glasses and made the shagreen cases for his miniatures; was a soldier, legislator, and lecturer, a taxidermist and dentist"—and was, his biographer adds, "a mild, benevolent, and good man." This "jack of all trades" was hardly a master in painting, but one of the earliest portraits of Washington, of whom in all he painted fourteen, is by him. While

GENERAL CADWALLADER AND FAMILY

*Reproduced by permission of Dr. John Cadwallader, Philadelphia. A good example of the elder Peale's hard and uncompromising style, with its redeeming quality of sincerity; a more than respectable achievement of this essentially self-taught artist*

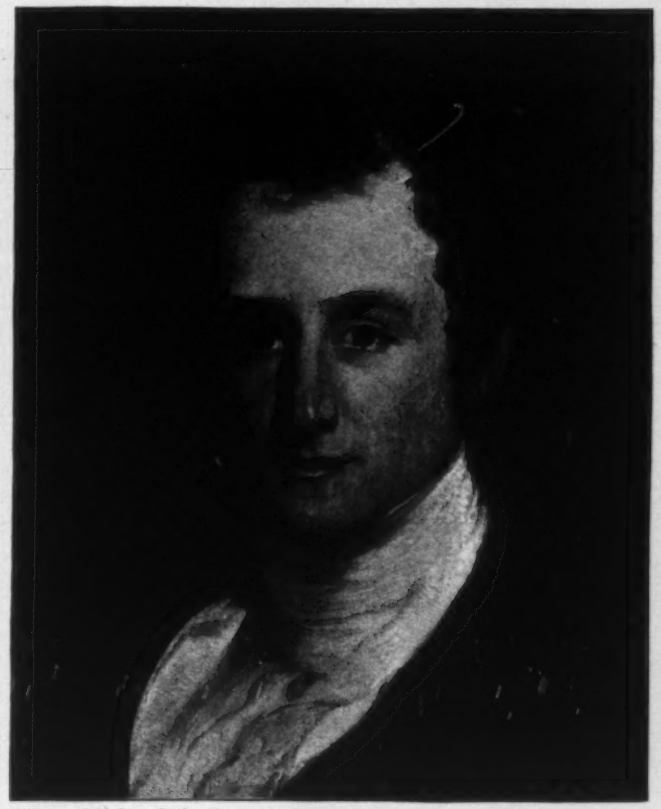
his work is much inferior to Copley's, it nevertheless has something of the sincerity and veracity which came from isolation from the schools and dependence on nature as the only guide. He was born in Maryland in 1768. As a young man he made a visit to Boston and received some slight instruction from Copley. Returning to Annapolis, he practised his art for two years, then went to London, where he became a pupil of West; the kind painter even taking him into his house when Peale's funds were exhausted. He remained in London four years, and two years after he returned home the Revolution broke out, and he joined the army, in which, as captain of volunteers, he was present at the battles of Trenton and Germantown. In camp he found time to practise his art, and we have a picturesque glimpse of Washington sitting for a miniature portrait in a room so small and poorly lighted that Peale, who stood by the window, was forced to ask the distinguished model to sit on the bed.

The war over, Peale's interest in natural history made him a collector, and he established a museum in Philadelphia, where a medley assortment of curiosities, specimens of natural history, and pictures were exhibited, and he also maintained an art school, where his zeal went so far as to induce him to serve as a model for the students. The outcome of this activity was the establishment, in 1809, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. His many children bore witness in their names to his artistic enthusiasm, and Rembrandt, Raphael, Rubens, and Titian were thus honored. It was men of his type, the pioneers of our art, who have made it independent of state patronage, existing only as it is useful, their higher efforts a labor of love and self-sacrifice; for even today the diversity of channels into which our art effort is subdivided is peculiarly unique in the history of art, our men, resourceful as though by birthright, seldom waiting in their studios for encouragement, but mingling with their fellows and wresting their success in the various ways where their attainment is of commercial value.

### *Rembrandt Peale*

Of the elder Peale's artistically named sons Rembrandt Peale was the most important. Born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, on the twenty-second of February, 1788, he was a pupil of his father, and in 1796, at the age of eighteen, began his professional career as a portrait painter in Charleston, South Carolina. About this time he in turn painted a portrait from life of Washington. Gilbert

Stuart was fond of telling that on one occasion, when the much-beset hero was sitting for the last of the fourteen portraits which the elder Peale painted, "I looked in to see how the old gentleman was getting on, and to my astonishment I found the general surrounded by the whole Peale family, As I went away I met Mrs. Washington. 'Madam,' said I, 'the general's in a perilous situation.' 'How, sir?' 'He is beset, Madam—no less than five upon him at once; one aims at his eye, another at his nose, another is busy with his hair, his mouth is attacked by a fourth, and the fifth has him by the button; in short, Madam, there are five painters at him, and knowing how he has suffered at the hands of one, you can judge of the horrors of his situation.'" From this study Rembrandt Peale afterward painted the portrait which was placed in the Senate Chamber in Washington. In 1801 he went to London, where he remained as a pupil of West for three years, going afterward to Paris, where he painted a large number of portraits of the eminent Frenchmen of the time for his father's museum in Philadelphia. Some time after his return to America, in 1809, he executed two large pictures of the "Roman Daughter" and the "Court of Death," which were probably the first subject pictures painted in this country, and which, whatever their merits, were successful in one sense, as we are told that "in a little over a year the exhibition of the latter in the principal cities of the Union brought in $8,886. In New York it was recommended from the pulpits and by the Corporation of the city, who went in a body to see it." Other times, other manners; we can hardly imagine to-day our Municipal body making such a visit! Inheriting his father's varied interests, the son [illegible] became interested in the problems of illumination by gas, and in 1817, being [illegible] a resident of Baltimore, he formed a company by which that city was lighted, [illegible] of our cities to enjoy this privilege. Unlike Robert Fulton, who left his art to solve the problem of navigation by steam, or Morse, whose electro-magnetic experiments had [illegible] result, Rembrandt Peale's interest in and practice of his profession occupied him, chiefly as a painter of portraits, many of which possess merit, until his death in 1860.

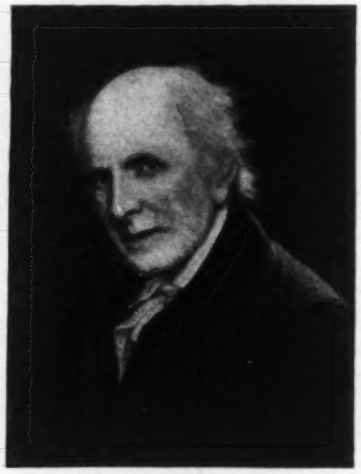


*Photograph by Chas. Baillard* JOHN FINLEY
*Painted by Rembrandt Peale. Reproduced by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

### *John Trumbull*

Diversity of occupation also marked the life of John Trumbull, whose career as soldier and diplomat, however, was incidental to his unflagging effort in art, an effort which to-day seems rather of the head than of the heart, as his works reveal an intelligent mind deliberately choosing a profession, esteemed noble, with a view of perpetuating the history of his country, rather than the imperious vocation of the born painter who delights in form and color as the instrument for the transmission of the beauty he finds in nature. Chronologically of the time of the Revolution, born in Lebanon, Connecticut, on the sixth of June, 1756, from his boyhood his artistic activity continued till his death in New York on the tenth of November, 1843. He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, Governor of Connecticut, and received his edu-

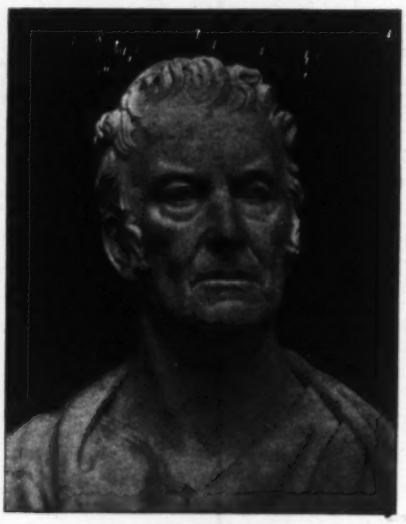
cation at Harvard, graduating in 1773 at the age of seventeen. He copied a few pictures in college, among them the copy of Vandyke, by Smybert, which for Copley, and later for Allston, also served for instruction. Before he entered on his vocation the war of Independence broke out, and as adjutant of the first Connecticut regiment he began his military career. A dispute regarding his promotion as adjutant-general shortened his military life and caused his resignation in 1776, when he went to Boston, where he stayed until May, 1780. In that year he sought instruction from West, but soon after his arrival in London was imprisoned as a rebel, in the excitement following the execution of Major André. After an imprisonment of eight months he was released through the influence of West and returned home. On the conclusion of peace in 1783 Trumbull desired to continue his studies in art; and against the will of his father, who wished him to study law, warning him that "Connecticut was not Athens," he returned to West in London.



CHARLES WILSON PEALE

*From the full-length portrait of himself, painted in his old age. Now in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.*

Three years after, he had completed his picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which was followed by that of the "Death of Montgomery at Quebec." These were pictures with figures about ten inches high, the heads painted with a miniature-like precision, well composed and sufficiently agreeable in color. They, with much of the painter's life work, may be seen in the gallery of the School of Fine Arts, at Yale University, and to the end of his long life Trumbull hardly surpassed them. He now formed the project of returning home to obtain from the still living actors of the great events of the Revolution studies for the portraits to serve for a series of historical pictures of these events. This was henceforth his life work, though for a period he returned to Europe, where he served as a commissioner to adjust claims that had risen from the war between England and her former colonies.



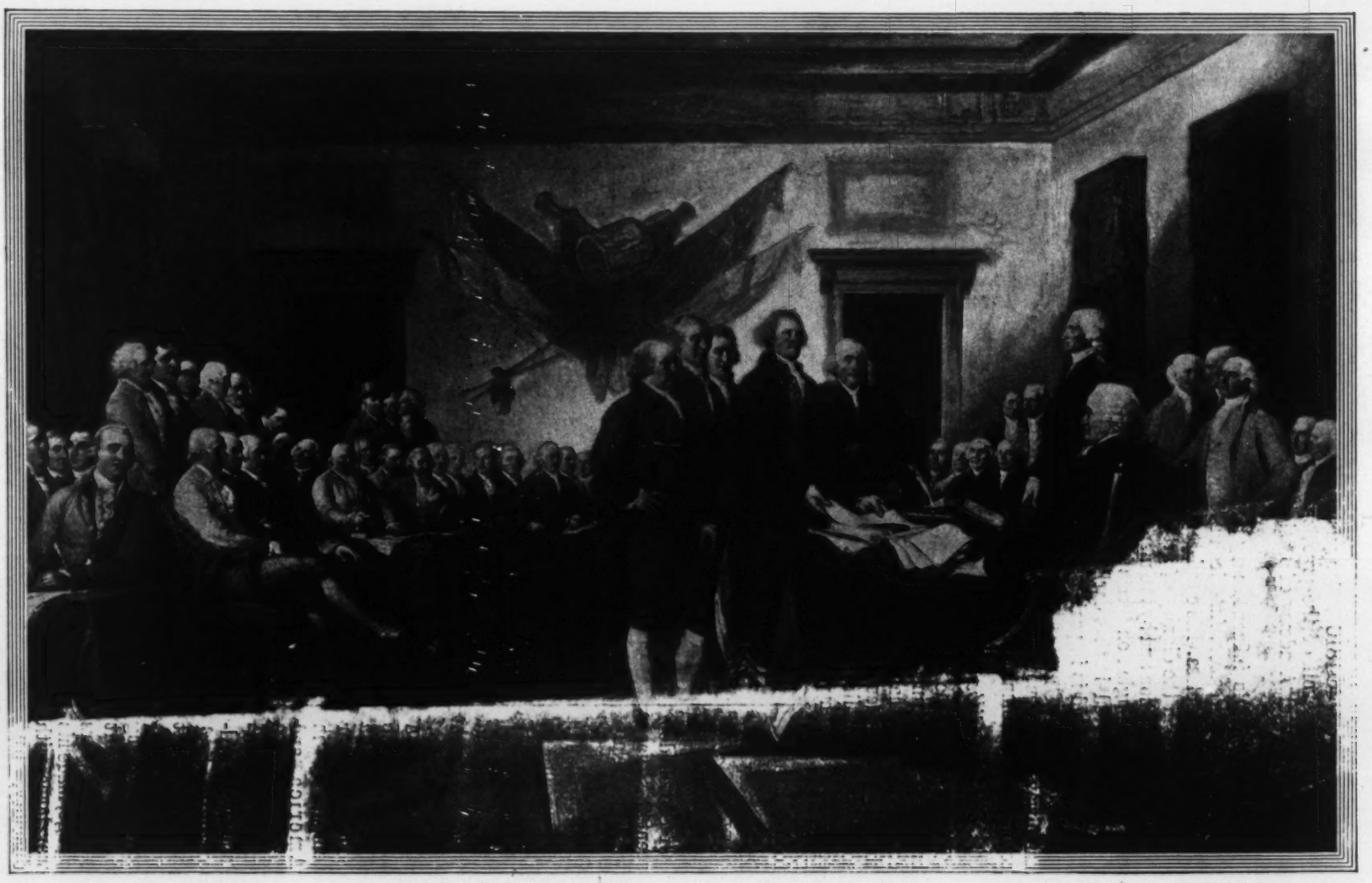
JOHN TRUMBULL

*From the bust by Hughes*

*(A fragment)*

### *His Paintings in the Rotunda*

Two years were thus occupied, and Trumbull, after a short visit home, again returned to England. He came back to this country in 1816, and in the following year Congress commissioned him to paint the four historical subjects which are now placed in the Rotunda of the National Capitol in Washington. In the intervening years he had completed others of his series of historical pictures, making them of about the same size as the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and had traveled far and wide through our country to obtain the studies necessary. These small heads are for the most part well painted, but when the four large pictures were finished, it was seen that Trumbull had neither knowledge nor intuitive decorative sense sufficient to paint upon a large scale. The first effort of the United States to encourage art cannot, therefore, be considered fortunate, as even the documenatry value of the works is less than that of the small studies from which they are enlarged. Trumbull, upon his choice of New York as a permanent residence, became a source of discord to the then rising generation of American painters. By long residence abroad, his ideal for the future art of his country had become foreign to our more simple and democratic principles, and his influence was exerted to found an Academy of Fine Arts, directed by men of affairs, where, as its constitution phrased it, artists were "to be *permitted* to show their works," and distinguished amateurs were to be "*invited*" to do so. Such an academy was



SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

*Painted by John Trumbull. Now in the Yale School of Fine Arts*

formed indeed in 1806, and revived upon Trumbull's return in 1816 to languish until 1826, when, by revolt of the practising artists, the National Academy of Design was founded.

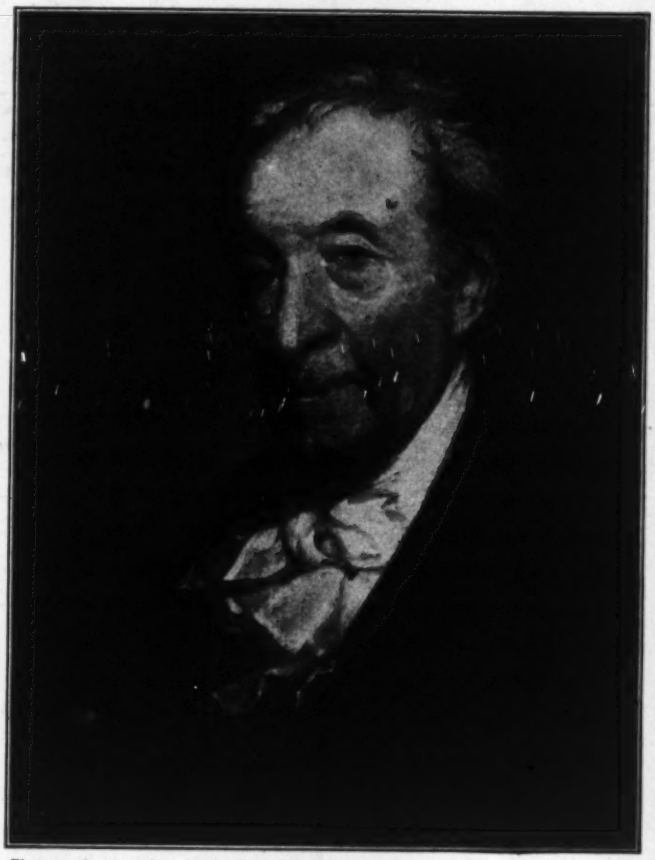
Though Trumbull's influence may not have been that of progression, American art owes him much, nevertheless. His consistent belief throughout life in the dignity of art, and his example by education and by the men of mark with whom he mingled on terms of equality, must have exerted in that early day a salutary influence, and is in part responsible for the fact that the profession of the artist has always been one of good repute in our commercial community.

## *Gilbert Stuart*

The work of all the men thus far considered has little significance as painting *per se* in comparison with that of Gilbert Stuart, who, though perhaps less exemplary in the personal conduct of life than some of his predecessors or contemporaries, is of the race of great painters for all time.

### *A Career of Ups and Downs*

Of Scotch descent, Stuart was born in Narragansett, Rhode Island, on the third of December, 1755, and died in Boston the twenty-seventh of July, 1828. He became a pupil of Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch painter temporarily in America, and accompanied his master to Scotland, where Alexander died soon after. Left without resources, young Stuart, but seventeen years of age, made his way home with difficulty, but nothing daunted, again returned to Europe three years later in 1775. Here he led a hand-to-mouth existence for two years, when he was brought to the notice of Benjamin West, who at once took him into his family, employing him as an assistant, and giving him instruction for a long period, for it was not until 1782 that Stuart opened a studio of his own. Reynolds and Gainsborough were in active practice, but the young American painter was successful from the first. Of convivial habits, with little or none of the prudence which past misfortune might have taught him, his success served him so little that in 1788 he was obliged to flee from his creditors to Dublin. Here history was repeated, and for a time the debtors' prison was his studio, where he still retained an active practice. He married in England in 1786, and after the episode in the debtors' prison his wife joined him, and in Ireland "he painted most of the nobility and lived in a great deal of splendor."



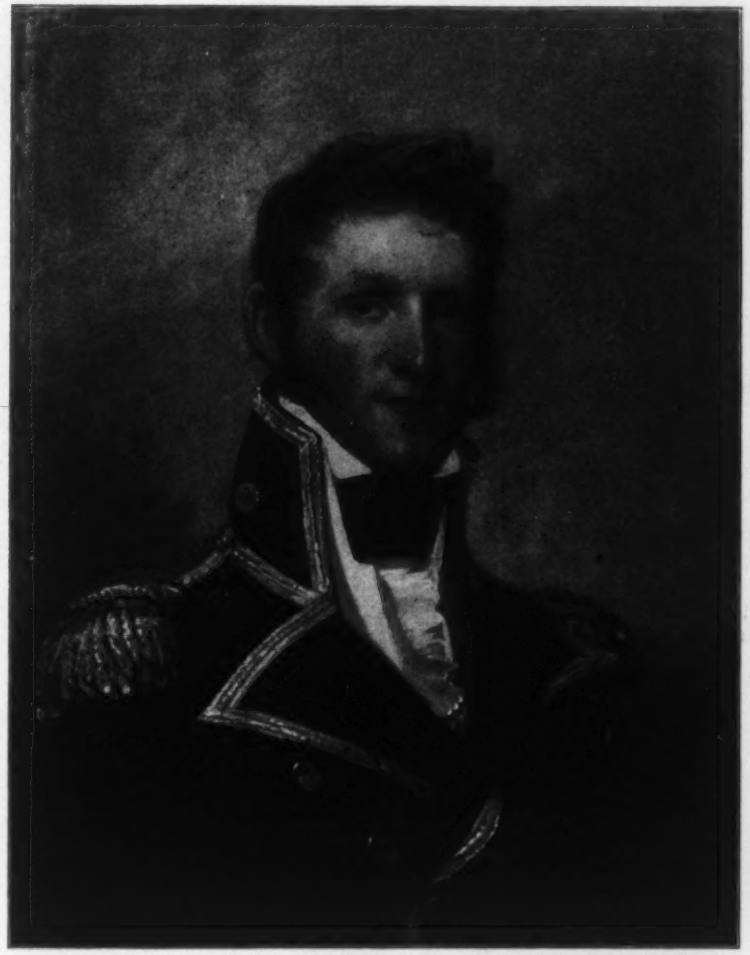
*Photograph copyright, 1897, by C. A. Lawrence*

GILBERT STUART

*Painted by John Neagle, whose work will be mentioned later in this series. He was a pupil of Stuart, and his work reflects equal credit on his master and himself. In the possession of the Boston Art Museum*

### *The Story of Stuart's First Portrait of Washington*

At heart he had remained a good American, and cherished so keen a desire to paint a portrait of Washington that he relinquished his successful practice in Dublin to return home with this avowed purpose. His return to New York in 1793, where his fame had preceded him, was an event of importance. Dunlap writes that it appeared to him that he had "never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed to the canvas." To his studio "in Stone street, near William,"



COMMODORE McDONOUGH

*Painted by Gilbert Stuart, now in the Century Club, New York. Reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. Augustus C. McDonough*

sitters flocked, and it was not until the following year that he was able to proceed to Philadelphia, whither Congress had removed from New York, where he had his first sitting from Washington, who was then President. Dunlap fixes the date thus, and states that Stuart destroyed his first portrait because he was dissatisfied with the expression. Within recent years, however, a portrait by Stuart of Washington, which since the period that it was painted has remained in the possession of the Gibbs-Channing family, has been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This, it is maintained with apparent justice, is the first result of Stuart's portraiture of Washington. The better-known portrait in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts was the second attempt of Stuart, and with it he was so well satisfied that he refrained from adding a touch to it after the departure of the sitter, and throughout the vicissitudes of an often unprosperous career he steadfastly refused to sell it to any but a public institution. The background and coat are left the color of the canvas, and the whole work retains a freshness which shows the artist's wisdom in refraining from superficial "finish."

This, with the companion picture of Martha Washington, are the best-known works of Stuart, though his prolific brush has left us many portraits equally interesting as painting, though of less importance in subject from our national point of view. From the time of painting Washington in Philadelphia Stuart resided at Germantown, near that city, until 1800, when he followed the removal of Congress to Washington. Here he stayed until 1805, and from that period until his death made Boston his home. In all these cities he was industrious, and the generation then alive profited by his master brush.

## *Stuart's Place in American Art*

Without being an impeccable draftsman, he was quick to seize on the characteristic features of his sitters, and his sense of color was highly developed. His method of painting was direct and simple, qualities to which we owe that so many of his works have come down to us without deterioration from time. He was essentially a portraitist, never to my knowledge attempting to paint a composition, and even the comparatively few full-length portraits which he painted are more conventional and less interesting than his bust portraits. As a man he was, to judge by the many anecdotes still related, of infinite wit. From native intelligence, undoubtedly profiting by the commerce he had enjoyed with the best people of the time, the deficiencies of his early education were not apparent, and he was a brilliant talker, no small merit in one whose profession often induces somnolency on the part of the portrayed. His convivial habits were largely those of his time, but unlike many "three bottle men," his indulgences never seem to have impaired the clearness of his vision nor the cunning of his hand, since one of the best of his portraits, that of John Quincy Adams, was painted in his seventy-fifth year. Of this only the head was finished, when death stayed his hand. Like most of his professional contemporaries he was most generous with his counsel to younger artists. "Bring your pictures in, we don't turn painting out of doors here," was his hearty invitation to a timid aspirant who had brought a work for his criticism. In this country he played the rôle which West had filled in England, most of our painters in the first quarter of the nineteenth century profiting by his knowledge. The list of his work is long; there are few cities on the Atlantic seaboard that do not possess one or more of them, and to no paintings of the time can the student or lover of art turn with more certainty of benefit from study than to those left by Gilbert Stuart.

MARQUISE DE CASA-YRUJO

*Née Sally McKean of Philadelphia. By Gilbert Stuart. A charming example of his talent, possibly the best portrait ever painted by him. Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Thomas McKean, Sr.*

# JIMPS

## BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

*Illustrated by A. I. Keller*

THE ice had "broke," and the April woods were knee-deep in crystal slush. Jimps's tomato cans, like Christmas stockings naïvely waiting what a benevolent future might hold in store, hung expectantly from every sugar maple her toiling little feet could reach in adventurous excursions around the shanty. The evening sunlight, pink as a wild rose, shot through the open spaces of the clearing and into the Men's Room, where the tired river drivers, released from the day's work, lounged about the central stove. The sunlight fell on the rough floor in streaks, and lighted Jimps's head till her hair looked like motes in the sun. It touched with flame the bowl of Jeremy's pipe. The rest of the room was in dusk, concealing from Jeremy, ever-fertile *raconteur*, that his mates had yielded themselves to after-supper dozing. Only his little girl sat, erect and eager, as if drinking honey from his lips. The unintelligibility of his tales to her childish perception only heightened their charm. Like dim incantations, they had the spell of the mystic, and she translated them to suit the mood or the hour.

Jeremy spoke with the unctuous drawl of a person in possession of his audience, secure in this case because a somnolent one.

"To cut a long story short"—he repeated the euphemistic phrase as those do who cut short stories long—"she says, says she, to me, 'Would you have the goodness to remove that ere pipe of yourn from your lips?' or words to that uffect."

It was evident that Jeremy was embarked upon a story as familiar to the camp as to the world outside, of the leading rôle of which he nevertheless claimed to be the original creator. Jimps listened with eyes open to every smallest detail.

"'This be the smoker, madam,' says I, ca'm-like and firm, 'and pipes be allowed. But would you be so obleeging as to remove that ere dorg of yourn to the freight, whar he belongs?'"

"How did the doggie look, Jeremy?" cried Jimps, alive to this feature of the incantation.

Nothing is more annoying to the story-teller than irrelevant queries that swerve the course of the story, mid-stream. But the snag was Jimps, so Jeremy treated it with respect.

"The same war the hombliest critter you ever laid eyes on. Molasses-colored, with ears like two pancakes on him. You'd ha' thought them ears of hisn would have bothered him considable in chawin' when he come to chaw."

Jeremy's wit was richly rewarded by Jimps's cascade of laughter. He rambled on.

"Her, pawin' the smoke away and sniffin'

*"'And then, what d'ye think? he—bowed reel perlite'"*

the foolishest. But I was never one to stan' out agin a woman, only thet long to uphold my manly dignity; so I lays my pipe daown on the sill, accidental-like, the while I mought be ponderin' somethin' purty deep."

Jeremy's voice, sinking mysteriously, aroused Jimps's nimble imagination. Her dark eyebrows were raised to a point above her triangular brown eyes as she leaned forward out of her high chair. She looked like a startled insect. It was only at this twilight hour that she was admitted to the charmed circle around the stove. Here she sat still. At other times she rippled with incessant life, like a sapling in the breeze.

"How deep were it, Jeremy? 'Bout as deep as that woodchuck hole by the big beech tree?"

"What be you talkin' of, daughtie? There warn't no woodchuck holes on thet Adyrondack express. We was half-way between Big Moose and Beaver River, I reckon, when quick ez a wink thet wumman flipped my pipe out of the window!"

Jimps felt that her last commentary, though well meant, had been a failure, and was resolved to retrieve herself by an extra amount of sympathetic vivacity.

"Oh! That were smart of the lady, wern't it?"

Jeremy, instead of gratitude for this solitary instance of attention in a roomful of sleeping dummies, betrayed the slightest bitterness.

"A durned bit too smart fer me. So I jist yanked her dorg up by his big ears and he follered the pipe daown the tracks, I'm blessed if he didn't!"

"The poor little doggie!" burst out Jimps, in a frenzy of unexpected commiseration.

She jumped from her chair and ran to Jeremy vengefully. Her red lips quivered to a sob, and her eyebrows were ruffled.

"You hurt the poor doggie, and I won't love you any more."

"What—what's this?" muttered old Eli, turning in his barrel chair. "Who's hurtin' little Jimps?"

Jeremy had at least gained a listener. Eli, when he heard the next catch-word, recognized the tale, and groaned at his inopportune wakefulness.

"I didn't hurt the critter none, daughtie. Listen and you'll find out. At Clear Water I was stoppin' to see my sister's folks, and purty glad to get shook off from that jawin' wumman; but off she gets, too, tu pursu the argyment, when, what in the name of wonderment did we see a-comin' daown the railroad tracks?"

The thrill of an approaching climax aroused the last sleepers, and Jeremy was tickled by the stir.

"Thet ere lap-eared dorg of hern, trottin' ez cool ez ye please——"

"Oh, was he *reel* cool?" rippled Jimps, appreciative, as always, of minor points.

Jeremy swept magnificently on.

"And thet gol-darned pipe of mine in his ugly mouth! Hey, what d'ye say to that, old man Joe?"

"The dear little doggie!" bubbled Jimps. "And the pipe in his mouf! And were he smokin' it, Jeremy?"

The satire, unconscious though it was, did not escape the quick-witted lumbermen. They burst into roars of laughter at Jeremy's expense. The simple-hearted old fellow accepted the laughter as tribute to the success of his tale.

"It war cur'ous, warn't it?" he concluded, tipping the ashes out of his pipe on the woodpile.

"Naow fer your bear story," said Davy affably to Eli.

"Or yourn of the devil," returned Eli.

Both were well-known allusions that kindled appreciative guffaws.

"I were witness to a most astoundin' occurrence last winter," began Mart waggishly.

"Yes, I reckon we've all sawed mighty wonders," said Davy drily, "ef you give us time to think on 'em up."

Little Jimps, in Jeremy's arms, suffered the agony of unworthy obscurity. Here were all the "boys" with such marvels at the tips of their tongues, while she must sit in extinguishment. There was a silence, during which Jimps meditated a hundred fine beginnings, like one who trembles on the verge of his first impromptu speech. She slid down from Jeremy's knees and began in an awe-struck tone: "I've had a wonder, too! I haven't telled no one what I sawed on the tote-road this mornin'."

Her tone so deliciously echoed Jeremy's own, at his most inspired moment, that the men laughed, but were silenced by Jeremy's gentle plea.

"Let the young 'un tell her story, and you boys listen and hark to it."

"I went out to the tote-road this mornin'," said Jimps, in the throes of literary creation, "to see how much sap had runned into my biggest pail. And I hearn a funny noise and I looked, and what do you think I sawed"—the ecstasy of fabrication was upon her—"up above me in the tree?"

The dramatic pause was busily employed with thoughts as to what she did see.

"A little squirl, and he slided down the trunk just as fast, and when he come to the bottom he spread out his tail, so."

Jimps illustrated with hands and skirt.

"And sat down, and he looked like a gray jug settin' on a fuzzy mat, just zactly."

She laughed humorously at her simile, taking meanwhile quick thought ahead. She realized that her wonder was beginning well, but she could not hold her audience indefinitely without some daring stroke.

"Kind of chittery, like this," said she, with plausible imitation. "And I walked away just as sof'," she tip-toed up to Davy, "and—thet's all!"

"Fust rate! You'll do, all right!" said Davy cynically.

Jimps's brows went up in instant comprehension. Now that she had told her lie, she became its passionate defender.

"Cross my heart and die, it's solemn truf!"

"In course it be," murmured Jeremy lovingly.

"'N I'm going there to-morrow to talk wiz him again, but you can't go!" was her final shot to Davy as Jeremy bore her off to bed.

*"'Oh, my baby, my baby,' he heard her moan"*

"And then, what d'ye think, he—bowed real perlite——"

Jimps captured her audience by another bit of "business."

"And he says, 'Good mornin', ma'am. I'm the squirl what lives in this tree, and I'll be obleeged ef you'll step keerful, so's not to wake up my children, ez air jest gone to sleep in their little bunks.' That's what the squirl says to me."

Jimps was now in the center of the room, and her brown eyes shone red in the stove light. Her fluffy hair rose up into a little peak of excitement.

"What sort of voice did he have, Jimps?" queried Jeremy respectfully.

"Ain't she a corker, though, to tell yarns?" said Mart when the door was closed behind father and child. "Takes arter her mother all right in thet."

"'N she'll bamboozle him jest the same when she's growed big," added Davy.

Notwithstanding, every man in camp, with the addition of Garetta, Eli's wife, the camp cook, loved Jimps devotedly.

Jeremy's marriage had been the romance and the tragedy of the little logging community some years before. The girl Melissy had suddenly appeared in camp one stormy winter

night, unknown, unheralded, and pitifully in search of a "husband," who was in reality no husband at all. Paul Lawless, who had deceived the foolish young thing, turned on his heel, and by his silence disowned her. Then Jeremy, elderly, diffident, and lonely, had risen to the supreme height of his life, and claimed her as his own. A quiet marriage had followed, and three happy years, happy for Jeremy, full of discontent and longing for selfish, pretty light-o'-love Melissy. The birth of her child stirred only the feeblest maternal instinct, although to Jeremy it was the coming of heaven on earth. Therefore it was not a surprise to the camp when Melissy ran away with Zenus Adgate, a flashy drummer from Malone. Melissy's babbling babe saved Jeremy's life and reason in the bitter days that followed. When he finally had strength to speak of her, he was only known to say that he pitied her and blamed himself more than he blamed her. After a while he made it possible for her to get the divorce she wanted. The child he always kept, and his whole rugged nature was wrapped to absorption in the fragile scrap of a girl. Sometimes he would take her velvet face between his rough hands with a wonder and awe that she was his, so little, so dainty, and his. She, in her turn, lavished upon him a variety of bewildering caresses and fluttered between his feet like a kitten. Jimps was volatile, restless, fanciful, but had an insight of human nature that was almost genius. Next to her love for Jeremy was her love for admiration. Therefore when she was put to bed on the night of her triumph did she intoxicate her father by her cooing love-words and fantastic embraces. Had she not conquered the "boys" to spell-bound belief in her wonder? It was a lovely lie.

"Jeremy, I'm awful fond of you," she cooed, inventing new and ever new additions to the "squirl story."

"We will stay together all our life, daughtie," he responded, his throat full.

That night Melissy and Zenus came to camp. The woman wished to see her child, the only child she had ever borne, and he had consented to satisfy her whim.

"An' ef she's reel sweet and purty we'll take her back to live with us, won't we, Zene?" said she cajolingly.

She had been thinking lately how nice a live plaything would be.

"What'll Jeremy say?"

"He won't say nothing when I tell him how much I want her."

She had a shallow nature's cheap pride in its power.

Deep souls are most at the mercy of the feeble ones where love enters in. Little souls stand on the edge of a whirlpool and laugh at the havoc their breath creates.

"It's purty tough for a little gell like her to be brought up so lonesome, with only rough men to take keer on her."

"Thet's so, all right," assented Zene, as they drove into the camp road at nightfall.

The air was balmy with melting snows and sprouting buds. Shadows wavered across the moonlight. The moon quivered as a golden cross in a black brook by the wood's edge. Then the log shanties came into view in their clearing, low dark roofs against a luminous sky. The fair full moon sailed above. Jeremy's candle flickered red through the slit of an upper window. He had taught Jimps to say her prayers.

"And God forgib all my sins," she murmured with unsullied conscience, "and bless me and Jeremy. Amen."

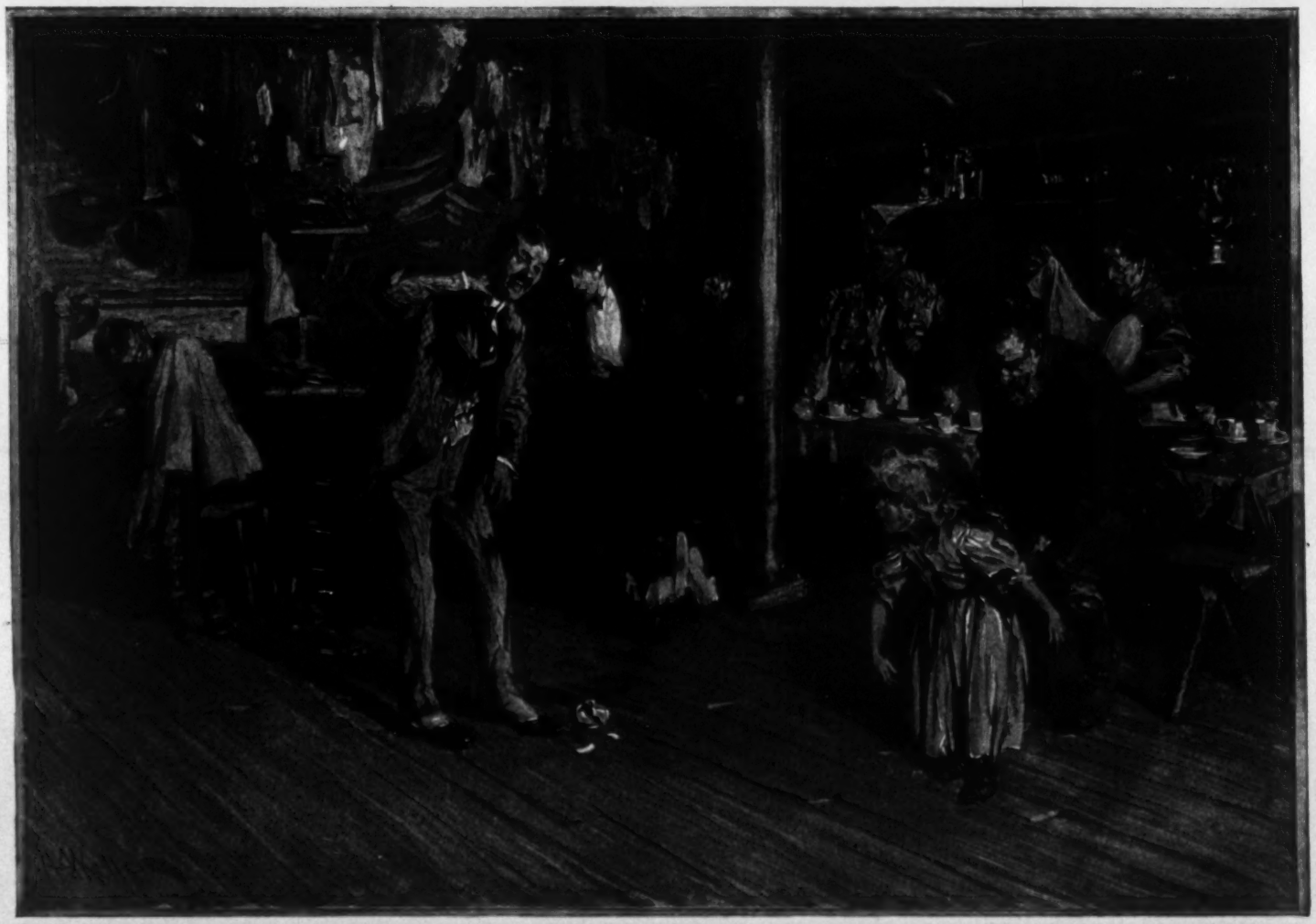
Then he went downstairs—to meet the child's mother. She smiled her prettiest, mindful of her ancient sway. But from the start she felt that something of virtue was gone from her. He felt it, too, remaining unmoved where a year ago his heart would have been in his mouth and his temples bursting. The spell was gone. When and how? One day we tremble at a name, we go red and white at a footstep on the sill. Our will forsakes us at a voice, a touch. Strange! The next day, come step, voice, touch, but the thrill that follows has gone. Where? We are suddenly calm, unmoved. Who loosed the spell? And our own souls answer—Who?

The little forsaken girl of the bitter night, the damp rings of hair beneath the frosted hood—that had appealed. The child-mother, nursing her baby, with red winter skies cold through frozen pines—that had appealed. So had a pathetic memory. But this, this smiling person, the store clothes, the plumes cocked up on the jaunty hat—this was repellant. He did not understand the gleam of her patent leather toe as she shook it in the firelight. Zenus also, with his green necktie, affluent chin, and exaggerated mustache, was an aggression.

Jeremy relapsed into stony quiet after Melissy had put forth her plea.

"She is mine, mine, mine. They shall not rob me of her," he fiercely thought. He bit the stem of his pipe as Melissy chattered on.

"I'm her mother, you know," said she plaintively, not thinking how the simple words opened a hole in the wall of Jeremy's opposition.



*"'Thet's the kind of little gell I be'"*

Mother and child; mother and child! Again his throat ached.

"You know, Melissy, it was becuz of this promise that I let you get—the—the papers. That I should have custodyship of the child."

"I know," said Melissy meekly, unable to argue where promises and law were concerned.

"But conseder how much better off the child would be with us," said Zenus pompously.

"*You* needn't say nothing," roared Jeremy, glaring at the man. "I know what you are, Zenus Adgate."

Melissy tapped her foot warningly, and Adgate made no answer. He withdrew instead to the long mess-table, and ostentatiously picked his teeth.

"Why, Jimps be happy as a bird with me," said Jeremy gently.

"Jimps! Is that what you call the poor little kid!" Melissy spoke as if this were the final and most outrageous grievance. "And I that named her Jessica Belle, with us standing beside her bed, when she weren't able to raise her little head from the piller."

"The boys kinder got inter that way," Jeremy apologized, "becuz she was so quick in her motions. And I don't know as thet was a proper reason, nuther."

"I want to see her sleeping," said Melissy. "May I?"

She had never wanted anything so much as at that moment she wanted little Jessica. Jeremy kept alternately cursing and blessing himself as he took her up the steep stairway to his sleeping room. At any rate, she did not know how near he had been to yielding one fatal minute or she would not so soon have given up hope.

Zenus below strode importantly about the cabin, striking inquisitive toes against various objects, as if to test their solidity. The very way he twisted his lips had a commercial implication.

Jimps lay beneath the gray blanket, one dimpled fist curled lovingly toward the mouth in dreamy reminiscence of the days when thumb-sucking was desirable and luxurious. Her black lashes and furze of corn-colored hair made somehow a pathetic contrast. The red lips smiled half humorously. Jeremy's big hand shook as he held the candle close to her face. He dared not look at the mother.

"Mother and child; mother and child!" his heart kept saying.

"Has she forgot me?" whispered Melissy, coming a bit nearer. She was softened by recollection of the time when he and she first leaned over the rude bed together. For even the shallowest woman has her moments of depth.

"She don't say much abaout you—naow," answered Jeremy reluctantly, and turned his face the other way.

Melissy fell on her knees and buried her face in the warm blanket by the little head. She was not clever enough for acting, but she could not have better calculated.

"Oh, my baby, my baby," he heard her moan.

He felt that even he had become an intruder, and so he crept downstairs. Melissy that minute would have given up Zenus Adgate, shop jewelry, store clothes, and all, to have had that little arm around her neck and a baby voice cooing "Mamma." Jeremy waited for her at the foot of the stairs. He had decided on his course, but he did not want the man Adgate to hear what he should say. Melissy appeared, and even in the dim light he saw that she had been crying. He spoke hoarsely.

"Melissy, when sun-up comes, if you still want her, you shall have her, s'God help me."

What he did not see was the faint smile that lighted her delicate face when she told Zenus that it was time for bed.

"Jimps, Jimps!" groaned Jeremy upstairs, "It'll break my heart, but Jeremy has got to keep his word."

She had never called him father, but always Jeremy, as did the "boys," who were exemplars in her little world.

The lumberman lost himself for a moment while his rough cheek touched hers. Instantly she awoke, wide awake, as is the way with restless little children. Jeremy was on his knees and praying for her. This much she realized.

"It is the solemn truf," said Jimps aloud.

He looked at her, amazed. Triangular bright brown eyes met his gaze where before angel lashes swept the unconscious cheek.

"What is the truth, daughtie?"

"I telled the solemn truf about that talkin' squirl."

Then once more Jimps was in slumberland.

The next morning at breakfast she was introduced to Melissy and Zenus.

"Kiss her pretty," chirruped Garetta, "she's your mother."

But instead of "kissing her pretty," the little girl fled to Jeremy's leg, in the embrace of which fortress she surveyed the enemy warily.

"I never sawed that woman afore," was her first plea in rebuttal.

"Come, Jessica, I'll show you my shiny brooch," teased Melissy.

Jimps turned to Jeremy in quick wrath. "She doesn't know my name," she whispered. "She be'n't my mother. You be."

The child ate her oatmeal sloppily, distracted by the new faces and the astonishing siege for which she was inwardly fortifying herself.

"How bad the child eats," remarked Melissy to her husband.

Jimps did some gymnastics with her freighted spoon, in defiance.

"Wipe off your mouth, little gell," said Zenus patronizingly, sousing his mustache in the coffee cup for a sonorous drink.

"You got driblets on your whiskers your own self," retorted Jimps, when he emerged. "You look like my black tom-cat when he'd been in the milk pan."

In this manner was the *entente cordiale* established between them. Zenus was discomfited by the applause that Jimps evoked. Poor Jeremy struggled hard to correct the opening negotiations. He had drunk three cups of coffee, but tasted no other food. The fresh April sunlight, streaming horizontally through the frosted trees on this radiant Sunday morning, mocked at the tug in his heart. The lumbermen moved about the room, joking casually with each other, but underneath it all keeping a sharp watch upon the little drama. The suppression of outward curiosity is one of the foremost canons of good breeding in the North Woods.

"Be a good little gell, Jimps. She is your mamma and will fetch you home to live with her. Show what a nice, pretty-behaved little child you kin be."

If this obnoxious happening was to be purchased by pretty behavior, Jimps knew also how it was to be averted. She had been taking the measure of Melissy, from the thin lips to the little shallow toe that tapped impatiently. She did not know what "mammas" were, but if this were one of them, they were not to be desired.

"You may come and live with me in a grand house," said Melissy, "if you air a nice little girl." She held out one slim hand to the child, but a single leathery finger of Jeremy's contained more promise of love. Jimps retreated again to the paternal stronghold.

"Where's the kid's duds? There's no more time fer foolin'," said Zenus with incisive brutality.

Jimps's quick wits rose to the situation.

"I be'n't a nice little gell," she shrieked, stamping her foot with savage menace. Old man Joe and Eli glanced up with slow interest, and mild Garetta turned from her dishwashing.

"I be the baddest little gell you ever sawed. I screams when her combs my hair"—she jerked an impudent elbow toward the amazed Garetta. "I screams awful—like this," and she let out a blood-curdling sound that made Mart stop his ears and Melissy look apprehensive.

"I stamps when he puts me to bed, and once I clum out of the winder and played in the snow all night, I did!"

Her intoxicated fancy took wide range.

"One time I hooked the hosses up and druv clar off and made them go gallumphin' all day. The boys was awful mad, but I didn't keer!" The tossed head and the insolent laugh were the very incarnation of desperate wickedness. Eli had his mouth behind his hand and his body shook. Simple Jeremy's dazed look was gradually growing to one of comprehension. Davy pointed out to Mart by pantomimic gesture the contempt on Adgate's face.

"The little wildcat!" Adgate muttered, which spurred Jimps on to more atrocious self-defamation.

"I never mind nobody, and nobody dassn't tech me when I don't want them ter. I shies cups and saucers at 'em. I don't think nothin' of doin'—*thet!*"

A heavy coffee pot struck the green necktie with brilliant emphasis. Its owner dodged angrily, and uttered imprecations against "the brat."

"Thet's the kind of little gell I be," finished Jimps breathlessly, while Melissy drew her skirts away from the pool of muddy coffee on the floor.

"She-devil!" ejaculated Zenus, approaching his wife, enraged both with her and himself for the foolish position in which he felt himself placed. "Is this the high jinks we wants goin' on in our house? Let's tek our things and go, and be well rid of the rubbish."

"She tells the truth, anyhow, don't she?" returned Melissy, sheepishly, ashamed to be the mother of such a violent mite.

"An' I don't tell the truf, nuther! Not hardly ever!" disclaimed Jimps with vehemence, afraid to leave open even this loophole through which the enemy might worm in. "Yestiddy in the dog-room I telled a lie, the dreffullest one"—how much this confession cost the child at bay no one could have guessed. "I telled a lie right clean out of my own head about—about a little squirl that bowed perlite and talked."

She could not keep from her voice the note of creative tenderness. She glanced around

with the pride of self-abasement, for the boys, once her spell-bound audience, now must be witness to her downfall. It was the last drop of the price she must pay to stay with Jeremy "forever'n ever."

"I said he talked to me and called me 'ma'am,' an' 'twas no sech thing at all. I lied, didn't I, boys? A dreffful black lie!"

The blazing sprite with hot tears behind the proud pale look appealed to the gray weather-beaten men who were her "boys."

"You did, Jimps," came from them in loyal unison.

Little Mrs. Adgate gathered up her skirts and stepped gingerly across the cluttered floor. At the outer threshold she turned, as if to speak, but Jimps's face did not yield. Zenus hurried her through with an unceremonious hand upon her waist. His harsh laughter was heard as he hitched up.

Then Jimps flung herself on Jeremy's breast in a passion of weeping.

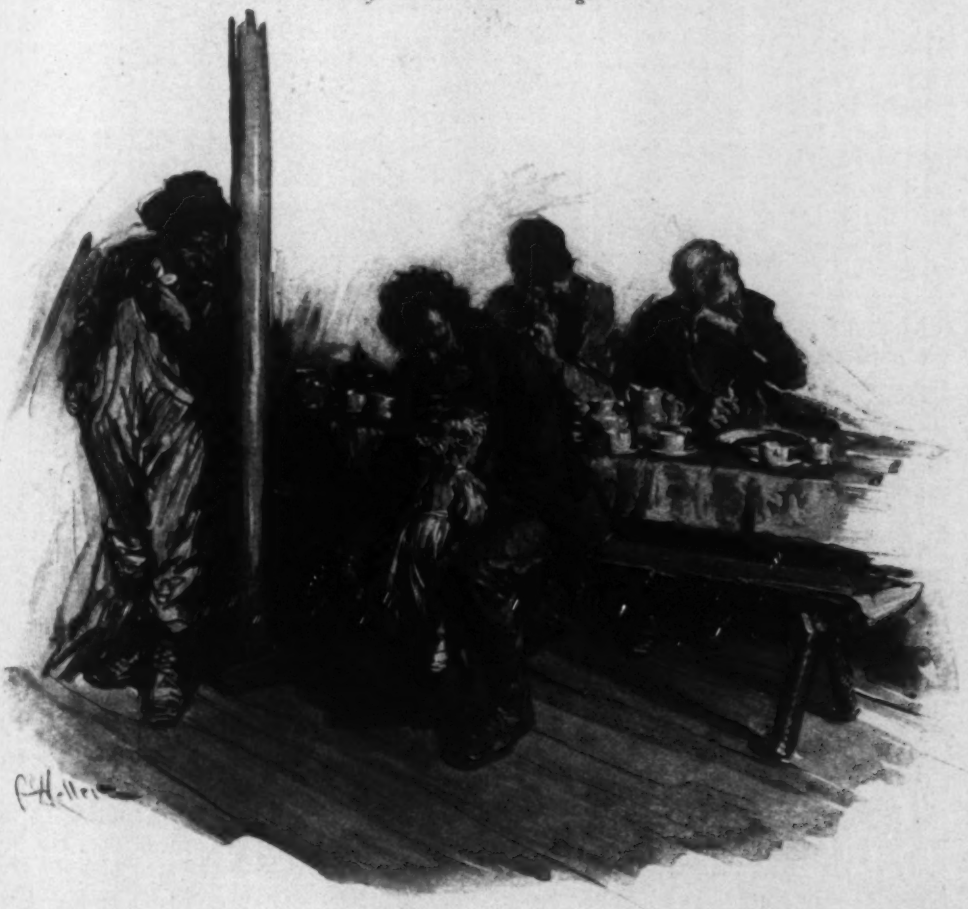
"The boys 'ull never b'lieve me again. They'll gag me to def," she moaned, "but you know why, Jeremy. You know why!"

Jeremy could only pat her cheek with hand that trembled. Eli rubbed the horny back of his hand across his eyes.

"I lied to that woman receitfully, but I telled the solemn truf at the end."

Jimps's tears flowed afresh, for that darling lie had been her fondest treasure, and now it lay discovered. The "solemn truf" had cost her the bitterest pang.

*"'The boys 'ull never b'lieve me again'"*



# THE SURGERY OF LIGHT

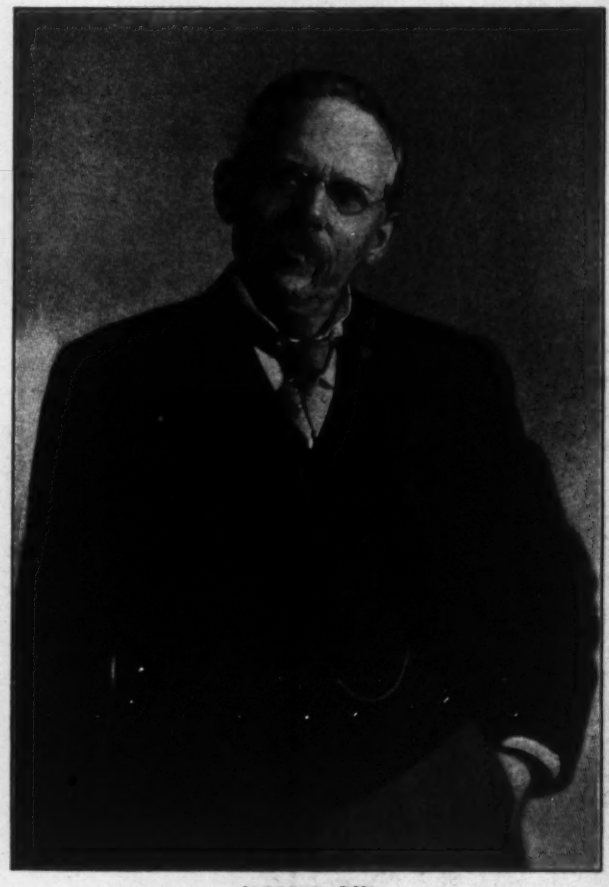
## *Remarkable Discovery of Healing Rays by Dr. Niels Finsen of Copenhagen*

## A WORD ABOUT THE MAN

### BY JACOB A. RIIS

*His Fellow Countryman*

I WAS lying ill of a fever in the Commune Hospital at Copenhagen in the summer of 1899 when I made the acquaintance of Dr. Niels Finsen. We had met before in the house of his father-in-law, the venerable bishop of my own town over by the North Sea, but it was during those homesick days that I really learned to know the man. When the fever had left me I would sit in his little office down in the corner of the hospital grounds by the lake and watch the patients who had come in pain and gloom, go away, carrying in their faces the sunshine that had given them back their life. And I came to look with a kind of reverential awe upon this patient, silent man whose every thought was for his suffering fellows while he calmly counted the hours to his own release from racking pain. I learned from his own lips the story of his great temptation: how when he found what he sought he lay awake one whole long night, debating with himself whether to turn it to account in private practice,—Finsen is a poor man—or to give it and his life to the world. He chose poverty, and the world is the richer for his sacrifice; how much we can hardly realize under our brighter American skies, where the disease with the ravening name (*lupus*—a wolf) is comparatively rare.



JACOB A. RIIS

The story of Finsen's success is the old one of the man who knows. Cradled in the island of storms and wintry night, he loved the sun. His eye lighted up when he spoke of it: "Let it break through suddenly on a cloudy day," he said, "and see the change! Insects that were drowsy wake up and take wing; lizards and snakes come out to sun themselves; the birds burst into song. We ourselves feel as if a burden were lifted. In our daily life we give to the sunlight the place that belongs to it, without question. The housewife 'suns' her bedclothes. We shun dark rooms, especially bedrooms." But he was not content to accept experience without question. He wanted to *know*. And with the spirit of the true investigator he went back to nature and considered the ant and the lizard, and their ways. The rest is a record of patient work and thinking. The difference between his way and that other one which jumps at conclusions and

postpones the day of knowledge, is amusingly brought out in his earliest pamphlet on "Light as a Stimulus," in which he speaks of General Pleasanton and the blue-light craze of the seventies. "The General," he says, "was absolutely on the right track, but, lacking the scientific basis, he fell into the error of believing his 'discovery' to be a cure-all for the ills of the animal and vegetable kingdoms." So his blue light was laughed at as quackery. And now another generation hears from the Danish doctor why he was right in principle, though we heeded him not.

The Danish Government has given to the Finsen Light Institute a home; the people of Copenhagen give it support and unstinted affection. Dr. Finsen has given, is giving, it his life. No more can any man give.

## DR. FINSEN AND THE STORY OF HIS ACHIEVEMENT

### BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

IT is fitting that a great discovery touching the treatment and care of certain diseases *by light alone* should be given the world by a man who lived in Iceland until he was twenty-one, and knew through all his boyhood the depressing influence of too much night. One of the first things Finsen said when I went to see him last summer in Copenhagen was this, and he said it with touching humility: "All that I have accomplished in my experiments with light and all that I have learned about its therapeutic value has come because I *needed* the light so much myself. I longed for it so."

The story of Finsen's achievement is another instance of success growing out of apparent failure, and strength out of weakness. For, after studying medicine for eight years at the Copenhagen University, he took his doctor's degree in 1890 (at the age of thirty) only to find himself so stricken in body, with heart, liver, and digestive organs all affected, that it was out of the question for him ever to practise his profession. So he turned to the work that offered, and for three years filled the modest post of preceptor in anatomy at the university, his health continuing as bad as possible. Thus in 1893 the Finsen whose fame to-day is celebrated through all the scientific world was a poor and obscure instructor in a little Danish city.

During these three years, however, Finsen did more than teach anatomy; his spare time, his thoughts, and any strength he had after the day's work, were occupied with observations and experiments destined soon to rob smallpox of its ugliest terror, the scarring of the face. Not that he started with any such aim or had smallpox particularly in mind at first; he started with light and a study of its physiological action: Can light do any *good* to the body, can light do any *harm* to the body?—a subject of investigation at that time almost entirely neglected. But he came presently to such important conclusions as to the influence of light in certain eruptive diseases, notably smallpox, that before the end of 1893 great doctors in various parts of Europe were listening with respect and wonder to this startling message from Copenhagen.

It was a simple enough line of reasoning that led Finsen to his first discovery. He found that if a number of earthworms are placed in an oblong box covered half with red glass and half with blue glass they will always crawl away from the blue light and seek shelter in the red light. In blue light they are restless and ill at ease, in red light they lie still, perfectly content.

Finsen took note also of a curious experiment with the chameleon, which consists in placing this little animal so that half of its body is under blue glass and the other half under red glass, the result being that one half of the chameleon turns almost black under the blue light, while the other half remains almost white under the red light. Which means, explained Finsen, that the chameleon uses its movable pigment cells to protect itself against the disagreeable effects of blue light.

And the summing up of these and hundreds of similar observations was that, of the various colors composing ordinary sunshine, the blue or actinic rays—sometimes also called the "chemical" rays—including violet and ultra-violet, are the only ones that have any noteworthy physiological effect upon animal life. The red rays have none at all, the others scarcely any. All that the red or heat rays can do is to burn when intense enough, as fire burns. But the "actinic" rays, which do not burn, have other properties that may ren-

der them highly beneficial or harmful to animal life. Thus it is the "actinic" rays that produce ordinary sunburn—really not burn at all, but an irritation of the skin which may, as explorers know, be quite as painful on a glacier with the thermometer below zero as in the tropics.

NIELS R. FINSEN IN HIS WORKING CLOTHES

Finsen was at this point in his researches when, one day at the medical library in Copenhagen, he came upon a pamphlet published in 1832 by Dr. Picton of New Orleans. In the pamphlet there was incidental mention of the fact that, during a certain smallpox epidemic, some soldiers confined in dark dungeons had suffered the disease and recovered without suppuration or scarring. No attempt was made at explanation. But the mere fact was sufficient for Finsen, who, in a flash of insight, seized upon a truth that had lain here for years, understood by no one. The soldiers had recovered without scarring simply because, being in the dark cells, they were protected against the irritating actinic rays, the same blue rays that disturb the earthworms so. No one knew better than Finsen how much harm these rays can do, even to a normal and healthy skin, by sunburning. How much greater harm, he reasoned, must these rays work if allowed to fall upon an inflamed sensitive cuticle like that of a smallpox patient. It was, therefore, clear to him that such patients should be kept either in darkness, like Dr. Pictou's prisoners, or better still for purposes of convenience and comfort, in red light, which is physiologically the same as darkness. Would not patients thus protected from the chemical rays enjoy immunity from pock marking? he asked himself.

Within a month after the question had suggested itself Finsen offered to the world his red-light treatment, declaring confidently that smallpox patients would suffer no scarring of face or body if cared for in rooms from which all light but red had been excluded. And the curious part of it is that at this time Finsen *had never seen a case of smallpox*, and based his conclusions entirely on theoretical grounds. He was like the astronomer who first calculated with pencil and paper that there *must* be a new planet at a certain point in the heavens, and then set about finding it with his telescope.

THE CHATIN-BROCA ELECTRIC LAMP FOR THE CURE OF LUPUS BY FINSEN'S METHOD AS USED BY DR. BISSERIÉ IN THE BROCA HOSPITAL, PARIS

It happened that there was much smallpox that summer in Bergen, Norway, and Dr. Findholm, chief of the military service there, suggested to Dr. Svendsen, his assistant, that he make a trial of the red-light treatment. In August, 1893, the first test was made on eight smallpox patients, four of them children who had never been vaccinated and were bad cases. The result was a triumph for Finsen, and was summed up thus by Dr. Svendsen:

"The period of suppuration, the most dangerous and most painful stage of smallpox, did not appear; there was no elevation of temperature and no edema. The patients entered the stage of convalescence immediately after the stage of vaccination, which seemed a little prolonged. The hideous scars were avoided."

Within a few months the red light was also tried in Gothenburg, Sweden, by Dr. Benckert, whose verdict was: "In grave cases of smallpox it gave the most surprising results. I can say, as the result of my experience, that suppuration is usually abolished by this treatment. Scars are extremely rare, and, if they do occur, they are insignificant. The duration of the disease is shorter."

And presently control tests were made, showing that if smallpox patients were exposed to daylight after beginning the red-light treatment, they invariably suffered suppuration and scarring. *A very little daylight* was found sufficient to do the harm, the inflamed skin being almost as sensitive to the actinic rays as a photographic plate. It was, therefore, judged necessary, and is to-day, to keep every ray of daylight out of a smallpox patient's room, and to cover every window and opening with red curtains or red glass, with the same care that a photographer exercises in guarding his dark room. In ordinary cases a *clear* red light is sufficient to prevent scarring and the patient can see to read. In very bad cases, however, there is need of a deep red light.

Now that all this is understood and the value of red-light treatment recognized everywhere, it is interesting to look back to the methods of ten years ago (they are still pursued by many doctors) and see how the best of these succeeded in a measure simply because they *accidentally* offered some protection against the chemical rays. Thus the various compresses employed, the smearing of the face with fatty substances, the painting it with tincture of iodine or nitrate of silver—all these, and others, did good in so far as they

guarded the patient's face from daylight. And it is worthy of note that back in the time of Queen Elizabeth the value of red curtains, red coverlets, and red globes about the bed in smallpox cases was loudly proclaimed by certain doctors who, sad to relate, were regarded as charlatans by orthodox practitioners of that day. But it remained for Finsen to formulate these odds and ends of the true method into a system resting on a scientific basis.

Here, then, was one thing accomplished by the ailing anatomy teacher. All the world might now have smallpox without fear of disfigurement, which was something, although certainly not a cure.

With so much done Finsen went back to his general experiments, and after 1893 we find him, thanks to his newly won prestige, freed from the drudgery of teaching and able to concentrate all his efforts, health permitting (which it usually did not), upon his chosen field of phototherapy, or the use of light in medical practice. Having pointed out a certain injury that the body may suffer from the chemical rays, he now hoped to discover in them some unsuspected virtues.

It was well known at this time that ordinary sunlight will destroy bacteria if these are long enough exposed to its action. Finsen now proceeded to show that this bactericidal action of light is almost entirely limited to the blue, the violet, and the ultra-violet rays (the green, yellow, and red being practically useless), and that this action is greatly intensified by focusing the light through lenses. Thus Finsen found that while unfocused light from a July sun in Copenhagen would kill plate cultures of the *bacillus prodigiosus* in an hour and a half, the same light concentrated through lenses, with the useless rays filtered out, would kill similar cultures in two or three seconds, and the same was true of other bacteria—they were almost instantly destroyed if exposed to concentrated actinic rays.

Now, evidently, you can cure any bacterial disease if you can destroy the bacteria that cause it, so the essential thing to know next was how far into the body these chemical rays could be made to penetrate for this business of bacteria-killing. If they could be sent through and through the body (as some credulous newspapers have imagined) then all diseases of bacterial origin, tuberculosis and the rest, must certainly be cured, but it was soon found that any such considerable penetration is impossible with the present resources of science. The depth of the radial action into the tissues is very shallow—a few millimeters at the most. It is true that the actinic rays will penetrate farther when concentrated by lenses, but not far enough to make them available against any but superficial diseases.

Finsen's experiments furthermore demonstrated that a powerful electric light is more efficient as a bactericidal agent than ordinary sunlight, however concentrated, since the latter loses part of its ultra-violet rays in passing through the earth's atmosphere, while the former has these in abundance. And in the matter of penetration he discovered that the actinic rays will go much deeper into tissues from which the blood has been pressed so that they are left white. The red color of the blood acts like red glass in opposing the passage of any light but red. Finsen showed this ingeniously by placing a piece of sensitized paper back of his wife's ear and then allowing the concentrated rays from one of his lamps to fall upon the front of the ear. The experiment was tried first when the ear was full of blood, and in this case it was found, after five minutes' exposure to the light, that the paper was not blackened. Then the light was turned upon the ear squeezed free of blood, and within twenty seconds the paper *was* blackened.

Gradually a girdle of limitations was established about the new field of investigation. For instance, there is a variety of baldness due to bacteria which, it was reasonable to think, might be cured by the chemical rays. And there is a form of superficial cancer due to bacteria which also fitted the conditions. And there are various diseases (some due to bacteria and some not) which seemed to call the experimenter with his healing electric lamp. What would the chemical rays do for measles or acne or lupus? These were questions that could only be answered after months of tests.

Finsen began with lupus, a dreadful disfiguring disease, usually of the face, that comes when the bacteria of tuberculosis attack the surfaces of the body instead of the lungs or deeper parts. There was no cure for lupus, and thousands of sufferers over the world (there were some 1,500 in Denmark alone) were condemned without hope to endure its slow ravages. Surgeons might cut away the affected parts, but some of the bacteria were almost sure to remain, so that the knife gave only temporary relief.

Finsen's first patient was an engineer of Copenhagen, Niels Morgensen, who for eight years since the lupus declared itself had

vainly tried whatever science could suggest for his relief. No less than twenty-five times, he told me, his face had been operated on, the right side being cut, scraped, burned with acids, seared with hot irons, and all to no avail. In the fall of 1895 the phototherapeutic treatment on Morgensen was begun. At first everything was very crude; a hand lens was used to concentrate the rays from an ordinary arc lamp, the red and ultra red being filtered out through blue water. For an hour or two hours, every day, this concentrated blue light was directed against the afflicted right cheek, Finsen himself holding the lens, aided by a medical student.

THE EARLY METHOD OF TREATMENT, WITH CONCENTRATED SUNLIGHT

The result came up to the fullest expectations. After the first treatment there was no more spread of the disease, but a steady closing in of the lupus patches and a lessening of the angry redness as healthy tissue formed. Within six months Niels Morgensen was free from his disease, and Finsen had done what doctors and surgeons would have laughed at as a mad impossibility—he had cured a case of lupus with some blue water and a piece of glass!

And so the thing was settled, and again Finsen's reasoning was demonstrated sound. These strange chemical rays that must be shunned in smallpox were seen now to hold a cure for this other dread malady, lupus. The light which caused harmful irritation in the one case destroyed harmful bacteria in the other; and, better still, destroyed them painlessly. All that Finsen asked of a patient was not to have smallpox and lupus at the same time!

It is good to know that Finsen's new discovery met with prompt recognition. Within a month of Morgensen's cure the Finsen Light Institution had been established in Copenhagen, starting modestly in the gardens of the Commune Hospital, and moving soon to important buildings of its own in the suburbs. In the first six months only ten or twelve cases were received, and a single nurse gave the treatment; but the benefit to those treated was so great that soon the news

spread over all Denmark and passed beyond, that at last a cure for lupus had been found, a simple cure by light. Straightway from many points came the afflicted ones—Danes and Swedes and Norwegians and Germans—to see what this young doctor of Copenhagen could do for them, this sick man Finsen, with his vital organs all gone wrong and his great belief in light. What Finsen did was to cure them!

And see now how swift the spread of a beneficent discovery. Every year in April the present Queen of England and her sister, the former Empress of Russia, were accustomed to visit Copenhagen for the birthday of old King Christian, their father. And of course they were told of this fine thing that Finsen had done, and they went to the Light Institute and observed the treatment for themselves, with the result that in 1898 the Empress of Russia sent the Prince of Oldenburg to Copenhagen with three of the most eminent professors in St. Petersburg to study Finsen's methods with a view of introducing them into Russia. So favorable was their report that presently St. Petersburg had its Finsen Institute also. Meantime Queen Alexandra had presented one of Finsen's lamps to the London Hospital, where in due course a light department was established and exists to-day for the treatment of lupus.

Needless to say Finsen has made many advances in the use of the light. He soon discovered, for instance, that the ultra-violet or invisible rays at the blue end of the spectrum are much more efficacious in killing bacteria, say ten times more so, than are the visible violet rays, and this fact led him to abolish the blue-water filter which prevents the ultra-violet rays from passing, and to use instead clear water which sufficiently absorbs the red and ultra-red rays that would otherwise burn the skin. He also substituted a lens of rock crystal for the one of ordinary glass used at first, since he found that rock crystal allows the ultra-violet rays to pass freely, while ordinary glass almost stops them. And he gradually increased the power of his electric lamp from twenty-five amperes up to fifty, to seventy, to eighty amperes, as in the lamps used now. Of course the more powerful the arc light is the more abundant is the supply of actinic rays and the greater their penetration. And the only reason why Finsen has stopped at lamps of eighty amperes (that is about three times the intensity of ordinary street arc lamps) is because above that point it is impossible, as yet, to cool down the light so that a patient can bear it.

Suppose we look in now at Finsen's Light Institute and observe something of its practical working. One is struck first of all by the beauty of the place, set in the midst of lovely gardens, shaded by fine trees, and walled about with vines and flowers. No cheerless hospital this, but a handsome villa in the choicest part of Copenhagen. Here are the laboratories and Finsen's home, and, just adjoining, a long white two-story building where patients are treated: all this a gift of the Danish Government. As you glance through the hedges, you see a glow of red light like a foundry and figures moving behind wide-open doors. These are the lupus patients, and the glare is that of the red-shaded Finsen lamps, for each lamp has the intensity of thirty-five thousand candles, and there are seven in one large room.

The seven lamps with their glowing red curtains are seven centers of cheerfulness, and under each one you are surprised to see laughing, chattering groups, eight people to a lamp, four patients and four nurses. The patients lie comfortably on high cots and receive the light from four down-slanting tubes like telescopes, in which are the costly rock-crystal lenses and the water for eliminating the heat rays. These tubes the nurses move into position so as to focus an intense concentrated beam, yet sufficiently cool, upon the surface under treatment, usually some part of the face, and they also press the surface with a water-filled glass which serves the double purpose of freeing the tissues from blood and still further cooling the rays. That is about all there is to the treatment, which goes on thus in séances of an hour and a quarter a day for each patient, and, being quite painless, leads naturally to pleasant sociability in the various groups.

In moving about the room one sees patients of all ages from four to seventy, and more women than men. They come from different countries and speak various languages. Several are from England, attracted by the small cost of treatment, only sixty kroner a month (about eighteen dollars) for the very poor, or 100 kroner for those in better circumstances. Fancy being cured of lupus, actually cured, for a dollar a day! Here is a German girl busy with her sewing while she waits her turn at the lamp. She was meant to be pretty. Here is a man with his collar off, taking the treatment fast asleep, as often happens. And watch the nurses, very neat in their gray and white frocks, as they bend over their charges. Red spectacles guard their eyes against the dazzle, their

THE FIRST LAMP INSTALLED IN THE LONDON HOSPITAL. PRESENTED, IN 1900, BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA (THEN PRINCESS OF WALES)

arms are bared to the elbows, their hands are busy with the light, and on their faces is a glow which is partly an up-reflection of the rays and partly an outward reflection of kind thoughts, for there is a peculiar dignity and sweetness in these Danish women.

So the séance drowses along with a low buzz of talk and the regular clicking of the lamps as the clockwork feeds down the carbons. Sundays and week days alike throughout the year, the light cure is in operation, and has been now since 1896, in which time the actinic rays have shown abundantly what they can do in destroying the bacteria of lupus. Not in a few weeks, it is true, but surely, after such time as is required—sometimes months, occasionally years when the disease is very bad. And it should be borne in mind that most of the cases received up to the present have been bad ones, lupus of twenty, thirty, or even forty years' standing. Yet the actinic rays have invariably done their work, and one may say that in some 600 cases on the records at Copenhagen there have been no failures due to any fault in the light treatment, only a few when the patients began it too far gone for anything to help them. In the future, of course, such bad cases will become more and more rare, since sufferers will take the disease in time and the cure of lupus in its early stages is merely a matter of weeks or days. Finsen says in one of his papers: "I have observed cases of lupus, in which the lesion was the size of a pea, completely disappear after having been subjected for only fifteen or twenty minutes to the action of the ultra-violet rays."

Already the Finsen lamps have been used with success for cancer in its small surface form (*Epithelioma cutaneum*), the records of twenty-two such cases showing ten cures, four still under treatment, and eight where the treatment was discontinued. Also, obstinate cases of acne have been cured, as well as the kind of bacterial baldness (*Alopecia areata*) mentioned above. Excellent results have been obtained in erysipelas and minor eruptions, and there is opening a wide and promising field of investigation as to the benefits of electric-light baths and sun-baths in various nervous diseases and in insanity. At the Finsen Institute there is a large room where naked patients walk about for a prescribed length of time under a powerful electric light. And the roof is built flat, with rows of little dressing-houses for sun-bath patients. Of precise results here, however, it is still too soon to speak—Finsen's atti-

tude towards possibilities of the future being always to say nothing until he is sure. But the work of phototherapy is marching on in many laboratories. Soon there will be light institutes like Finsen's in all large cities, and any day there may be given to the world some other discovery, perhaps a far greater one, in this wonderful new field of the uses of light in medicine.

Some time after my visit to Copenhagen I had an opportunity to observe the Finsen light treatment as it has been adopted in Paris and London. I went to several of the great hospitals in these cities, and again saw the Finsen lamps working their benign wonders. All were agreed that lupus could now be cured, absolutely cured; agreed also as to the efficacy of red light against smallpox disfigurement.

In Paris the doctors, while giving Finsen the full credit as the pioneer discoverer, have a lamp of their own which they claim is in several points superior to his. This lamp, the invention of Professor Broca and Dr. Chatin, is unquestionably smaller and simpler and easier to operate than Finsen's, and possesses this peculiarity that one of its carbons has a core of cast iron, the result being that the arc light thus produced throws out ultra-violet rays in far greater abundance (they claim three times greater) than the light from ordinary carbons. And in my visit to the Broca Hospital in Paris, Dr. Bisserié, *chef de laboratoire* in the department of electrotherapy, assured me that with this improved lamp they do as much for a lupus patient in twenty minutes (the length of their séances) as Finsen does in an hour and a quarter. Furthermore, they do away entirely with the use of water in cooling the rays (they use only thirty amperes instead of eighty), and also with the constant attendance of a nurse to press the tissues free from blood. Furthermore they find that one application of the light in several days is sufficient for best results, instead of one application every day. All of which seems in the nature of real progress and promises fine things for the future, but it should be said that this French lamp is scarcely a year old, so that its permanent value cannot yet be regarded as established.

Meantime, Finsen himself, in spite of his longing for light and trust in its virtues, is a stricken man. All that he has done for the health of others has profited little for his own health. When I saw him he looked weak and ill, though buoyed up by the power of his enthusiasm, a sort of light from within. He is able to work only an hour or two in a day. He suffers constantly. He can eat scarcely anything, and, during his bad months, sits at table with a pair of scales beside his plate and weighs every morsel. He has scorned to make money from his discoveries, giving them all freely to the world, and has patented no part of his apparatus. He lives content on a salary of $1,200 a year, paid by the Danish Government, and is worried only because the Light Institute, which gives its treatment to the poor for almost nothing, has a debt of $40,000 hanging over it.

## THE FINSEN SYSTEM IN ENGLAND

### BY ALFRED HARMSWORTH

*Editor of the London Daily Mail, and Donor of the First $50,000 Lamp to the London Hospital*

IN July, 1899, Her Majesty (then Princess of Wales) paid a private visit to the London Hospital at Whitechapel, and made close inquiry into the treatment adopted at that institution for lupus. She then said that she knew a cure for it, which had been discovered by her compatriot, Dr. Finsen of Copenhagen. The physicians were naturally enough somewhat sceptical, but the Queen insisted that she had personally and thoroughly investigated the cure at the inventor's clinic, and was convinced of its complete efficacy. She added that she would at once order a Finsen lamp for the use of the hospital. This generous offer was, of course, accepted, and as soon as the necessary installation could be arranged, the treatment was started on May 29, 1900.

While the lamp so generously given by the Queen was being installed, Dr. Stephen Mackenzie, the senior physician of the London Hospital, proceeded to Denmark, accompanied by Dr. Sequeira and two nurses, who were to be trained in the use of the lamp, the Queen herself doing everything to make them comfortable during their stay in her

native country. What they saw at Dr. Finsen's institution fully convinced them of the importance and efficacy of the cure.

No sooner had the first lamp with its four lights been put into operation at the London Hospital, than an overwhelming rush of applicants for the cure followed; and the most piteous letters came from all parts of the country, written by sufferers, who begged that they might be received as patients. On April 20, 1901, a crowd of afflicted persons from the country took advantage of a cheap excursion to London for a great football match, to come up to town and urge their needs in person. Sad to say they had to return disappointed, for the number of patients already on the books was so great that they could not be reached for two years, during which time the loathsome disease would have continued its terrible ravages.

A second lamp, capable of treating four patients, was installed soon after the first; but even this only touched the fringe of the need, for, as the wonderful results of the treatment became more generally known, the crowd of urgent applicants increased every day. The cost of working one of these four-light lamps amounted to about £600 a year, and the expenses of the department added a very serious burden to the already overtaxed resources of the London Hospital.

About this time the marvelous cures effected by the treatment came under my own notice, and, after carefully investigating and convincing myself that a permanent remedy had been discovered for one of life's most awful curses, Mrs. Harmsworth and I resolved to endow one of the lamps in perpetuity. Shortly afterwards Mr. Percy Tarbutt very kindly raised the necessary sum to endow the second lamp, contributing generously towards the necessary amount, £10,000 ($50,000), himself.

Several other lamps have been recently added to the department at the London Hospital, and an improved and smaller lamp has now been devised which does as much work in fifteen minutes as the earlier type of lamp took an hour to do, though it is not yet quite certain whether the new lamps are equally effective in the long run.

Since the installation, in the spring of 1900, 398 patients have been treated at the London Hospital, of whom 149 have returned to their homes completely cured, and 232 are at the present time under treatment. Of these, however, seventy-two are practically cured and do not attend regularly, but are still kept under medical observation. Fifteen nurses are wholly occupied in applying the treatment, and a large department is now being built for it at the hospital. How urgent the need continues to be, will be apparent from the fact that no less than 227 patients are at the present moment waiting to be treated. In the case of many of these, the disease will have made terrible progress before their turn arrives.

The Queen's gracious act in establishing the cure has had widespread effect, and has aroused keen interest, not only in the medical profession, but among the general public. Lamps for the treatment have been installed at the Charing Cross and Westminster Hospitals, and at many provincial ones, such as those at Liverpool and Manchester, and at the Royal Hospital in Dublin; and there is every reason to hope that lupus will be completely stamped out of our country in the course of a few years, if the public will come to the help of the hospitals by supplying the necessary funds for establishing the treatment.

It is not too much to say that the Finsen light treatment for lupus ranks among the most striking and beneficent discoveries which modern medical science has made for the benefit of afflicted humanity.

I cannot think it possible that men of means can know that so terrible a scourge can be absolutely and certainly cured, and yet allow the hospitals of your generous and enlightened land, from lack of funds, to continue without the necessary appliances for the Finsen treatment.

I append a letter, one of many hundreds received, giving thanks for a splendid cure:

Twelve months since you were so kind as to take a child (Dorothy Fardon, Coventry) for treatment for lupus.

I have now seen her in her house, and found her perfectly free from any appearance of the disease. The place has healed without any mark more than a slight thickening of the skin about the eighth of an inch long, which is the same pink color as the cheek. No one would notice it without any previous knowledge of the spot. The child is in perfect health; she has grown much and developed according to her age, six years.

I cannot thank you sufficiently for having received her at the time you did, as I understand arrangements had been made by the doctor to *remove the whole cheek, when* TWO DAYS BEFORE *I was able to say you would receive and treat the case.* I am sorry to add that I hear there is no lamp yet in the Coventry Hospital.

I hope you will receive the sincere thanks of Dorothy's parents, who are truly grateful, and mine also for saving one child from so terrible a future such a disfigurement would create.

# THE FINSEN SYSTEM IN AMERICA

## *Its Use in Combination with the X-Ray*

### BY DR. GEORGE G. HOPKINS

AMERICA has been slow to take up the new science of phototherapy, of which Dr. Finsen's discovery is the most important phase. Three reasons may be cited in explanation of this: first, the established conservatism and distrust of new methods characteristic of the medical profession in this country, which has kept the Finsen system out of our hospitals; second, the considerable expense of instalment and maintenance (apparatus, electrical power, etc.), which puts the matter beyond the reach of many practitioners; and third, the rarity of lupus, the terrible disease over which the new light has won so marvelous a victory.

It was in 1899 that the first Finsen tube to be used in this country was built for me from descriptions in an article published in a medical journal and from photographs furnished by Finsen's assistant, Dr. Bie, who was the author of the article. Owing to imperfections in mounting, this tube was soon broken, but not before the successful treatment of a number of cases of lupus had convinced me that Finsen's widely doubted and even derided claims were well founded. I made a hasty trip to Copenhagen, studied the light treatment under Finsen himself, and returned with another tube. Since then lupus cases have come to be treated from all parts of this country and Canada, and, except where the disease was far advanced, it has been uniformly eradicated by the wonderful rays, more surely than by the use of the knife. A few physicians in some of the larger cities have since taken up the treatment, and, I am glad to say, the number is constantly increasing.

The treatment in use in America is the same as that employed at Copenhagen. By means of mechanical alterations, however, the Finsen tube is employed here in cases which could not be reached with the devices now in use in Finsen's hospital. Cases of internal abdominal tumor have been successfully treated by this apparatus. And it is to this improved mechanism, largely, that we may ascribe a notable advance in the use of the Finsen ray, which, I believe, is distinctively American: the treatment of cases of malignant cancer, more particularly those situated in the abdomen.

So far as I know, real cancer (*carcinoma*) has hitherto not been thought to be amenable to the beaming power of the actinic rays, whether internal or external. Lupus, it must be remembered, though presenting an appearance more terrible than that of true cancer, is a radically different and less malignant disease than that by whose name it is often called. Cancer proper has been generally regarded as hopeless. Having used the Finsen ray with good results in a case of cancer of the skin, I decided in 1900 to prove its results upon the deeper-seated cancer of the breast. Here, however, entered a difficulty. The Finsen ray has slight penetrative power. The use of the Roentgen, or X-ray, in connection with the Finsen ray suggested itself to me. The Roentgen ray, has extraordinary germicidal qualities, but no curative properties. Light heals; the X-ray is not light, but something beyond light, the nature of which is an unfathomed secret. Therefore, to destroy the germs, I used the X-ray, which broke down the cancerous tissue and killed the bacteria. Then I used the Finsen tube to heal the open sore which resulted. The Finsen ray alone would have done the whole work had it been able to penetrate to the core of the ailment. Under the double radial attack the area of ulceration quickly shrank, and after several months of treatment disappeared. That was two years ago; there has been no return of the growth since. Subsequently, cases of abdominal cancer were treated with the same result. The Finsen light has also been found useful in the treatment of birth-marks. It gives rise to no pain, and leaves only a white scar which will undoubtedly fade out and in time assume almost a normal aspect.

It is yet too early to assert that the Finsen ray, used in combination with the X-ray, will definitely cure malignant cancer. Until the cases of apparent cure have been under observation for several years there can be no certainty that the disease is eradicated. This much, however, we may say: that the dreaded scourge can be arrested even in its last stages, and the sufferings of the patient almost nullified by the simple action of the actinic rays. Should the apparent cures of

cancer prove permanent, we must regard Finsen's discovery as the greatest mitigant of human suffering since the first use of anæsthetics. And, in any case, the future of the new science is glorious with hope. It is in its infancy yet; when coming years shall have established it beyond the suspicion of quackery, when it shall count its devoted students and eager experimenters in every institution of healing the world over, what limit can imagination set to its achievements?

# THE TRIUMPH

## BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

*Illustrated by W. D. Stevens*

### CHAPTER I

*A Lady in Distress*

AMONG the handful of passengers on a Western Pennsylvania "local," one young man was neither bucolic nor commercial in appearance. He had laid his hat on the seat beside him; the shapeliness of his head fitted well with the trimness of his figure. Alert, humorous eyes, an incisive profile, and a narrow, determined chin set him forth as a man of good capabilities. Compressed lines about his mouth indicated intensity of nerves. Just now, lounging in the seat, he was obviously tired.

In a few moments he opened the window and sat forward, striving to identify the features of the landscape with which he had once been so familiar. Except that the iron mills extended farther down the broad river that the train followed, he fancied there had been little change; even the grimy faces of the half-naked men who leaned here and there at windows out of the fire-flashing black interiors seemed to him those same imprisoned faces for which, as a boy speeding by, he had often caught a moment's compassion.

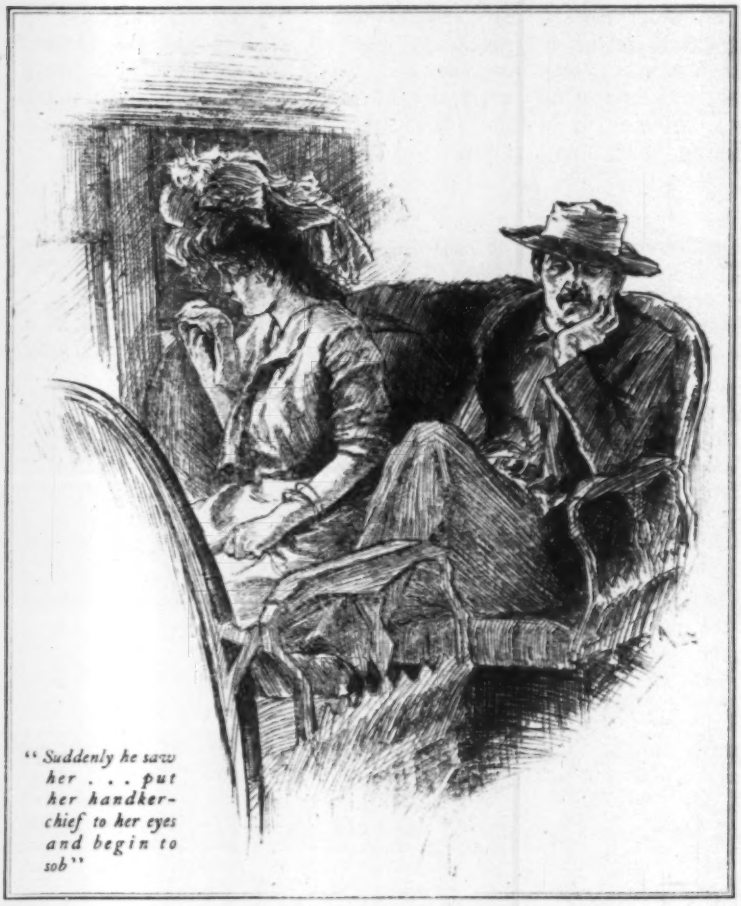
The country began; the smoke from the locomotive wrote its shadow upon smooth sunny fields, the river slipped away behind orchards and farms, and then flashed alongside cheerfully. The train shot by a group of boys naked on the beach; one who had swum out and clambered up on a row boat pitched himself forward for a dive.

"I can do those things still," thought the young man gazing out of the open window. "I'm as strong as ever, my wind's as good, out doors all the time and plenty of exercise—" His mind trailed off into a vapid murmur of medical opinions for which he himself had been sufficiently good authority, even if they had not been corroborated by the older men at the hospital.

The cinders from the engine came through the window, sprinkling the empty seats with tiny crystals. The car was the last one on the train, and the dust swirled up from behind and floated in at the open door. Motes of it hung in the beam of sunlight traversing the young man's breast and remained his imperturbable companions.

He glanced about the car; a stout, suffering country-woman opposite him was fanning herself with a folded newspaper, while a small child climbed over her, drawing forth fretful complaints—"I *wish't* you wouldn't be so restless." Behind her two young farmers lay stretched out dozing, one with his head drooping over the aisle, the other with his head fallen against the window, both with feet symmetrically crossed upon the next seat. A large fly climbed their window patiently and fell back buzzing in exasperation; the tin cup chained to the water-cooler was shaken from its stand and went banging and jangling against the woodwork; the brakeman eyed it sullenly for a moment before putting it into place.

In the forward end of the car, a pink, ro-



*"Suddenly he saw her . . . put her handkerchief to her eyes and begin to sob"*

bust looking girl and a dark, sunburned man with a flannel shirt and a gray slouch hat occupied a seat together. The man's arm lay along the back of the seat, and his hand dangled familiarly by the girl's shoulder. In the rack overhead were a handbag and a white parasol, from which hung a cascade of soiled lace. The girl wore a yellow hat; to the idle gaze of the young man behind her it resembled a mound of orange sherbet, which ought to be in process of melting.

Suddenly he saw her turn her face to the window, put her handkerchief to her eyes, and begin to sob. Her companion showed an indifference which, so far as could be judged from his back, might have been either brutal or polite. The observer was not long in doubt how to interpret it, for as the girl, wiping her eyes, rose to leave the seat, the man roughly dragged her back into it; whereupon she again broke into tears.

The young man who had seen all this strolled up to the front of the car, turned and walked slowly back, with his eyes on the pair. Then he stopped.

"Why, it's Sally Packer, isn't it?" he said to the girl.

She nodded, gulped down a sob, and put out her hand, saying, "Yes; you're Dr. Neal Robeson, ain't you?" He took her hand and held it under her companion's face.

"Has this fellow been annoying you, Sally?"

"Oh, go and sit down," growled the man.

He was handsome, yet with no agreeable features—with high, arrogant cheek bones, an insolent mouth, cold, steel-colored eyes, a mustache curled to a careful picturesqueness.

"Would you like to change your seat?"

She hesitated; then she rose timorously. The man made no attempt to molest her, and she passed out into the aisle. Robeson walked behind her; suddenly she turned and said:

"Can I sit with you? I must tell you about it."

But when she had taken her seat she did not speak for a moment; then she broke out:

"Oh, I don't know how to tell you; I'm so ashamed."

"Then don't try," Robeson advised. "How are your uncle Sol and your aunt Emeline? You're still living with them?"

"Yes, oh yes," she said, hastily. "I—I wonder if you'd tell?" Her immature, rather weak face darted at him an inquiring ray of acuteness. "I don't believe you'd tell," she decided. "I—I started to run away; that is, I meant to elope." She simpered a little, self-consciously romantic. "With Ike Braddish there; Sam Sipe's nephew, and boards with the Sipes when he ain't working. He's been a driller in the Skibo oil fields; he makes more money than any of the home boys. But he's always said there was just one thing that kept him from getting a steady job."

"Yes?" said Robeson.

"Oh, yes," and she simpered again. "Well, I s'pose you've got to know, though I do say it. Why, he meant—*me*. Having to be running down to the Sipes all the time to see

me, don't you know. I s'pose I oughtn't to have done it, but I guess I'm a kind of a flirt —I know it's terrible—and I kept him the longest time from getting to the point. Which was—that he wanted to marry me.

"We-ell," she smoothed out her dress in a satisfied way, "so far, so good. For I couldn't know Ike without getting to sort of love him, don't you know. He *is* so handsome. But Uncle Sol and Aunt Emeline they couldn't abide to have him round, so I saw right off there would be a great to-do. And he knew this, too, and said we'd have to elope. Seemed," she interjected dreamily, "seemed like that would make it more of a love match anyhow."

"So you decided to elope," Robeson prompted her.

"Yes, we arranged to go up to Avalon this noon and get married. I packed just a few things in my satchel and gave out I was going up to do some shopping and might spend the night with Sadie Fuller—she's Jess Torson's cousin; I don't know as you ever knew Jess—and then I took the 11.15 train. Ike had gone up an hour before, so's nobody would suspect."

"Braddish met you at the station?"

"Oh, yes; Ike was there. We went straight up to City Hall, for Ike hadn't got the marriage license, and of course we had to have that first. I set downstairs in the hall, while Ike went to hunt the clerk, and by and by he came back, looking pretty glum, I can tell you. 'Twas after twelve, he said, and the office where they give out licensss was closed and wouldn't be open till to-morrow."

"H'm," said Robeson.

"You can guess what a disappointment *that* was to us both," Sally proceeded. "We went and had dinner at a hotel, and then we walked round discussing, and set on a bench in the park and talked. And Ike said, 'Let's stay and have supper, and then to-morrow get the marriage license.' But I said smack out, 'No, sir,' and I got up to go, and told him I'd elope all over again to-morrow if he wanted, but I'd take the first train back to Rehoboth now. Well, he kept on coaxing and saying I didn't really love him or I wouldn't act so. When I got on the train, he got mad. And just before you came up, I'd asked him if he wanted to elope to-morrow; and he said, no, he did not, and that a woman that couldn't trust him didn't really love him, and he was glad to find it out in time."

In the recital of Ike's grievance, Sally's voice had risen to a distressed inflection, and now she blinked her eyelids. "And—and," she added, "he talked to me real mean."

Robeson looked at her thoughtfully. It baffled him that she could delude herself into believing that Ike thought she had failed at a crucial test of her love. Robeson felt that her maturity of figure, with her immaturity of years and character, was something reprehensible; and being suddenly placed in the attitude of adviser, he resented her knack of dress and her pretty face. She was what the Rehoboth people would term "well grown." The phrase was an impartial one for handsome girls and praiseworthy turnips.

"I'm sorry," said Robeson, "but Braddish deceived you. The marriage-license office is open all day. He could have got a license perfectly well."

"But why didn't he, then?" Sally exclaimed. "Why, what object could he have not to get it?"

Robeson decided to leave her to study that out.

"If you'll excuse me a moment I'll go and speak to Braddish," he said.

Braddish raised his eyes and fixed them on Robeson maliciously, but unshrinkingly, as the doctor, taking his seat in front, turned and faced him.

"You are about the most contemptible specimen I've struck," said Robeson. "I want you to clear out of Rehoboth within the next twenty-four hours—and I give you warning."

"Oh, you do," sneered Braddish. "And who *are* you, anyway?"

"Only one of a number. And if you *should* be found in Rehoboth more than twenty-four hours from now, and a party should set out to tar and feather you, I'd be helping."

"And you'd get into difficulties," asserted Braddish angrily. "And you give me any more of your lip, and not all the train hands on board 'll keep me from pitchin' you off this car."

"I know the whole story," said Robeson, "and if it's told, there's not a man in Rehoboth that won't itch to lay his hands on you. And if you don't clear out by the time I say, it *will* be told. Just think it over."

"Oh, go to h—l," replied Braddish.

Each man had kept his voice and his expression so under control that neither the dozing young farmers nor the exhausted brakeman nor the fat country woman gave them any thought. Robeson rose, saying very distinctly:

"I shall be at the station to-morrow afternoon to see you off on the 5.15 train—if you don't go before. The tar will be put on to boil at 5.30."

He picked Sally's satchel and parasol out of

the rack overhead, and carried them back to her. Then he began gathering up his things.

"There's the creek where I used to fish for minnows," he said. "Do the boys still go there for them?"

She nodded lugubriously. A moment later the train began to slacken speed.

"It's exciting to be coming back after so long," he said.

"I ain't excited," Sally murmured dolorously. "But it makes a body feel as though they'd been away a terrible while when they elope."

The locomotive bell began clanging. In spite of his dismal forecast of dullness and idleness, Robeson's heart thrilled a little as he stooped and saw through the window the green station, the old white flour mill beyond it, and across the square, if the sudden slouchy amplification of yellow country road could be so called, the dingy, colorless store.

## CHAPTER II

### *Neal Robeson Meets a Personage*

As Robeson descended upon the platform, Blanchard, the store-keeper, stout and broad-faced, coatless, collarless, with his vest unbuttoned, was the first to welcome him.

"My gosh, Neal, old man, but I'm glad to see you. There's the Doc., steadying that skittish new mare of his. Say, she's going to kill the old man yet if he keeps on drivin' her near trains. Here, gimme a hold of one of them valises; that's right."

Neal Robeson waved a genial salute to three or four familiar figures propping themselves against the wall of the store, too shy at this moment to press forward and claim a nearer greeting. Then, coming beside the buggy, he reached up and grasped his father's hand. For an instant they surveyed each other with professional anxiety, the old doctor estimating the condition of his son's health, Neal looking for traces of his father's periodic suffering from the old Antietam wound.

"Well, how's the old dad?" he asked affectionately.

"Pretty good. How's the boy?" The deep voice rumbled forth from beneath the leonine beard, and the doctor looked down at his son with searching eyes.

"Fine; feeling better every moment."

"I'm afraid you'll find it all pretty primitive, Neal," said the old doctor, as they drove along the country road.

"It's what I was brought up to," the young man replied, "and I love it. Of course, when I get really rested, I shall have to go back—I shall want to go back to New York."

"Yes," said his father absently. "The time for change in Rehoboth has about come. We wrote you of the house the Nevilles from Avalon were building. They've moved down here now, and go sailing round in victorias and city barouches. There will be some more rich summer residents coming, I suppose; then you won't know the tone of the place."

Neal looked about him. Hedgerows of elder bushes on one side, apple orchards and meadows on the other, were green, and the afternoon shadows lay like a stole upon the kneeling earth. The only sound was the tinkle of cow-bells from a pasture beyond trees; the only scent was that most fragrant one of new-mown hay. On a bend of the river that came suddenly into view the slanting sunlight that was soft in the orchards became suffused and concentrated in brightness, making one joyous, happily smiling spot in the midst of peace. The young man filled his lungs, feeling that he breathed in, besides the sweet country air, a healing benediction.

"I don't want anything different in the tone," he said.

His father's heart was exultant, and he sent recurring glances at the boy. "Take your hat off, Neal, and feel the air," he suggested cunningly. He wanted to see the whole profile and the curling brown hair. Neal obeyed, rested his hat on his knees, and breathed unconscious of the scrutiny. His straight lips had settled into a smile; his brown eyes were eager to see, and kind. "You're a handsome young one," thought the old man; and then he almost chuckled to himself, "Thank the Lord, he's got a jaw. Might have been chiseled from stone." He was a little apprehensive for a moment, looking at the boy's brow. "Too much poetry there," he thought. He had dreamed much himself.

It was a happy drive for the old doctor. He had skipped so many years in his boy's life; he had never really known him since Neal had grown into a man and had started upon a career in the thick of life—yet the sort of career that a dreamy country doctor could understand and appreciate. Now he was going to become acquainted with his boy and see for himself at first hand what a fine character he had—not merely guess it from results. The prospect, the possibilities of comradeship with this son, of asking his advice and deferring to his judgment, gave the old man a thrill of anticipation such as, perhaps, he had not felt since his long-distant wedding day.

"Hi, there's the house!" cried Neal.

They passed the long juniper hedge and turned in at the white gateway at the farther end. A pair of heavy leaved horse-chestnut trees stood in front of the house—a plain, two-story brick building, painted white, with a cap-shaped protuberance denoting the doctor's office. Honeysuckle and ivy screened the piazza, and against it glowed stately hollyhocks. The rose bushes bordering the driveway were in bloom, the sweet peas in the garden gave out their late afternoon fragrance, the ripening apples showed yellow in the neighboring orchard trees. To Neal all seemed just as it had been when he was a boy —when for him there had been neither time nor change.

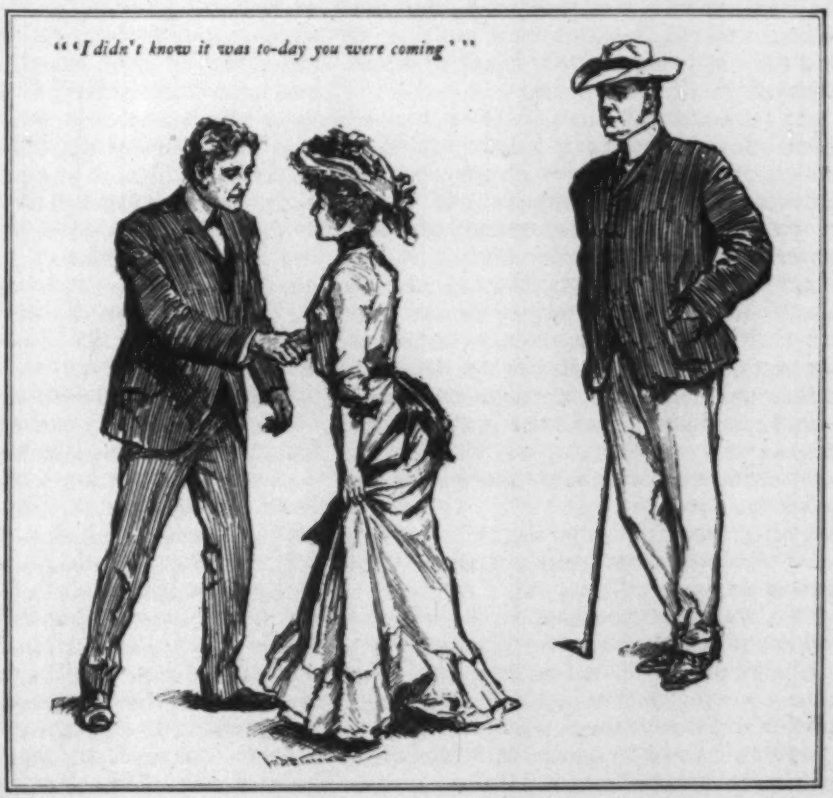
As Neal mounted the steps of the piazza, his mother burst upon him from the doorway. She was a buxom little woman, whose movements had none of the leisure that is a common attribute of stout middle-age. With one hand she was working at the top button of her dress, but before she could fasten it she had flung out her arms to her son.

"Neal, Neal!" she cried, and fell upon him. And while she was still in his arms, young John came running and engaged Neal from behind, and then sister Bessie appeared. She, being a demure eighteen, and intent upon the value of first impressions, had delayed to pat into place a refractory curl, which in the impatience of the moment she had addressed as "ornery," though she really knew better.

"Oh, dear, but I'm a sight," exclaimed Mrs. Robeson, finally retreating and gasping her words. Her husband, who had been looking on from the buggy with an indulgent smile, drove off to the stable. "I meant to dress up for your coming, Neal, but you've caught me just as I am. And you look well—doesn't he, Bessie? I was so afraid. Nervous exhaustion might mean anything—everything. But how do you think your father is looking, Neal?"

The anxious question brought a recurrence of the pang that the young man had felt on first seeing his father's face that day. He answered lightly. The answer did not turn his mother's thoughts, for she said, "I think he's grown so old."

The others were silent, and silently they entered the house. Neal inspected the hall, the parlor, the sitting-room; the furniture had not been changed, it seemed hardly to have been moved. It was not old-fashioned furniture, with the merits that the term implies; it was simply and hopelessly out of style. It was shabby, too, yet Neal looked at the worn lounge and the scarred book-shelves and chairs that little careless feet had battered, and was glad of the shabbiness. It befitted and it dignified his father's generous, unselfish life. On the walls of the sitting-room, facing each other, hung the portraits of Grandfather and Grandmother Robeson. They had been executed by an uncompromising artist, who had made cheeks pink and eyes blue, and had not regarded expression. The wooden faces and crude high lights were not ludicrous to Neal,



"'I didn't know it was to-day you were coming'"

though he looked on them with a little humor in his tenderness.

Neal had to be shown the poultry in their quarters near the barn, and the two aged horses that had been retired in favor of the skittish mare; he was introduced to Jake, the hired man, who at once called him Neal, just as frankly as he called Miss Robeson Bessie.

"I do believe," declared Bessie, as they walked back along the orchard fence, "that there comes Eleanor Craig with the young Mr. Neville. Now, how do you suppose she's got acquainted with him?"

Her voice betrayed a tinge of jealous curiosity.

"They're next door neighbors," Mrs. Robeson reminded her.

"Next door—with a quarter of a mile between!" Bessie tossed her head.

Neal gazed at the pair who were approaching, a small girl in white, with swift, alert steps, a large and stout young man with an energetic stride. Their voices were raised cheerfully, in a way that corresponded to the animation of their walk. The girl saw the Robesons, and waved her hand; when Neal vaulted over the fence, her face lighted up, and she ran forward to meet him.

"Why, Neal," she said, as they shook hands, "I didn't know it was to-day you were coming; I thought it was to-morrow. It's to-morrow I'm coming to your house to supper, anyway."

She introduced Neal to the man who had been quietly standing by. They exchanged only a commonplace word of greeting, but Neal felt himself in a presence, and vaguely resented it. There was something massive and imperturbable about the man; no sluggishness, but a perfect self-control. He was not more than four or five years older than Neal, but his portliness of figure and a certain serenity of eye and brow and a broad solidity of jaw seemed to invest him with an importance beyond his years. Yet he was not unapproachable in manner; he had a very likable smile and a humorous beam in his serene eyes, and Neal was won towards him by the way he shook hands. His grip was firm, and he seemed to offer not merely a hand, but a strong arm also.

"Mr. Neville came down to the school to volunteer help for the exhibition I'm getting up," the girl said. "To-morrow I'm coming to ask you for your help, Neal."

"You might have given *me* a chance to volunteer it," he answered. "But as long as you didn't, ask me now."

"No," she said, "I've got something quite definite in mind for you, and we must have a talk about it. Now I must hurry home. Good-by, Neal; it's good to see you again."

As he went to rejoin his family, who had walked on up through the orchard, he turned to see again the rapid little figure in white. Neville was striding along close by her side, and their faces were turned towards each other eagerly.

The sight of the girl and of this man, who might conceivably desire her quickened into life what Neal had long been consciously reserving as a possibility. In New York he had often thought of Eleanor, not convinced that he should ever find himself in love with her, yet wondering if he might not at some time so find himself. When he had been ordered home to rest, the thought of her had sprung foremost to his mind. He was in a receptive state; and now his first glimpse of her had shown her as memory and imagination had foretold that she would be. The trim, alert little figure, and the fair hair and the frank and resolute face—they were hers, as he had sometimes visualized them. The uneasy sense of inevitable opposition, roused by Neville's presence, made his ardor the more instant and complete.

"She's a sprightly young person, isn't she?" he said.

"Sprightly? Smart, I call her," Mrs. Robeson replied. "Poor Mr. Craig didn't leave her more than a barrel of sermons and the place she lives on. But she's managed pretty well; she's worked the little farm for all it's worth."

"Now she's going to drill for oil," said the doctor. "She's leased to Sipe. I wish it had been to anybody else. I think he and his nephew, Braddish, are a bad lot."

"Yes," said Mrs. Robeson. "She's made such a mistake. Mr. Neville would have bought her land at a good price, of course, rather than have her build derricks in front of his house. But she said she didn't want to extort money from a defenseless millionaire, so she's signed the lease without letting him know a thing about it. The well is to be finished by the 1st of November; I don't know how soon they're to begin on it."

"I wonder how on earth she came to know Mr. Neville, and to go walking with him." Bessie solicited some sort of response.

"I can tell you, Bess," said Neal, "because she told me. He went down to the schoolhouse, where she was working over some exhibition that's to come off, and he offered her some kind of help. Then, I suppose, as they live

near each other, he started to walk home with her. Now are you satisfied?"

Bessie said that she was, and Neal wished that he was.

"Neville's the man that's making a great stir up in Avalon," observed the doctor. "I should judge, from all that's in the newspapers, he's got the city ring pretty well scared. He's after the chief of police and the mayor hard. He's shown up a lot of things that make it look ugly for them. Quite a strong man, I guess. Fine looking fellow; didn't you think so, Neal?"

"Yes; first rate."

"He's too blond," dissented Bessie. "I don't like men with such blond hair—and bald."

## CHAPTER III

### "*I Am Going To Do You Up*"

PASSING Blanchard's store the next afternoon, Neal heard his name shouted from within. The next moment the proprietor appeared in the doorway.

"Come set with us a while," he urged hospitably. "Some friends of yours inside."

Neal followed the host to the dim and musty rear of the establishment, where two men were watching two others playing checkers on a barrel head. He shook hands all round, with Torson and Stilwell and Slawson and Packer—the last a hearty, strong old man, smooth-shaven, except for a goatee and sprightly tufts of white hair sprouting out of his nostrils.

"You see," Blanchard said to Neal apologetically, "we have to be lettin' in the striplin's now," and he indicated a lanky youth who sat tipped back against the counter, and who now brought his chair to the floor with an abashed bang. "You recollect Will Bains, don't you, Neal?"

"Sure I do," said Neal. "You've been growing, Will."

"Here and there, as it were," said Packer. "Kind of in sections."

"That's all right," said Will, with a touch of defiance. "I ain't through growin' yet. When I get my growth, I bet——"

"Oh, you'll be quite the finished product, Will," Packer interrupted soothingly. "But now, proud as we all are of you, we have got to admit you are kind of incomplete."

The youth seemed to vibrate from boastfulness to bashfulness, and he subsided suddenly under Packer's gentle satire.

Indeed it was a gathering of this kind that Will Bains delighted in and dreaded. Unfailingly there was wit at his expense; but he liked to feel himself a man among men. Now, when Neal "set up" cigars, Will tipped his chair against the counter and puffed smoke with solemn deliberation.

Blanchard alone was abstemious.

"What's the matter, Blanchard?" Neal asked. "You're not smoking."

"I've got so I prefer prunes," acknowledged the store-keeper, selecting one from a box.

"That's not like old times," said Neal.

"Well, there's bound to be changes," Blanchard replied philosophically. "A good many of 'em in the old place since you was last here, Neal. Seen them Nevilles yet? I had a call for some goods this mornin' from Miss Neville as she was drivin' by."

"Was she—er—pretty?" asked Will Bains.

"Why, Will, what would Arabella Clack say?" Packer reproved him.

"Well, she was a-wondering that, too," Will defended himself.

"Don't you let her know you've been a-wondering it," cautioned Packer.

"Oh, Miss Neville 'll be able to get round a young feller that she takes a shine to," Blanchard said in response to Will's question. "She's got that way with her; kind of lifts up her skirts and comes skitterin' at you with an ogglin' smile. And then, when she gets her face within about six inches of yours, she just wags and oggles—just what a young feller likes. She's got great, poppin', luscious blue eyes, kind of big and fruity; they give her a sort of a tech-an'-try-me, meller look. She's just the kind that wants to play with a nice young feller, and if you feel free to do it, Will, give her the chance. Of course, you're kind of spoiled by havin' them two front teeth knocked out—makes quite a gap—and then you're loose-built and, as you say, not got your growth; but they's so little doin' in Rehoboth she may be willin' to take up with most anything."

"I don't know," dissented Packer soberly. "When you get a feller with a hand like a ham, a neck like a rail, and most of his weight in his feet, with a great wish-bone for a chest, and his shoulders buggin' up in hunks about his ears—well, it's a good bit to ask of a girl. There, don't flush up, Will; there's plenty of other lummuxes this part the country."

"I'm thinkin' Neal would be more her style," Torson observed frankly.

"The point is, ain't Neal taken up elsewhere—in New York, mebbe?" queried Packer.

Neal disclaimed this with a laugh.

"And the point is, ain't I mebbe?" Will questioned with sudden assertiveness.

"Yes, Will, but I don't know as it's so

much to the point," Packer replied. "For without meanin' to be in any way derogatin', so to speak, I should say that for a girl like this Miss Neville here you would be in the nature of a forlorn hope."

Slawson puffed his cigar, and studied the lithograph which Blanchard had that day hung conspicuously upon his wall. It was delicately allusive—a picture of two elegant young women, to whom an elegant young man was bowing; below was the interpretation: "That, Gladys, is my friend Percy Fitzroy; a perfect gentleman; he always chews Black Jack."

"It's a Percy Fitzroy Miss Neville will be wanting," Slawson remarked sagaciously. "And they're city bred."

"Do you chew Black Jack, Neal?" asked Packer. "Better begin."

"Mebbe Blanchard could persuade you to take up the prune habit," Slawson suggested. "Though I doubt if 'twould have enough the flavor of wickedness to be a fetchin' vice. Did you find, when you was a-courtin', Blanchard, that prune-chewin' helped or hendered?"

"It never seemed to bother me none," Blanchard contributed to science. "Prunes is an easy-digestin' food."

"Well, the young folks will have their courtin', spite of all you can do," said Stilwell sententiously. "They can make you a heap of trouble or some pleasure, as you're a mind to view it. I guess you find it that way some with your niece, Sol."

"I'd like well enough to see her take up with some good feller like Jim Casey," Packer replied.

"He *is* a good fellow," said Neal. "And that's what he wants, is it? I should like to see Jim."

"You'll run acrost him before long," Packer assured him. "He's farmin' for the Nevilles."

"Say, I've got to get out," declared Slawson, rising, grinding the lighted end of his cigar against the counter, and stuffing the butt into his pocket. "Here we've been matchmakin' like we was our grandmothers. I am kind of ashamed."

The others rose also, and Blanchard followed them to the door.

"Good-by, boys," he said forlornly. "Drop in again."

Neal looked at his watch; it was two minutes past five.

"Which way you goin'?" asked Will Bains, who was lingering at his side.

"Just to the station," answered Neal. "I have to wait for the 5.15 train to come in."

"Oh," said Will, and his bashfulness seemed to return upon him. He lingered another moment, and then, with a sheepish glance of admiration at Neal, started up the road.

Neal seated himself on the railing of the station platform. He had not an idea that Braddish would appear to take the train, and his mind was pretty well made up as to his course of action. He was glad to have the hint with regard to Jim Casey; Jim would be the first man he would enlist.

A strange insect settled on the railing beside him, and he became absorbed in the study of it. It had a green visor-shaped head, with two brown streaks across, which gave it the aspect of wearing a barred helmet; and it found employment in hauling itself from time to time along the board. After each achievement, its antennæ would prowl about in an ecstasy of excitement; the creature was obviously being constantly thrilled by its own boldness. At last Neal, in his interest, put his hand too alarmingly near, and the insect flew away.

Then he looked up and saw Braddish with another man at the farther end of the platform. Both were looking at him, and Braddish's companion, after a moment, nodded. Neal nodded in reply, recognizing the man now as Sam Sipe. He watched the pair curiously, and in a moment Sipe left Braddish and came towards him.

"I don't know as you remember me, Neal," he said.

"Oh, yes, I do, Mr. Sipe," Neal replied.

"Goin' to settle down and practice in Rehoboth?" Sipe inquired.

"It's hard to say," Neal answered politely.

Sipe smiled; it was an unattractive smile, showing long, yellow teeth, and it added to the slyness of his low-browed, hang-dog face. With two dirty fingers he tapped his little button chin.

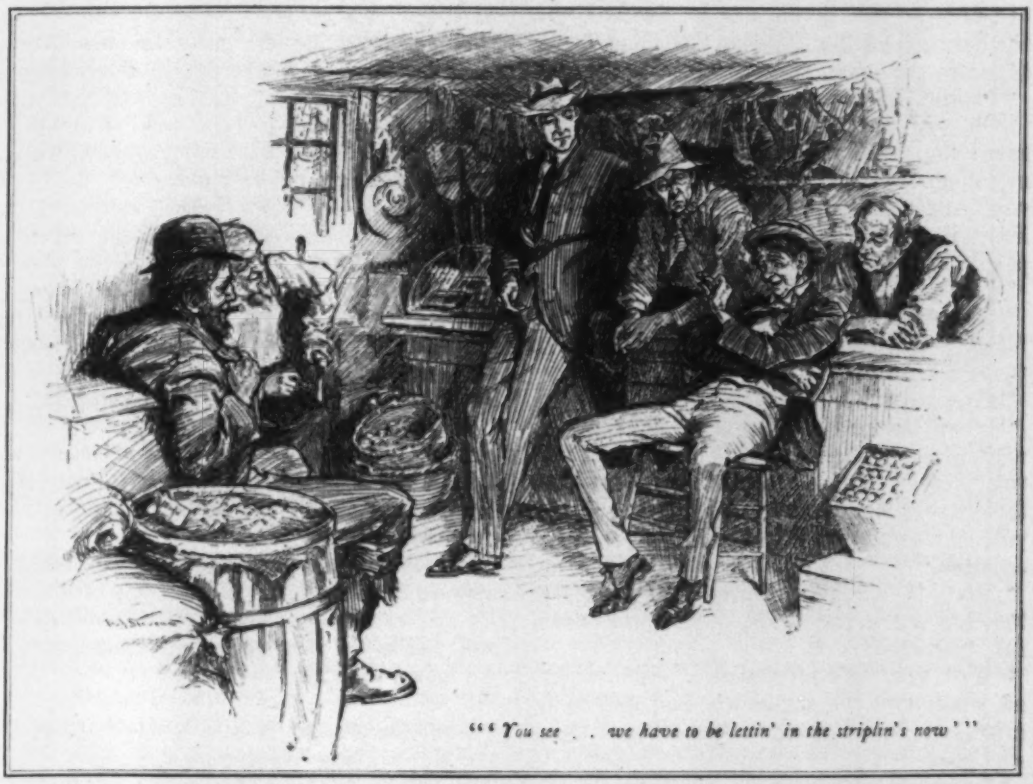
"Well, I must be going," he said. "I'll be seeing you off and on. Good-by, Ike," and waving his hand to his nephew, he shuffled away.

Braddish remained standing at the end of the platform, and Neal resumed his seat. The roar of the approaching train became distinct; then Braddish strode down the platform and, standing in front of Neal, folded his arms.

"Look here," he said. "Don't think I'm leavin' because I'm scared of *you*. Don't think it. I'm goin' because I've got a job waitin' on me. I was goin' to-day, whatever happened. But, Mr. Robeson, I'm comin' back. And when I come back, you want to look out. *For I am going to do you up.*"

"Thank you for telling me," said Neal. "I don't think you will do me up."

He sat on the fence and watched Braddish board the train. Then he walked home, not altogether satisfied with results. It chagrined him somewhat to realize that he had, after all, been rather impotent. That Braddish would return was reasonably certain; his threat of vengeance was not very disturbing; but then there was that infatuated girl. Neal wondered if he ought not now to tell her uncle. But he decided against this; his pride charged him personally with Braddish's overthrow.



"'You see . . we have to be lettin' in the striplin's now'"

## CHAPTER IV

### *Eleanor and Neal*

NEAL found his mother sitting on the piazza. "Your father's had a hard day," she said; "he's lying down now."

The young man took the chair beside her.

"I wish, now that I'm home, he would turn over to me some of his work," he said. "Do you think he would?"

"No. He will keep going, doing everything himself, until the end. Besides, Neal, you know you've had to give up work yourself for a while."

"Oh, but that's a different kind."

They sat silent, listening to the shrilling of a tree toad in one of the thick horse-chestnut trees.

"Now, you'd better go in and get ready for supper," his mother said cheerfully. "Eleanor Craig is coming, you know."

At supper Neal felt two strains of emotion, alternating and conflicting. One came to him whenever he glanced up and saw the worn look on his father's face. The old doctor, sitting deep in his chair, seemed to sink and shrink into his black coat until his collar was lost beneath its folds. And though he had always been a silent man, there was to Neal something poignant now in the abstraction of his silence—something which his occasional glad glances at his son could not alleviate.

And on the other hand, when Neal looked across at Eleanor, he was warmed with kindly, happy little thrills—gay thrills they might have been, were it not for the shadowed consciousness that subdued them. Under the loose pile of her golden-yellow hair her face grew prettier as he watched it, and all the noble traits that he had presupposed shone out. Clear-featured, with a good-humored voice and smile, she showed her resoluteness, in which there was no hardness, for out of the blue composure of her eyes flickered now and again a genial, whimsical light.

"Now," said Eleanor suddenly, "about that school entertainment, Neal. It's coming off in two weeks. There are to be prizes for elocution and such things; that's what Mr. Neville offered to see to. But I want something different from the ordinary exhibition, with just its declamations and so on. And I thought an athletic exhibition would be a good novelty."

"That's great," declared John.

"And I wondered if you couldn't teach some of the boys how to do things. Swinging on the bar, and all that. Indian clubs and dumbbells are too tame."

"I might if I haven't forgotten how myself."

"Oh, you haven't forgotten how," she assured him. "Why, you were the prize winner at college in all that sort of thing, weren't you? And if the boys can learn to do just a little, it will be enough; it will amuse the people and the boys."

"I'll try," said Neal.

"How would the barn loft do?" asked his father. "There might be room enough to swing a trapeze."

"First rate," Neal answered.

"It will be great," declared John again, with growing excitement. "Teach me, will you, Neal? I'll bet I could learn. And have the trapeze rigged away up by the roof, will you, so we can dive into the life-net—like in circuses."

"Mercy!" exclaimed his mother; and "You talk too much for a kid," his sister scornfully remarked.

"Well, you ain't my mother," John retorted, whereupon the person who had that honor cried out, scandalized, "John!" and there was peace.

After supper they sat on the piazza in the twilight. The tree toad, snug in the bosom of the horse chestnut, sent up intermittent cries for rain, above the diligent chorus of the crickets. But the stars were pale and clear beyond the western hills, and the full moon shone mildly on the river.

As Neal walked with Eleanor along the country road, white in the moonlight, with the tall hickories and oaks rising in two long sentinel lines before them and a silvery curl of the river glimmering through the trees, she said:

"I haven't lived here as long as your father has, and grown to feel that there can't be anything better than this. There are things I'd like to do, for myself and Wilbur—and that I can't afford to do. I'm only half educated, and I'm afraid that's all he will ever be."

"There are a lot of uneducated men graduated at the universities every year," answered Neal. "And there are always a few persons that can get an education out of stocks and stones. I have an idea that you're one of that kind."

"I would rather get an education out of stocks and bonds," she told him.

They turned off from the main road, and after a time came to the top of the slope that led down to her house.

"Now if you would like to see the Neville place——" she said.

She paused to let him have the view. Far out across the lower ground, in the bottom of which ran a little stream, beyond sloping fields of grain and pasture, and on a hill, stood a great house with many lighted windows. It blazed in solitary grandeur.

"And somewhere down there," said Eleanor, pointing to the brook, "will be my oil derrick, I suppose. Sipe said it would have to be near the water. I suppose it is a nasty thing for me to do—right in sight of their front door. When they've been in the house only a week, too!"

She led the way down the hill to her cottage.

"Wilbur's at home," she said, seeing the light in the window. "You're not going right back, Neal? I always try to be with him for a few minutes at his bed-time—but it will be only a few minutes."

So Neal sat on the doorstep and waited while she went in to say good-night to her brother. The boy's bedroom was just above Neal's head, and as the window was open, the young man heard the talk that passed between the two.

"Now that Doctor Neal's home," the girl said, "he's going to start a gymnasium that you'll want to join; he used to be a great athlete in college, and he can teach you lots of things. John Robeson has a great idea about learning to perform on the trapeze and dive into the life-net—the way they do in the circus."

Wilbur chuckled; he was evidently a small person with a sense of humor.

"That's what ladies do," he said. "After they've been caught by the toes. *You* ought to learn that, Eleanor."

"I don't believe he'll have any life-net," she answered. "Besides, I think a plain ordinary hammock suits my style of athletics better, don't you?"

"Oh, you're pretty good for a girl," the boy said. "You could jump through hoops and things if you'd only wear tights instead of skirts."

Neal heard a smothered laugh, mingled with the boy's treble.

*"On the piazza, Neal found two ladies and a ruddy, rotund little man"*

"There, we mustn't talk any more to-night. Now, say your prayers with me."

The murmured words came down to the young doctor as he leaned his head against the climbing jasmine by the door and looked up at the stars. In his busy, crowded life at the hospital, the idea of worship had been remote, only occasionally entertained. Now it returned upon him with a primitive force which had never moved him in churches; he listened with his eyes upon the stars, and it seemed to him like the prayer that goes up in the heart of the woods or the prayer that ascends from the bosom of the prairies. Two simple souls were uttering themselves to the universe.

"Good-night, partner," the girl said, and then Neal heard the kiss.

He told Eleanor when she came down that he had been listening.

"I like your way of bringing up your little brother," he said.

She seemed pleased.

"I try not to tie him too much to my apron-strings," she answered. "It would be especially bad for him, because he's always been sensitive and a little timid. But I do want to be some sort of a companion for him—well, it's for my own sake, of course, as much as for his."

"You must be very lonely out here," he said, looking around on the silent fields. "I shouldn't think it would be quite safe for you."

"That's what everybody used to tell me after father's death. But I've never had any trouble. Besides, Wilbur and I could give a pretty good account of ourselves: the house is quite an armory. We go out and have target practice every month or so."

"Keep it up when the oil drillers come," Neal advised her. "Some of them are pretty tough. Do a little target practice where they'll see it."

Later that evening, as Neal was making his way home, he stopped on the summit of the little hill to look out across the fields. The stalks of young corn stood straight, and, to his fancy, with close-shut, upraised hands that waited but the moment when they should be ordered open for deliverance. In the obscurity, the orchard trees on the other side of the road brooded productive, like birds in their nests. All things bore in the placid vagueness the undoubting confidence of fulfilment and the promise of life; and the young man, filling his lungs and stretching his arms, felt his own potency and rejoiced in it, sanguine that it would bring the fruition of all untried, germinating hopes.

## CHAPTER V

### *The Nevilles*

LATE on a Saturday afternoon, three days after Neal had begun work with his class in athletics, Jim Casey drove up to the doctor's

house. He was a stocky, sunburned young man, with a stubby growth of black beard; as he looked up at Mrs. Robeson, who was sitting on the piazza, there was a twinkle in his brown eyes.

"Doctor at home?" he asked.

"No; he had to go to Lennington this afternoon," Mrs. Robeson answered.

"It's the young doctor I was specially sent to fetch," Jim said.

"Oh, Neal. Is one of the Nevilles sick?" asked Mrs. Robeson eagerly. "And have they sent for Neal?" She ran into the house, spilling over the porch an apronful of peas that she had begun to shell; and her voice came out from the interior, calling, "Neal! Neal!"

"He was particular to have you," said Jim as they drove along, "because he said he had met you one day on the road, and wants to see more of you; so he sets to work to raise up something the matter with him." Jim chuckled shrewdly. "Guess a feller that has sick headache once in so often can tend to it himself if he's a mind to."

They entered the Neville grounds. The rawness of the place was still conspicuous. An attempt had been made in clearing to preserve by careful selection a winding avenue of trees, but it was a very ragged avenue, and the driveway, sweeping in exuberant curves, was banked up in places over uncouth little ravines, and was mushy with freshly dumped gravel. The grass was still adapted to purposes of hay rather than of lawn; and in front of the house there was an arid-looking pit, which represented, Neal conjectured, the inception of a garden. The house itself was a vast brick building, in the Tudor style of architecture, with windows canopied like those of a hotel.

Within the house Neal had a similar passing glimpse of incomplete, half-furnished elegance. Through the doorway of the library he saw paneled walls, and long rows of dark oak shelves on either side of the fireplace. The house was occupied, apparently, by people who were willing to move slowly, if only they might make no false steps.

Neal found his patient lying in a darkened room, alone and suffering miserably.

"I get knocked out this way about once in six months," Neville observed, "and then I don't allow any one near me but a doctor, and him only for a few moments. So you want to be quick, Doctor Robeson."

Abrupt as the speech was, there was in it more friendliness and good nature than abruptness. Neal shot questions, Neville recited symptoms; both went at it, matching each other in directness. The doctor filled out a prescription, and the patient said:

"Now will you guarantee that to-morrow I can play tennis, for instance?"

"I'm reasonably sure you can," Neal answered.

"Then will you come up and play with me?"

"Yes, I'll be delighted. But I play very badly."

"Oh, you're a famous athlete. You give courses of instruction on the bar. To-morrow afternoon, then—at four?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Thank *you*."

Coming out on the piazza, Neal found two ladies and a ruddy, rotund little man supervising the efforts of the gardener in the excavation below. The tall and elder lady turned and came forward somewhat magisterially, holding out her hand.

"Doctor Robeson, I presume," she said. "I am so glad you were within call. I hope you found Lindsay better. He suffers dreadfully from these attacks—my daughter, Miss Neville, Doctor Robeson. Oscar, my dear, step up and meet Doctor Robeson." And thus she presented her husband, much as if he were a little boy.

"Now then, Doctor," said Mr. Neville, "I want to know—ain't that a view?"

He waved his hand out towards Eleanor Craig's farm and the purple hills beyond. With his attention thus called to the beauties of the landscape, Neal saw vividly a derrick—a vista of derricks.

"I look on that as something worth coming from the city for," Mr. Neville continued, swinging himself up and down on his toes. "I got in early this morning, and I tell you it pleased me. I don't suppose the doctor has been about the place, my dear?" he suggested, tiptoeing and cocking one eye up at his wife, like a fat, solicitous robin.

"Do take him round—that is, if you have time, Doctor," said Mrs. Neville. She returned to her magisterial manner. "We shall be most happy to see you again, Doctor—not professionally."

Neville's delight in exhibiting to a visitor the features of his estate and establishment was unrepressed. He pointed out to Neal the new silver-mounted harness and the new carriages in the stable, dilated on the admirable finish of the new bowling alley, and called attention to the attractions of the new swimming pool. "Not a mere bath-tub, sir, as you will see, but a place big and deep enough to swim and dive in—the bottom covered with fine sand; I have had ten wagon-

loads brought in. Notice the rustic bathhouses—one for the men—for you, Doctor, when you choose to come—one for the ladies; made out of the rough logs, chalet style, according to my wife. All is done by her directions and my daughter's, to harmonize with the surroundings. These fine points are rather beyond me, to think out; but I appreciate the effect, I appreciate the effect. And I tell you, there are two things I like—one is that broad open view from my front porch, and the other is to come down here and lose myself in my own woods. I'm a natural-born countryman, anyway."

He exploited his son's career with even more interest. "I suppose you know about him—he's been in the newspapers lately a lot," he ventured.

Neal explained that since being in New York he had lost track of Avalon affairs.

"I suppose you wouldn't have heard, then. But Lindsay's been making quite a stir lately. He's a lawyer—got a brilliant mind—inherits from his mother there. Now he's been going in to smash the city machine; it's rotten—rotten to the core. He's got a body of men behind him—the best there are—and I tell you he's making the ring squirm, sir; yes, sir, making 'em squirm. When Lindsay began, the ring newspapers joked him a lot about 'Papa's barrel'"—the little man laughed merrily—"well, as I told Lindsay, the barrel will outlive the joke. Just between ourselves," and Neville lowered his voice and spoke close to Neal's ear, though they were in the midst of forest, "there's a movement on foot to run Lindsay for mayor this fall. It's within the possibilities. Now look at that tree; did you ever see a finer oak in your life? I've got a grove of sugar maples on the place, too, that I want to show you. I think they're a beautiful tree."

So he prattled on, making free-handed exhibition of whatever he was proudest of, whether in experience or possession.

"The whole plant will cost me in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand, when I get it done," he said, "to say nothing of running expenses. But I mean to have it one of the best equipped plants of its kind in the State."

"I should think you might be a little afraid of the surroundings becoming unfavorable," Neal remarked. "You know, there's excitement about oil just over the hills."

"Oh, I'm pretty well protected here," Neville answered. "Besides, if it should turn out this was an oil field—well, there's no use fighting against nature. It's man's business to take hold and help the earth to get out what she most wants to give. Of course, my wife and daughter have made this place what it is, and they've got feelings about it—feelings that no man, I don't care who, can understand. And they ought to be considered; they're always considering the feelings of other folks," he said loyally. "You won't find a finer-grained pair of women. They've traveled in this country and abroad, seen the best there is, and like it, too—but not a particle of the snob about either of 'em; no, sir, not a particle."

With this assurance, intended, as Neal saw with some amusement, to put him at ease in case of future meetings with the family, Neville bade him farewell.

Neal played tennis with Neville, and then went swimming with him in the new pool. Neville discussed tennis and swimming and diving and other athletic sports with an enthusiasm that might have deluded one into thinking he had no other interests. He was childishly eager to have Neal show him how to make a somersault dive. He got out of Neal a good deal concerning his pursuits at college and in the medical school, and about his experiences in the hospital. With regard to himself, he was as skilfully uncommunicative as his father had been loquacious. On the way home Neal realized that he had given away much and Neville nothing. It was the more annoying because he could not accuse Neville of any lack of geniality; it was the more annoying because Neville had done things really worth talking about, and he himself had not, was only hoping that he might.

"Great Scott," muttered Neal to himself with youthful self-contempt, "I thought I knew how to hold my tongue."

It was not that he had revealed anything either intimate or discreditable. But he was aware in a disturbed way that he had touched a stronger, better controlled personality than his own. It annoyed him especially to feel that while he had already begun to entertain antagonism, Neville would be always unconscious of this. The idea of opposition would be on one side; to Neville it would simply be too trifling to occur.

Neal tried to persuade himself that his apprehensions of a future rivalry were groundless. But he could not put out of his mind the vivid picture he had had of Eleanor and Neville walking briskly together down the road, their faces turned towards each other and alight with an eager understanding.

*(To be continued)*

# *AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD*

## *BY MARY CLARKE HUNTINGTON*

*Illustrated by Denman Fink*

IT was the first of November, but the grass still showed a pleasant greenness, for hoar frosts were holding off. The bareness of the woods was relieved by patches of russet, touched with dull reds and yellows, and through the still air leaves now and then sailed earthward like slowly descending birds. Because of the Indian summer mellowness, which rested in dim blue haze upon the hills, and made the pale sunshine feel soft against the cheek, the front door of Enoch Weaver's house stood open, and here and there a window was half raised. Teams were fastened about the outbuildings, and to the yard fence other horses were tied—their occasional neighs and stampings a break upon the silence. Two grizzled middle-aged men, bent by heavy farm work, shook hands with ostentatious solemnity at the front gate.

"We meet again, Mr. Avery."

"Yes, Mr. Barbour. An' th' last said occasion was th' funeral of old Mrs. Tibbits."

Mr. Barbour, who had the depressed face of one given to seeing the pessimistic side of life, sighed deeply—not that Mrs. Tibbits had been even an acquaintance, but a sigh seemed appropriate to the subject under discussion.

"Wal, Mr. Avery, we've all got to travel th' same road."

Mr. Avery stroked his smooth fat chin contemplatively, as if the thought had never before occurred to him and he meant to give it due attention.

"Yes, yes—that's so," he answered. "That's so, Mr. Barbour. It is, indeed."

The depression of Mr. Barbour's face lifted slightly. It is pleasant to feel that one has spoken to effect. He shook his head to deepen the philosophy of his last remark, and said:

"Enoch's pretty much broke up over his loss I s'pose."

"That's what they say," Mr. Avery replied, hurriedly. "Wal, I guess I'll be goin' into the house!"

He passed on and disappeared through the open door. Mr. Barbour saw a phaëton not far from the gate and the flutter of alighting skirts. He guessed that his companion had made haste to avoid a courtesy, and with disgust at such boorishness, went to offer his own services. The younger of the two women glanced around at him.

"Mr. Barbour 'll hitch Dolly an' blanket her, mother. I'm so glad that I shan't have to get hair all over this navy blue skirt. She's shedding dreadfully, and white hair does show so."

"S'h!" murmured the other. Then with a nod of smiling relief: "Why, Mr. Barbour! Yes, thanks, we'll be glad to have you 'tend to th' horse. A horse is a bother to women. Isn't it dretful sad about Mrs. Weaver goin' so sudden? I do pity her husband. Hy! What a lot of teams there are here. I guess it'll be a real big funeral. I think a small funeral always seems forlorn—as if a body hadn't any friends. Simon couldn't get away to-day. He's behind with huskin' an' everything this fall, an' he's sprained his ankle a little, too. He was complainin' this mornin' about luck, but I told him he wasn't half so bad off as old Enoch Weaver, who hasn't even a girl like Angel, here, left to him!"

Mr. Barbour was not so pessimistic but that he glanced at the comely and still fresh face of "Simon's" wife.

"I sh'd think not," he said.

Angel went slowly on ahead, leaving her mother and Mr. Barbour to follow—the subdued sound of their voices meaningless in her ears. The leaves rustled under her feet, and she looked down at them with the half consciousness with which she let her eyes lift to the beauty of the haze-wrapped hills—stretching away, and away, and away into the blue ether. She was thinking rebelliously how she hated funerals, and how she wished her mother would have let her stay at home. And what was there sad about the death of such an old person as Mrs. Enoch Weaver? Why—she was eighty! How could one wish to live to be eighty? She tried to imagine what life would seem like at eighty—and her thoughts trailed into blankness, for great, indeed, is the space between eighty and nineteen! She had never spoken to Mrs. Enoch Weaver, but she remembered seeing her occasionally—a rather bent little woman, with white hair and kindly eyes and cheeks red as a withered winter apple. Her face had pleased the young girl . . . and yet to be eighty! A Concord buggy, with a frisky sorrel

horse, drove rapidly up to the gate, and Angel, with a quick glance at the driver, started for the open door. Her mother called to her in a sharp undertone:

"Angelina!"

She paused obediently, keeping her back to the gate. Her mother, leaving Mr. Barbour to greet the new arrivals as if he was master of ceremonies, reached her side.

"Why, what in th' world ails you, Angelina Briggs? Anybody'd think you never'd been to a funeral before, an' I took you three times while you was a baby in arms. 'Tain't a party to go rushin' in like that."

"I didn't know I *was* rushing," Angel said, with hushed indignation and a blush which passed as swiftly as it came.

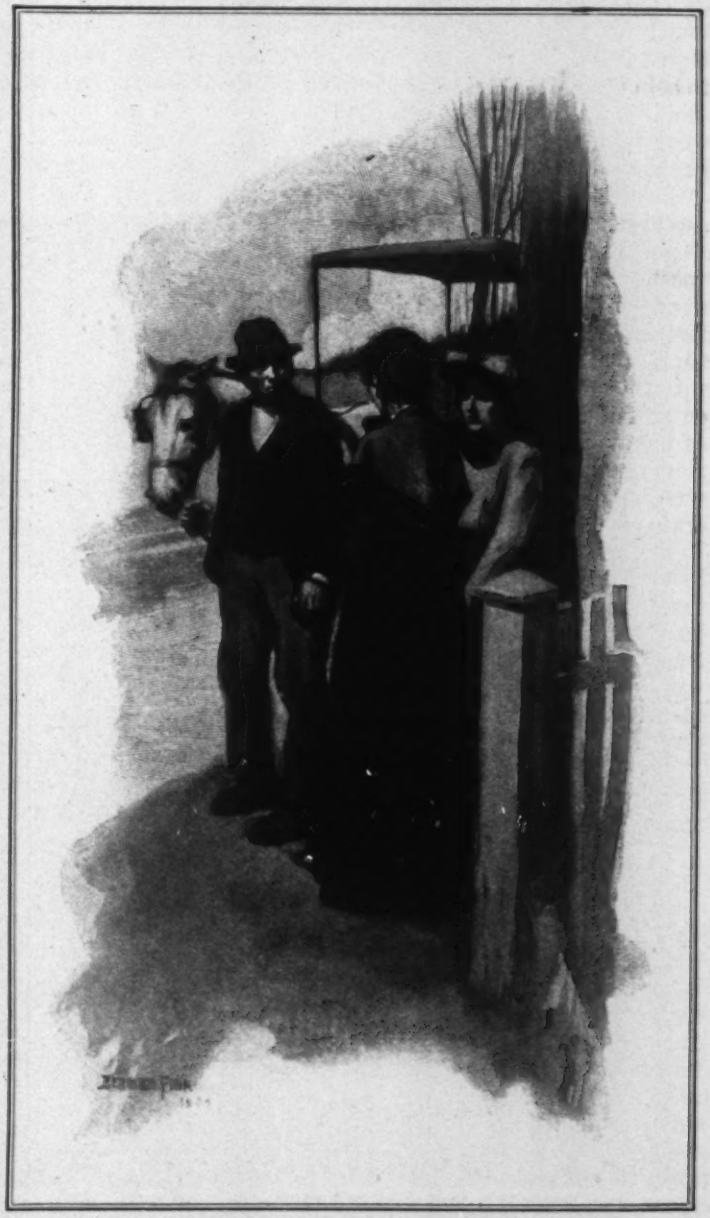
"Then you'd better know. An' I won't hev you answerin' so putcheky. You've been putcheky ever sence th' surprise party at th' Church last week. I guess surprise parties don't agree with you. Wait—I want to speak to Mrs. Woodmansee! How d'ye do, Mrs. Woodmansee? Nice day for a funeral, ain't it? No reason why 'most everybody can't come—seem's though. I see Tom fetched you."

"Yes-s-s," Mrs. Woodmansee said softly. She was a large woman with a purring voice. "His father couldn't get away as he's one o' th' jurors on that case in court to town now. Tom don't like funerals. But I made him fetch me. How d'ye do, Angel?"

"Angel didn't want to come either, but I insisted, as Simon couldn't spare th' time," Mrs. Briggs said, wondering why the child should blush again under Mrs. Woodmansee's greeting. She hoped Angel wasn't developing bashfulness at nineteen.

"Dretful sad 'bout Mrs. Weaver, ain't it?"

Mrs. Woodmansee nodded solemnly that it was very sad indeed; and with an all-over glance which took in the other's dress from headgear to shoes, the two women went into the house—Angel following. The sitting room and parlor, square front rooms opening out of the long, narrow hall, were filled with people sitting in decorous silence; and the hall was lined with standing men. The undertaker, waiting upon the lowest stair opposite the open front door, came forward with the suave manner of his kind, and carried some extra chairs into the dining-room beyond—which was already well crowded. Angel went on after her mother with a sensation of relief,



"'*Isn't it dretful sad about Mrs. Weaver goin' so sudden?*'"

for her glance into the parlor had shown her a coffin, beside which sat a bent old man. A few whispered greetings met them as they took seats.

"Awful queer 'bout her havin' on her weddin' bunnit, ain't it?" whispered a woman next to Mrs. Briggs. "What? Hadn't you heard? Yes . . . Enoch insisted upon her bein' laid out in her weddin' bunnit; took on so th' undertaker said they'd better let him hev his way. His uncle was jest as odd as he could be, you know—always wore two coats, th' shortest outside, an' when his wife died he hung himself in th' smokehouse an' wasn't found for three days, though they hunted high an' low. Sairey Ann Westcott come in to help here after Mrs. Weaver died, an' she said if 't wasn't fur that bunnit th' poor soul would 'a' made a beautiful corpse. Thet looks like she come out o' the ark, of course."

"Do—tell!" Mrs. Briggs gasped back in astonishment, while Angel listened nervously, half fascinated—yet with a feeling of repugnance to this gossip, which trickled on as if the tongue of the whisperer moved without consciousness from her brain.

"Enoch he said he'd married her in thet bunnit, an' he'd bury her in thet bunnit. He said she was jest as much his bride now as she ever was."

"Do—tell!" Mrs. Briggs gasped again.

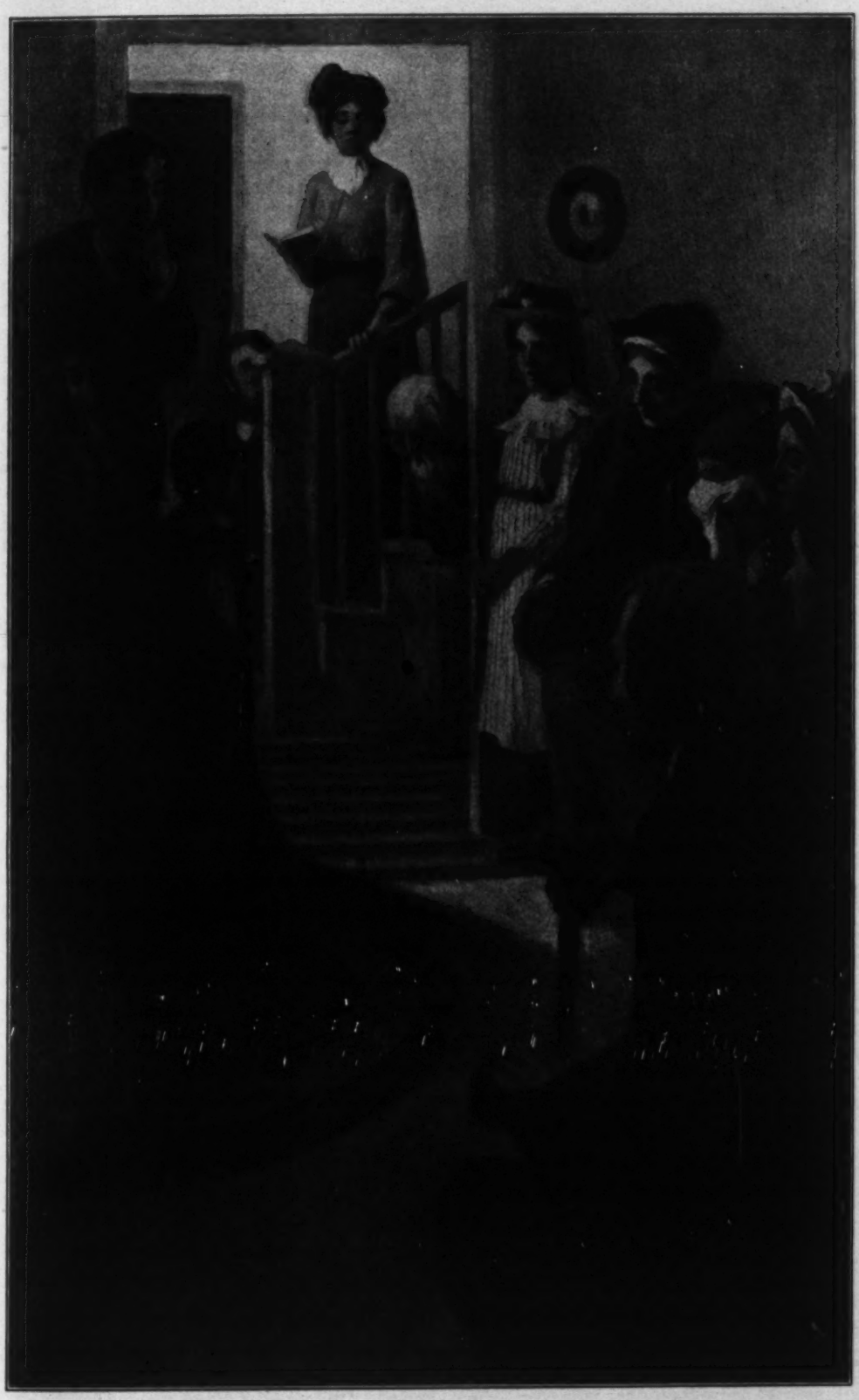
"Yes. He's teched, of course—a little teched. Th' idea of bein' laid out in a bunnit! Who ever heard of such a thing? An' don't you think Enoch declares his wife ain't dead—only sleepin'? Says if th' minister calls her dead he won't never go inside a church again. I *pity* the minister!"

*"The undertaker . . . carried some extra chairs into the dining-room beyond"*

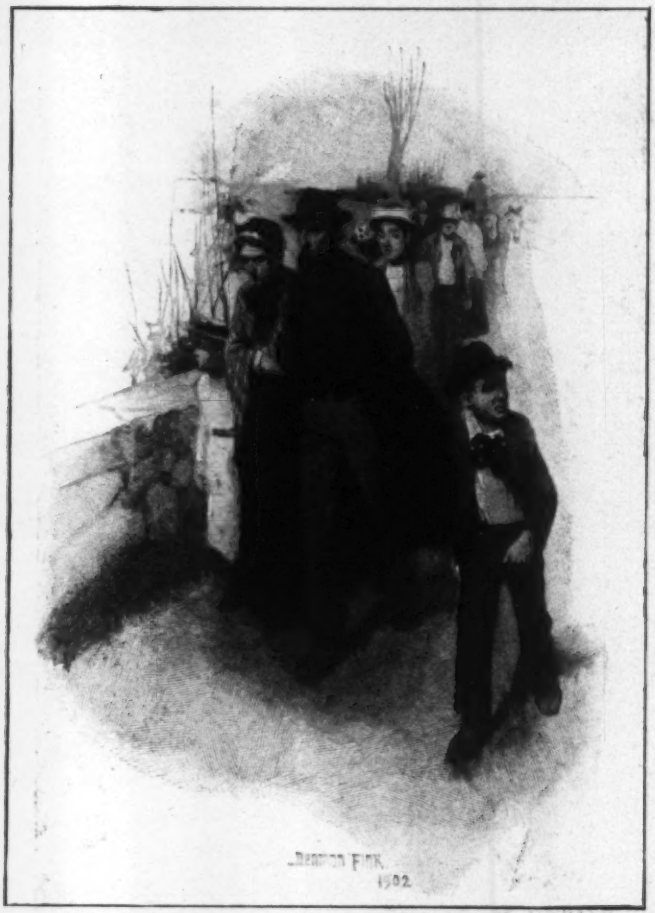
Just then from the hall sounded the minister's voice, vibrating with feeling. He was new to the place, having occupied the pulpit but six months, and this was the first funeral since his pastorate began. He was a young man, with ideas which seemed hardly orthodox to even-tenored country folk; and there were few present who did not wonder how he could avoid what might seem like consciousness that the woman beside whom the old man watched, as we watch the sleep of one we love, had been dressed for the grave in a way which exceeded all precedent. Necks craned, ears strained; curiosity was agog to catch the words of this stripling, fresh from divinity school:

"Probably there is not one of you here today who did not know the wife of Enoch Weaver better than it has been my privilege to know her—you knew her quiet, unobtrusive life, her kindness as a neighbor, her faithfulness as a helpmeet; you knew how dear she was to him who, alone in old age, sits, the mourner of mourners, beside the one whom sixty years ago he brought here a bride—and whose face, as she lies with her silvery white hair against the time yellowed white of her wedding bonnet, is still to him the face of the bride so many yesterdays removed. To those of us to whom God has given the blessing of a good woman's love, to those of us to whom such blessing is yet to come, it brings a feeling of reverence for our own—that she who rests in yonder room is still a bride to the bridegroom of sixty years ago—will always be a bride. Shall we think of her as dead? No . . ., for she sleeps!"

The people sat stirless, expectant, strangely moved—yet many of them hardly comprehending. And as they sat thus the minister's girl-wife, on the hall stairs, began to sing with rare tenderness the words of Mrs. Browning's "Sleep":



*"The people sat stirless, expectant, strangely moved"*



*"Nearly all present went soberly down the grassy roadside bank"*

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Born inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"'Sleep soft, beloved,' we sometimes say,
Yet have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
Yet never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
'He giveth his beloved sleep.'

"His dew drops mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slopes men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'

"And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say: 'Not a tear must o'er her fall!'—
'He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

The tender soprano left behind it a hush thrilling with sacredness; the minister's voice broke as he said: "Let us pray."

One by one those assembled passed in single file through the rooms to look good-by at Enoch Weaver's bride. Angel held back until the last; not now because of her usual nervous shrinking from looking at Death, but because an emotion, against which she fought down a choke in the throat, made it seem like profanation that any curious gaze should fall upon the dead this day. When she went up to the coffin, against which Enoch Weaver rested the withered, tremulous hand of age, as he had done throughout the service, she saw, framed among the white lilac blossoms of a time-yellowed white silk bonnet, a serene old face which smiled the bride smile of sixty years ago. She looked from that smile to the mourner, and he, lifting his eyes as he had not done while the others filed by, met those of the girl—brimming with passionate sympathy. "Oh!" she said softly . . . and then she was slipping away in confusion at her own impulsiveness, for she had bent and kissed the old man's wrinkled cheek.

The cemetery was at the foot of the hill, a quarter mile below Enoch Weaver's house, and nearly all present went soberly down the grassy roadside bank to where in the small burying place a heap of fresh earth marked a newly dug grave; the hearse, followed by two or three carriages, turned in through the iron gates after the people, and the bride of sixty years ago was lowered to her last resting place. Standing on the edge of the crowd which hemmed in the minister,—the bearers, the few remote cousins who had joined the little procession, and the chief mourner, who leaned tremulously on the undertaker's arm—Angel heard the minister repeating: "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes"; and then, after a pause which seemed part of the autumnal hush: "We spend our years as a tale that is told . . ."

The chief mourner was led away, his dim eyes turning backward to the grave, and among those about him—younger, alert, and strong—he looked like an autumn leaf that, shaken from the bough, was waiting in sear uselessness the pitying shroudal of winter snows. The crowd drifted away by easy degrees, for the brief afternoon was already

waning, and further delay meant "chores" by lantern light. Angel found herself beside the open grave with only her mother, Mrs. Woodmansee, and the woman who had whispered about the wedding bonnet.

"I've enjoyed th' funeral so much. Ain't you, Mrs. Briggs? It passed off reel well. Mr. Bennet, the undertaker, does know how to manage things. But I b'lieve people would 'a' cried more if they'd known what was comin'. We was all so took up with wonderin' what th' minister would say that there wasn't hardly a tear shed. It didn't seem right. An' th' minister's wife ought to 'a' chose a more lamentin' hymn. Why—death wasn't nothin' at all th' way she sung."

Angel flashed a quivering face upon the speaker.

"What th' minister's wife sung was beautiful! beautiful!"

The critic stared—startled at such vehemence.

"Mebbe 't was," she acquiesced hurriedly. "But it does seem as if th' minister ought to 'a' preached a reel sermon, tellin' about her many virtues. That's th' way things was done when I was young. An' if th' person was deservin', like Mrs. Enoch Weaver, they was always spoke of as lookin' down on us from Heaven. I sh'd think sech a discourse would 'a' been more edifyin' an' soothin' to poor old Enoch than all that hifalutin' talk. But th' minister was reel smart to get in as he did about th' bunnit, an' she, poor creetur! looked a pretty corpse in spite of havin' it on. However, it's a pity nobody dared take it off before folks see her."

"It isn't either!" Angel flashed again.

"Angelina." But the maternal warning was given with an unusual degree of gentleness.

Mrs. Woodmansee spoke in her purring voice.

"S'posin' we women go an' see th' new monyment Deacon Babbit has put up to th' lower end of th' cem'try. Angel, if Tom sh'd fetch th' team before I get around, tell him I shan't be long."

She moved ponderously away—her purring voice wafted softly back to the girl, who stood, flushed and silent, looking after the three figures until they were lost to sight behind the white stones on the slope of the cemetery hill. The waters of the little pond beyond the cemetery slope gleamed blue; a light wind rustled some crisp leaves at her feet; the branches of a near hackmatack tree sighed lispingly—like waves upon a beach. Absorbed in thought as she was, the blending of sound covered a step behind her—but a shadow elongating in the westering sun suddenly fell past her into the open grave. With a start she turned from the blue pond waters to meet the young fellow behind her. "Oh, Tom!"

His frank face was working with emotion.

"I saw you when—you kissed him! Nobody else would have thought to do it. I'm sorry I got mad at nothing th' evening of th' surprise party, Angel."

"Oh, Tom!"

Between the two utterances of his name was such gamut of feeling as scales from surprise to joy. Through the Indian summer mellowness a bluebird, belated in its winter migration, fluted once, twice, thrice from the hackmatack tree, and flew away toward the foliage-denuded, haze-covered hills, warbling melodiously of spring! spring! spring!—the spring which beat in the hearts of two who kissed beside an open grave, with Autumn, and Age, and Death forgotten.

It was Angel who, remembering, said with a choke in her throat:

"I'm glad she was buried in her wedding bonnet, Tom."

Angel had learned now how one might wish to live to be eighty; . . . yet eighty was far away! Tom did not answer, for, looking radiantly into her eyes, he saw mirrored, as it were, her own face, sweet and blushing and alive—framed in a wedding bonnet!

# "AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE"

## BY IDA M. TARBELL

*Author of "The Life of Lincoln"*

### CHAPTER IV OF THE HISTORY OF THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY

*The following story of Mr. Rockefeller's second attempt to bring about a combination to control the oil business has never before been told, even in the numerous Federal and State investigations of the company. It is a chapter of unwritten history drawn from contemporaneous records.*—THE EDITOR.

THE first appearance of Mr. John D. Rockefeller in the Oil Regions may be said to have been made in the South Improvement Company. That company was now scattered. Mr. Rockefeller's relation with it had not been vain, as we have seen. In fact, the Standard Oil Company was the only concern which had profited by the short-lived venture. Its business had been more than trebled in the few months between the conception and the death of the conspiracy. The Oil Regions knew this, and the bitterness engendered by the oil war was not lessened by the knowledge of the greatly increased facilities of the man who, they believed, had originated the attempt to rob them of their business.

### *Mr. Rockefeller Returns to His Attack*

This feeling of outrage and resentment was still keen when Mr. Rockefeller and several of his colleagues in the South Improvement scheme suddenly, in May, 1873, appeared on the streets of Titusville. The men who had fought him so desperately now stared in amazement at the smiling, unruffled countenance with which he greeted them. Did not the man know when he was beaten? Did he not realize the opinion the Oil Regions held of him? His placid demeanor in the very teeth of their violence was disconcerting.

Not less of a shock was given the country by the knowledge that Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Flagler, Mr. Waring, and the other gentlemen in their party were pressing a new alliance, and that they claimed that their new scheme had none of the obnoxious features of the defunct South Improvement Company, though it was equally well adapted to work out the "good of the oil business."

For several days the visiting gentlemen slipped around, bland and quiet, from street corner to street corner, from office to office, explaining, expostulating, mollifying. "You misunderstand our intention," they told the refiners. "It is to save the business, not destroy it, that we are come. You see the disorders competition has wrought in the oil industry. Let us see what combination will do. Let us make an experiment—that is all. If it does not work, then we can go back to the old method."

### *An Anecdote of His Taciturnity*

Although Mr. Rockefeller was everywhere, and heard everything in these days, he rarely talked. "I remember well how little he said," one of the most aggressively independent of the Titusville refiners told the writer. "One day several of us met at the office of one of the refiners, who, I felt pretty sure, was being persuaded to go into the scheme which they were talking up. Everybody talked except Mr. Rockefeller. He sat in a rocking-chair, softly swinging back and forth, his hands over his face. I got pretty excited when I saw how those South Improvement men were pulling the wool over our men's eyes, and making them believe we were all going to the dogs if there wasn't an immediate combination to put up the price of refined and prevent new people coming into the business, and I made a speech which, I guess, was pretty warlike. Well, right in the middle of it John Rockefeller stopped rocking and took down his hands and looked at me. You never saw such eyes. He took me all in, saw just how much fight he could expect from me, and I knew it, and then up went his hands and back and forth went his chair."

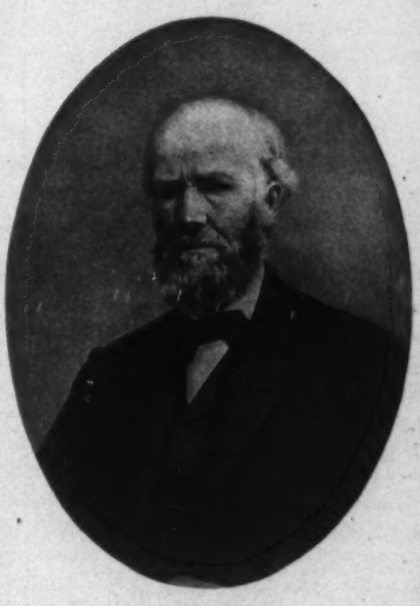
For fully a week this quiet circulation among the oil men went on, and then, on May 15th and 16th, public meetings were held in Titusville, at which the new scheme which they had been advocating was presented publicly. This new plan, called the "Pittsburg Plan" from the place of its birth, had been worked out by the visiting gentlemen before they came to the Oil Regions. It was a most intelligent and comprehensive proposition.

### *Plan Number Two: The Pittsburg Plan*

As in the case of the South Improvement scheme, a company was to be formed to run the refining business of the whole country, but this company was to be an open instead of a secret organization, and all refiners were to be allowed to become stockholders in it. The owners of the refineries which went into the combination were then to run them in certain particulars according to the direction of the board of the parent company; that is, they were to refine only such an amount of oil as the board allowed, and they were to keep up the price for their output as the board indicated. The buying of crude oil and the arrangements for transportation were also to remain with the directors. Each stockholder was to receive dividends whether his plant operated or not.

The "Pittsburg Plan" was presented tentatively. If anything better could be suggested they would gladly accept it, its advocates said. "All we want is a practical combination. We are wed to no particular form."

The first revelation of the public meetings at which the "Pittsburg Plan" was presented was that in the days Mr. Rockefeller and his friends had been so diligently shaking hands with the oil men from Titusville to Oil City they had made converts—that they had not entered these open meetings until they had secured the assurance of coöperation in any plan of consolidation which might be effected from some of the ablest refiners and business men of the Creek, notably from J. J. Vandergift of Oil City, and from certain firms of Titusville with which John D. Archbold was connected. All of these persons had fought the South Improvement Company, and they all now declared that if the proposed organization copied that piratical scheme they would have had nothing to do with it, that their allegiance to the plan was based on their conviction that it was fair to all—who went in!—and that it was made necessary by over-refining, under-selling, and by the certainty that the railroads could not be trusted to keep their contracts. It was evident that the possible profits and power to be gained by a successful combination had wiped out their resentment against the leaders of the South Improvement Company, and that if they had the assurance, as they must have had, that rebates were a part of the game, they justified themselves by the reflection that somebody was sure to get them, and that it might as well be they as anybody.



M. N. ALLEN

An independent refiner of Titusville, Pennsylvania, editor of the Titusville "Courier," a newspaper which did excellent service in breaking up the South Improvement Company, and which opposed all later efforts at combination under the direction of the Standard Oil Company.

### *Mistrust of the New Scheme*

The knowledge that a considerable body of the Creek refiners had gone over to Mr. Rockefeller awakened a general bitterness among those who remained independent. "Deserters," "ringsters," "monopolists," were the terms applied to them, and the temper of the public meetings, as is evident from the full reports the newspapers of the Oil Region published, became at once uncertain. There were long pauses in the proceedings, everybody fearing to speak. Mr. Rockefeller is not reported as having spoken at all, the brunt of defense and explanation having fallen on Mr. Flagler, Mr. Frew, and Mr. Waring. Two or three times the convention wrangled to the point of explosion, and one important refiner, M. N. Allen, who was also the editor of the Titusville "Courier," one of the best papers in the region, took his hat and left. Before the end of the convention the supporters of combination ought to have felt, if they did not, that they had been a little too eager in pressing an alliance on the Oil Regions so soon after outraging its moral sentiment.

The press and people were making it plain enough, indeed, that they did not trust the persuasive advocates of reform. On every street corner and on every railroad train men reckoned the percentage of interest the stockholders of the South Improvement Company would have in the new combination. It was too great. But what stirred the Oil Region most deeply was its conviction that the rebate system was regarded as the keystone of the new plan.

"What are you going to do with the men who prefer to run their own business?" asked a representative of the Oil City "Derrick" of one of the advocates of the plan. "Go through them," was reported to be his laconic reply. "But how?" "By the coöperation of transportation"—that is, by rebates. Now the Oil Regions had been too recently convicted of the sin of the rebate, and had taken too firm a determination to uproot the iniquitous practice to be willing to ally itself with any combination which it suspected of accepting privileges which its neighbors could not get or would not take.

### *A Brief Day of Triumph*

The upshot of the negotiations was that again the advocates of combination had to retire from the Oil Regions defeated. "*Sic semper tyrannis, sic transit gloria* South Improvement Company," sneered the Oil City "Derrick," which was given to sprinkling Latin phrases into its forceful and picturesque English. But the "Derrick" underrated both the man and the principle at which it sneered. A great idea was at work in the commercial world. It had come to them saddled with crime. They now saw nothing in it but the crime. The man who had brought it to them was not only endowed with far vision, he was endowed with an indomitable purpose. He meant to control the oil business. By one manœuver, and that a discredited one, he had obtained control of one-fifth of the entire refining output of the United States. He meant to secure the other four-fifths. He might retire now, but the Oil Regions would hear of him again. It did. Three months later, in August, 1872, it was learned that the scheme of consolidation which had been presented in vain at Titusville in May had been quietly carried out, that four-fifths of the refining interest of the United States, including many of the Creek refiners, had gone into a National Refiners' Association, of which Mr. Rockefeller was president, and one of their own men, J. J. Vandergift, was vice-president. The news aroused much resentment in the Oil Region. The region was no longer solid in its free-trade sentiment, no longer undividedly true to its vow that the rebate system as applied to the oil trade must end. There was an enemy at home. The hard words which for months men had heaped on the distant heads of Cleveland and Pittsburg refiners, they began to pour out, more discreetly to be sure, on the heads of their neighbors. It boded ill for the interior peace of the Oil Regions.

### *The Producers Prepare for Action*

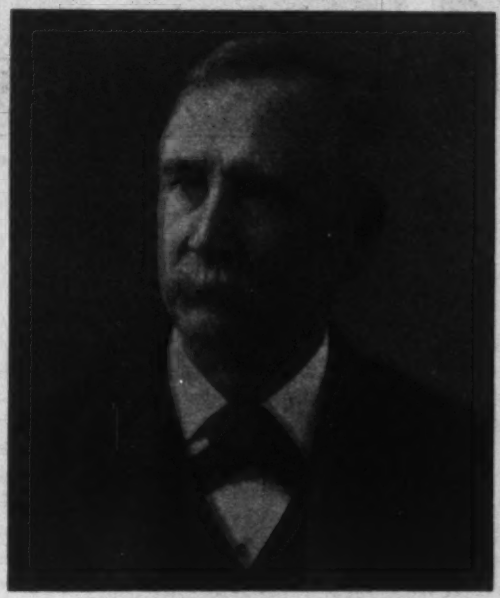
The news that the refiners had actually consolidated aroused something more than resentment. The producers generally were alarmed. If the aggregation succeeded, they would have one buyer only for their product, and there was not a man of them who believed that this buyer would ever pay them a cent more than necessary for their oil. Their alarm aroused them to energy. The association which had scattered the South Improvement Company was revived, and began at once to consider what it could do to prevent the consolidated refiners getting the upper hand in the business.

The association which now prepared to contest the mastery of the oil business with Mr. Rockefeller and those who had joined him was a curious and a remarkable body. Its membership, drawn from the length and breadth of the Oil Regions, included men whose production was thousands of barrels a day and men who were pumping scarcely ten barrels; it included college-bred men who had come from the East with comfortable sums to invest, and men who signed their names with an effort, had never read a book in their lives, and whose first wells they had themselves "kicked down." There were producers in it who had made and lost a half-dozen fortunes, and who were, apparently, just as buoyant and hopeful as when they began. There were those who had never put down a dry well, and were still unsatisfied. However diverse their fortunes, their breeding, and their luck, there was no difference in the spirit which animated them now.

### *An Able Leader*

The president of the association was Captain William Hasson, a young man, both by his knowledge of the Oil Regions and the oil business well fitted for the position. Captain Hasson was one of the few men in the association who had been in the country before the discovery of oil. His father had bought, in the fifties, part of the grant of land at the mouth of Oil Creek, made in 1796 to the Indian chief Cornplanter, and had moved on it with his family. Four years after the discovery of oil he and his partner sold three hundred acres of the tract they owned for $750,000. Young Hasson had seen Cornplanter, as the site of his father's farm was called, become Oil City; he had seen the mill, blacksmith shop, and country tavern give way to a thriving town of several thousand inhabitants. All of his interests and his pride

were wrapped up in the industry which had grown up about him. Independent in spirit, vigorous in speech, generous and just in character, William Hasson had been thoroughly aroused by the assault of the South Improvement Company, and under his presidency the producers had conducted their successful campaign. The knowledge that the same man who had been active in that scheme had now organized a national association had convinced Captain Hasson of the necessity of a countermove, and he threw himself energetically into a new and much more difficult task. This was to persuade the oil producers to devise an intelligent and practical plan for controlling their end of the business, and then stand by what they decided on.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HASSON

President of the Petroleum Producers' Association in 1872. Captain Hasson has remained an active friend of the independent interests of the oil business. He is one of the leading bankers and most useful citizens of Oil City.

### *"Three-dollar Oil"*

Captain Hasson and those who were working with him would have had a much more difficult task in arousing the producers to action if it had not been for the general dissatisfaction over the price of oil. The average price of crude in the month of August, 1872, was $3.47½. The year before it had been $4.42½, and that was considered a poverty price. It was pretty certain that prices would fall still lower, that "three-dollar oil" was near at hand. Everybody declared three dollars was not a "living price" for oil, that it cost more than that to produce it. The average yield of the wells in the Oil Region in 1872 was five barrels a day. Now a well cost at that time from $2,500 to $8,000, exclusive of the price of the lease. It cost $8 to $10 a day to pump a well, exclusive of the royalty interest—that is, the proportion of the production turned over to the landowner, usually one-fourth.* If a man had big wells, and many of them, he made big profits on "three-dollar oil," but there were comparatively few "big producers." The majority of those in the business had but few wells, and these yielding only small amounts.

### *The Producer's Conception of a "Paying Investment"*

If he had been contented to economize and to accept small gains, even the small producer could live on a much lower price than $3; but nobody in the Oil Regions in 1872 looked with favor on economy, and everybody despised small things. The oil men as a class had been brought up to enormous profits, and held an entirely false standard of values. As the "Derrick" told them once in a sensible editorial, "their business was born in a balloon going up, and spent all its early years in the sky." They had seen nothing but the extreme of fortune. One hundred per cent. per annum on an investment was in their judgment only a fair profit. If their oil property had not paid for itself entirely in six months, and begun to yield a good percentage, they were inclined to think it a failure. Now nothing but $5 oil would do this, so great were the risks in business; and so it was for $5 oil, regardless of the laws of supply and demand, that they were struggling. They were notoriously extravagant in the management of their business. Rarely did an oil man write a letter if he could help it. He used the telegraph instead. Whole sets of drilling tools were sometimes sent by express. It was no uncommon thing to see near a derrick broken tools which could easily have been mended, but which the owner had replaced by new ones. It was anything to save bother with him. Frequently wells were abandoned which might have been pumped on a small but sure profit. In those days there were men who looked on a ten-barrel (net) well as hardly worth taking care of. And yet even at 50 cents a barrel such a well would have paid the owner $1,800 a year. The simple fact was that the profits which men in trades all over the country were glad enough to get, the oil producer despised. The one great thing which the Oil Regions did not understand in 1872 was economy.

* Estimate given in the Oil City "Derrick" for September 10, 1872.

FRANK W. ANDREWS MARCUS BRONSON CYRUS D. ANGELL

Oil producers who were prominent in the Petroleum Producers' Association, 1872, and active in enforcing the shut-down and the six months' stop of the drill

Now the drop in the price of oil everybody recognized to be due to a natural cause. Where a year before the production had been 12,000 barrels a day, it was now 16,000. The demand for refined had not increased in proportion to this production of crude, and oil stocks had accumulated until the tanks of the region were threatening to overflow. And there was no sign of falling off.

Under these circumstances it needed little argument to convince the oil men that if they were to get a better price they must produce no more than the world would use. There was but one way to effect this—to put down no new wells until the stocks on hand were reduced and the daily production was brought down to a marketable amount.

### *Heroic Measures*

Under the direction of the Producers' Association an agitation at once began in favor of stopping the drill for six months. It was a drastic measure. There was hardly an oil operator in the entire region who had not on hand some piece of territory on which he was planning to drill, or on which he had not wells under way. Stopping the drill meant that all of the aggressive work of his business should cease for six months. It meant that his production, unreplenished, would gradually fall off, until at the end of the period he would have probably not over half of what he had now; that then he must begin over again to build up. It meant, too, that he was at the mercy of neighbors who might refuse to join the movement, and who by continuing to drill would drain his territory. It seemed to him the only way of obtaining a manageable output of crude, however, and accordingly, when late in the month of August a pledge to stop the drill was circulated, the great majority of the producers signed it.

JOHN FERTIG

One of the first young men of Northwestern Pennsylvania to see the chance there was of fortune in the discovery of oil was John Fertig, then a schoolteacher on eighteen dollars a month. He secured a small lease almost immediately after the Drake well was struck, and "kicked down" a well which finally proved the second flowing well in the Oil Regions, starting off at 200 barrels a day. It was the beginning of a goodly fortune. Mr. Fertig was an active member of the Petroleum Producers' Association.

The chief objection to the pledge came from landowners in Clarion County. They were the "original settlers," plodding Dutch farmers whose lives had always been poor and hard and shut-in. The finding of oil had made them rich and greedy. They were so ignorant that it was difficult to transact business of any nature with them. It was not unusual for a Clarion County farmer if offered an eighth royalty to refuse it on the ground that it was too little, and to ask a tenth. When the proposition to stop the drill for six months was brought to these men, who

at the time owned the richest territory in the oil field, no amount of explanation could make them understand it. They regarded it as a scheme to rob them, and would not sign. Outside of this district, however, the drill stopped nearly all over the field on September 1.

### *A Thirty Days' Shut-down*

Stopping the drill afforded no immediate relief to the producers. It was for the future. And as soon as the Petroleum Producers' Association had the movement well under way, it proposed another drastic measure—a thirty days' shut-down—by which it was meant that all wells should cease pumping for a month. Nothing shows better the compact organization and the determination of the oil producers at this time than the immediate response they gave to this suggestion. In ten days scarcely a barrel of oil was being pumped from end to end of the Oil Regions. "That a business producing three million dollars a month, employing ten thousand laboring men and fifty million dollars of capital should be entirely suspended, dried up, stopped still as death by a mutual voluntary agreement, made and perfected by all parties interested, within a space of ten days—this is a statement that staggers belief—a spectacle that takes one's breath away," cried the "Derrick," which was using all its wits to persuade the producers to limit their production. It was certainly a spectacle which saddened the heart, however much one might applaud the grim resolution of the men who were carrying it out. The crowded oil farms where creaking walking-beams sawed the air from morning until night, engines puffed, whistles screamed, great gas jets flared, teams came and went, and men hurried to and fro, became suddenly silent and desolate, and this desolation had an ugliness all its own—something unparalleled in any other industry of this country. The awkward derricks, staring cheap shanties, big tanks with miles and miles of pipe running hither and thither, the oil-soaked ground, blackened and ruined trees, terrible roads—all of the common features of the oil farm to which activity gave meaning and dignity—now became hideous in inactivity. Oil seemed a curse to many a man in those days as he stood by his silent wells and wondered what was to become of his business, of his family, in this clash of interests.

JAMES S. McCRAY WILLIAM H. ABBOTT ELIJAH B. GRANDIN

Oil producers who were active in 1872 in the efforts to decrease the production of oil and to organize an association for regulating the business

### *The Producers' Agency*

While the producers were inaugurating these movements, Captain Hasson and a committee were busy making out the plan of the permanent association which was to control the business of oil-producing and prevent its becoming the slave of the refining interest.

Towards the end of October Captain Hasson presented the scheme which he and the committee had prepared. It proposed that there should be established what was called a Petroleum Producers' Agency. This agency was really an incorporated company with a capital of one million dollars, the stock of which was to be subscribed to only by the producers or their friends. This agency was to purchase

all the oil of the members of the association at at least $5 a barrel. If stocks could be kept down so that the market took all of the oil at once, the full price was to be paid at once in cash; if not, the agency was to store the oil in tanks it was to build, and a portion of the price was to be paid in tank certificates. By thus controlling all the oil, the agency expected to protect the weakest as well as the strongest producer, to equalize the interest of different localities, to prevent refiners and exporters from accumulating stocks, and to prevent gambling in oil. The agency was to take active means to collect reliable information about the oil business—the number of wells drilling, the actual production, the stocks on hand—things which had never been done to anybody's satisfaction. Indeed, one of the standing causes for quarrels between the various newspapers of the region was their conflicting statistics about production and stocks. It was to make a study of the market and see what could be done to increase consumption. It was to oppose monopolies and encourage competition, and, if necessary, it was to provide coöperative refineries which the producers should own and control.

The spirit of the agency, as explained by Captain Hasson, was most liberal, considering the interests of even the drillers and pumpers. "Advise every employee to take at least one share of stock for himself," he said in his address, "and one for his wife and each of his children, and encourage him to pay for it out of his saved earnings or out of his monthly pay. If he is not able to keep up his instalments, assure him that you will help him, and then take care to do it. You will thus do him a double kindness, and benefit his family by encouraging habits of thrift and economy. You owe this much to him who so nobly seconded your efforts to gain control of the market by stopping work. You had all to gain, and he had nothing to hope for but your benefit. Now show your appreciation of his acts by this evidence of your regard for his welfare."

The plan was received with general enthusiasm, and when it came up for adoption it went through with a veritable whoop. Indeed, within a few moments after its acceptance, which took place in Oil City on October 24th, two hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock was taken, and less than two weeks later it was announced that more than the desired million dollars had been subscribed, that the trustees and officers had been elected, and that the agency was ready for work. For the first time in the history of the oil business, the producers were united in an organization, which, if carried out, would regulate the production of oil to something like the demand for it, would prevent stocks from falling into the hands of speculators, and would provide a strong front to any combination with monopolistic tendencies. Only one thing was necessary now to make the producer a fitting opponent to his natural enemy, the refiner. That thing was loyalty to the agency he had established. The future of the producer at that moment was in his own hand. Would he stick? By every sign he would. He thought so himself. He had acted so resolutely and intelligently up to this point that even Mr. Rockefeller seems to have thought so.

### *The Refiners Propose an Alliance*

During the entire three months that the producers had been organizing, the refiners had been making divers overtures to them. In August several of the refiners sought certain of the big producers and privately proposed a two-headed combination which should handle the whole business, from drilling to exportation. The proposition they made was most alluring to men suffering from low prices. "Carry out your plans to limit your production and guarantee to sell only to us," said Mr. Rockefeller's representatives, "and we will give you $4 a barrel for your oil. We will also establish a sliding scale, and for every cent a gallon that refined oil advances we will give you 25 cents more on your barrel of crude. The market price of crude oil, when this offer was made, was hovering around $3. "How," asked the producer, "can you do this?" "We expect, by means of our combination, to get a rebate of 75 cents a barrel," was the answer. "But the railroads have signed an agreement to give no rebates," objected the producers.

"As if the railroads ever kept an agreement," answered the worldly-wise refiners. "Somebody will get the rebates. It is the way the railroads do business. If it is to be anybody, we propose it shall be our combination." Now, it was clear enough to the men approached that the great body of their association would never go into any scheme based on rebates, and they said so. The refiners saw no disadvantage in that fact. "We don't want *all* the producers. We only want the big ones. The small producer under our arrangement must die, as the small refiner must." The proposition never got beyond the conference chamber. It was too cynical and ruthless. Several conferences of the same

A SHUT-DOWN

EARLY DERRICKS AND TANKS ON BENNINGHOFF RUN

nature took place later between representatives of the two interests, but nothing came of them. The two associations were kept apart by the natural antagonism of their ideals and their policy. Captain Hasson and his followers were working on an organization which aimed to protect the weakest as well as the strongest, which welcomed everybody who cared to come into the business, which encouraged competition and discountenanced any sort of special privilege. Mr. Rockefeller and his associates proposed to save the strong and eliminate the weak, to limit the membership to those who came in now, to prevent competition by securing exclusive privileges. Their program was cold-blooded, but it must be confessed that it showed a much firmer grasp on the commercial practices of the day, and a much deeper knowledge of human nature as it operates in business, than that of the producers.

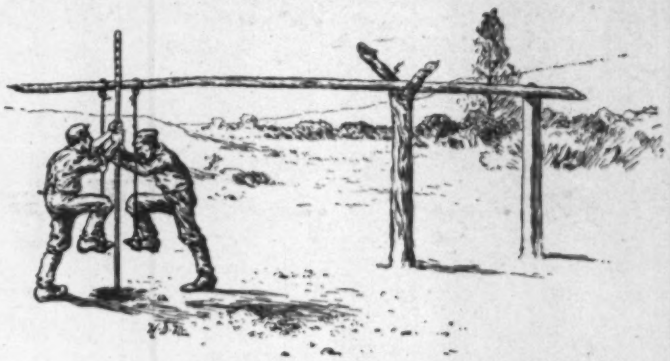
### *Mr. Rockefeller's Great Move*

The formation of the Producers' Agency brought the refiners back to the Oil Regions in greater earnest than ever. The success of that organization gave them an active antagonist, one which, as it held the raw material, could at any time actually shut up their refineries by withholding oil. The vigor, the ability, the determination, the new organization had displayed made it a serious threat to the domination Mr. Rockefeller and his associates had dreamed. It must be placated. On November 8th, immediately after it was announced that the entire million dollars' worth of stock was taken, an agent of the Standard Oil Company in Oil City was ordered to buy oil from the agency—six thousand barrels of oil at $4.75 a barrel—and the order was followed by this telegram from Mr. Rockefeller:

"It has been represented to us that if we would buy of the producers' agent at Oil City and pay $4.75 per barrel they would maintain the price. We are willing to go further and buy only of the producers' agent, hence the order we have given you. See Hasson and others and let there be a fair understanding on this point. We will do all in our power to maintain prices, and continue to buy, provided our position is fully understood. We do this to convince producers of our sincerity, and to assist in establishing the market."

A more adroit move could not have been made at this moment. This purchase was a demonstration that the Refiners' Association could and would pay the price the producers asked; that they asked nothing better, in fact, than to ally themselves with the agency. The events of the next three weeks, on the contrary, showed the agency that it would be some time before anybody else would pay them any such price as that Mr. Rockefeller promised. The reason was evident enough. In spite of the stopping of the drill, in spite of the thirty days' shut-down, production was increasing. Indeed, the runs* for November

*The amount of production was computed from the oil run through the pipe lines, all of which had their gagers and were supposed to report their runs at regular intervals.



"KICKING DOWN" A WELL

A hole was dug in the rock and cased with a wooden tube eight or ten inches square. In this way the tools, suspended from a horizontal elastic hickory pole, which in turn was fastened to a stake, were worked over an upright piece as a fulcrum. The tools were worked up and down in the hole, as shown in the picture.

were greater than they had ever been in any single month since the beginning of the oil business. A large number of wells under way when the drill was stopped had "come in big." New territory had been opened up by unexpected wildcats. The shut-down had done less than was expected to decrease stocks. It was evident that the Producers' Association had a long and severe task before it to bring the crude output down to anything like the demand. Could the great body of producers be depended upon to take still further measures to lessen their production, and at the same time would they hold their oil until the agency had the mastery of the situation? Their tanks were overflowing. Many of them were in debt and depending on their sales to meet their obligations—even to meet their daily personal expenses. It was little wonder that they grew restive as they began to realize that the agency in which they had seen immediate salvation from all their ills could only be made effective by months more of self-sacrifice, of agitation, of persistent effort from every man of them. With every day they became more impatient of the bonds the agency had set for them, and the leaders soon realized that some immediate tangible results must be given the mass of oil men, or there was danger of a stampede.

A strong feature of the genius of John D. Rockefeller has always been his recognition of the critical moment for action in complicated situations. He saw it now, and his representatives again came to the Creek seeking an alliance. Their arguments, as they found their way from the private meetings into the press and the street, ran something like this: "Our combination is the only big buyer. We are in the thing to stay, and shall remain the only big buyer. You might erect refineries and oppose us, but it would take months, and while you are waiting how are you going to hold the producers? You cannot do it. We can easily get all the oil we want to-day at our own price from the men who sell from necessity, and yet your agency is in the first flush of enthusiasm. Sell only to us and we will buy 15,000 barrels a day from you. Refuse an alliance with us and you will fail."

## *The "Treaty of Titusville"*

Overwhelmed by the length and severity of the struggle before them if they insisted on independence, fearful lest the scattered and restless producers could not be held much longer, convinced by their confident arguments that the refiners could keep their promise, the council finally agreed to a plan of union which the "Derrick" dubbed the "Treaty of Titusville."

PUMPING OIL AWAY FROM A BIG FLOWING WELL: BUTLER OIL FIELDS

The alliance was only accepted after a debate so acrimonious that even the "Derrick" suppressed it. Captain Hasson led the opposition. In his judgment there was but one course for the producers—to keep themselves free from all entanglement and give themselves time to build up solidly the structure they had planned. If they had followed his advice, the whole history of the Oil Regions would have been different. But they did not follow it. The treaty was ratified by a vote of twenty-seven to seven.

A committee of the agency went immediately to New York to arrange a contract. The main points of the agreement decided upon were that the Refiners' Association should admit all *existing* refiners to its society, and the Producers' Association *all* producers present and to come—that the former company should buy only of the latter, the latter sell only to the former, and that the agency should bind all producers enjoying its privileges to handle their oil through it. The refiners were to buy such daily quantities as the markets of the world would take and at a price governed by the price of refined, $5.00 per barrel being paid when refined was selling at 26 cents a gallon. Either association could discontinue the agreement on ten days' notice.

It was late in December when this contract, signed by Mr. Rockefeller himself, was

brought back to the Oil Region. The committee brought with them an order for two hundred thousand barrels of oil at $3.25. This large order created a general feeling that, after all, an alliance might not be so bad a thing. The moral sense of the country was quieted, too, by the assurance that the producers, before signing the contract, had insisted that the refiners' combination sign an agreement to take no rebates as long as the alliance lasted.*

### *The Refiners Spring Their Trap*

And now, at last, after five months of incessant work, the agency was ready to begin disposing of oil. They set to work at once to apportion the two hundred thousand barrels the refiners had bought among the different districts. It was a slow and irritating task, for a method of apportionment and of gathering had to be devised, and, as was to be expected, it aroused more or less dissatisfaction and many charges of favoritism. The agency had the work well under way, however, and had shipped about fifty thousand barrels when, on January 14th, it was suddenly announced that the refiners had *refused to take any more of the contract oil!*

There was a hurried call of the Producers' Council and a demand for an explanation. A plausible one was ready from Mr. Rockefeller. "You have not kept your part of the contract—you have not limited the supply of oil†—there is more being pumped to-day than ever before in the history of the region. We can buy all we want at $2.50, and oil has sold within the week as low as $2. If you will not, or cannot, stop over-production, can you expect us to pay your price? We keep down the output of refined, and so keep up the price. If you will not do the same, you must not expect high prices."

What could the producers reply? In spite of their heroic measures, they had not been able to curtail their output. It seemed as if Nature, outraged that her generosity should be so manipulated as to benefit only the few, had opened her veins to flood the earth with oil, so that all men might know that here was a light cheap enough for the poorest of them. Her lavish outpouring now swept away all of the artificial restraints the producers and refiners had been trying to build. The Producers' Association seemed suddenly to com-

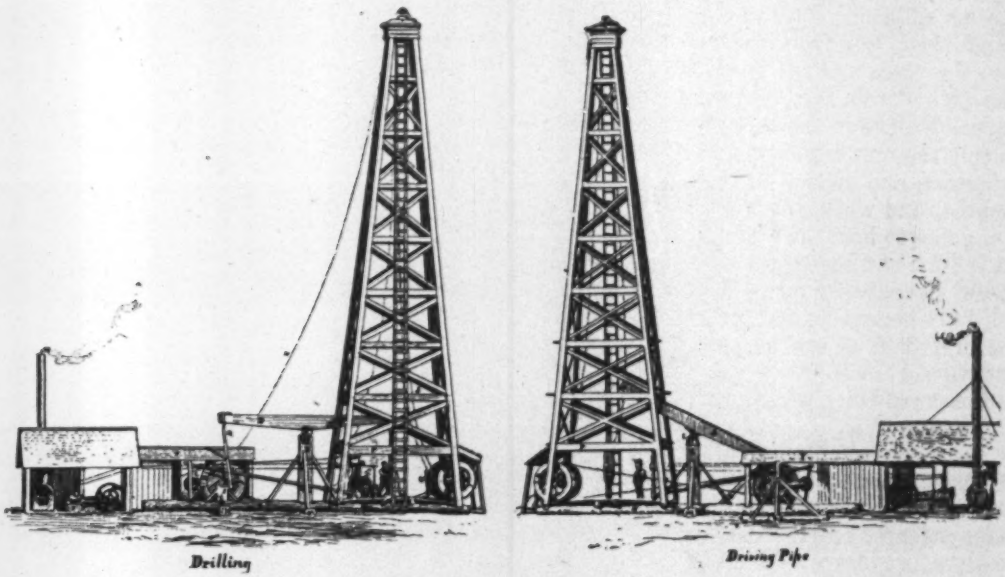
* This agreement in regard to rebates read as follows:

"*Whereas*, it is deemed desirable to execute a contract of even date herewith between the Petroleum Producers' Association and the Petroleum Refiners' Association, for the purpose of securing a coöperation for mutual protection, it is agreed by the Refiners' Association that sections one and three of a contract made the 25th of March, 1872, between certain trunk lines of railroads and a committee of producers and refiners shall be and remain in full force.

"PETROLEUM REFINERS' ASSOCIATION,
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, *President*."

The sections of the contract of the 25th of March referred to agreed that no rebates or contracts or other arrangements should be made which would give any party the slightest difference in rates and that the rates should not be changed either for increase or decrease without first giving W. Hasson, the president of the Producers' Union, at least ninety days notice in writing.

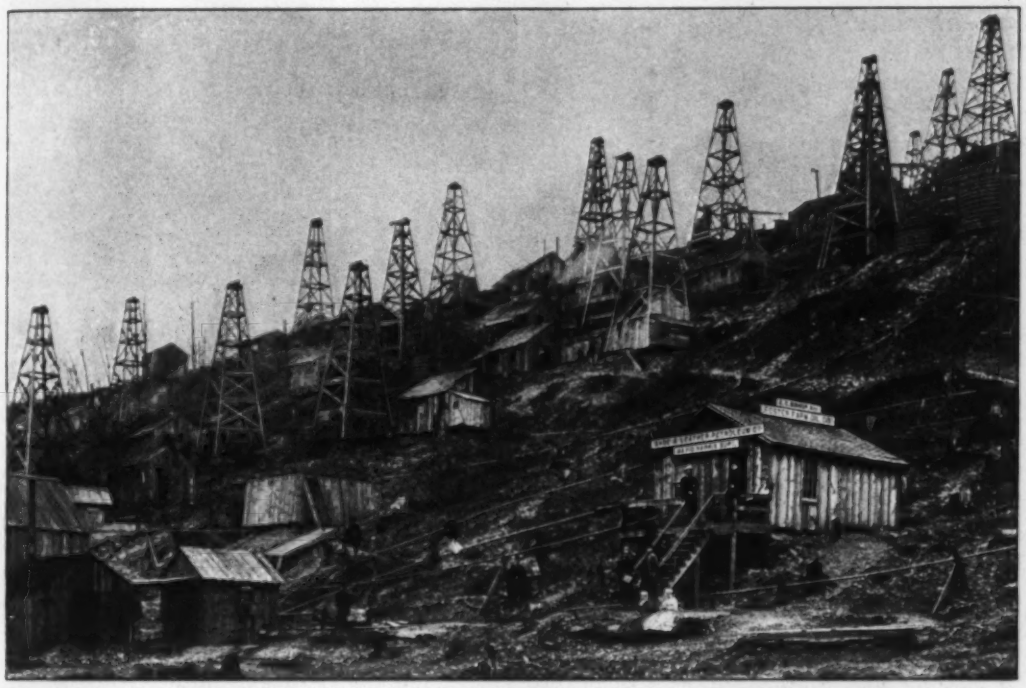
† The agency was pledged by its constitution to limit the supply of crude, but this stipulation did not appear in the contract signed by the two associations. It was a verbal understanding.




MODERN METHOD OF PUTTING DOWN A WELL

The power *F* works the walking-beam *D*. The tools are attached to the derrick (*P*) end of the walking-beam, and it is the alternate rising and falling in the hole that drills the well

prehend their folly in supposing that, when five thousand barrels more of oil was produced each day than the market demanded, any combination could long keep the contract the refiners had made with them; and their unhappy session, made more unhappy by the reading of bitter and accusing letters from all over the discontented region, ended in a complete stampede from the refiners, the vote for dissolving the alliance having but one dissenting voice.

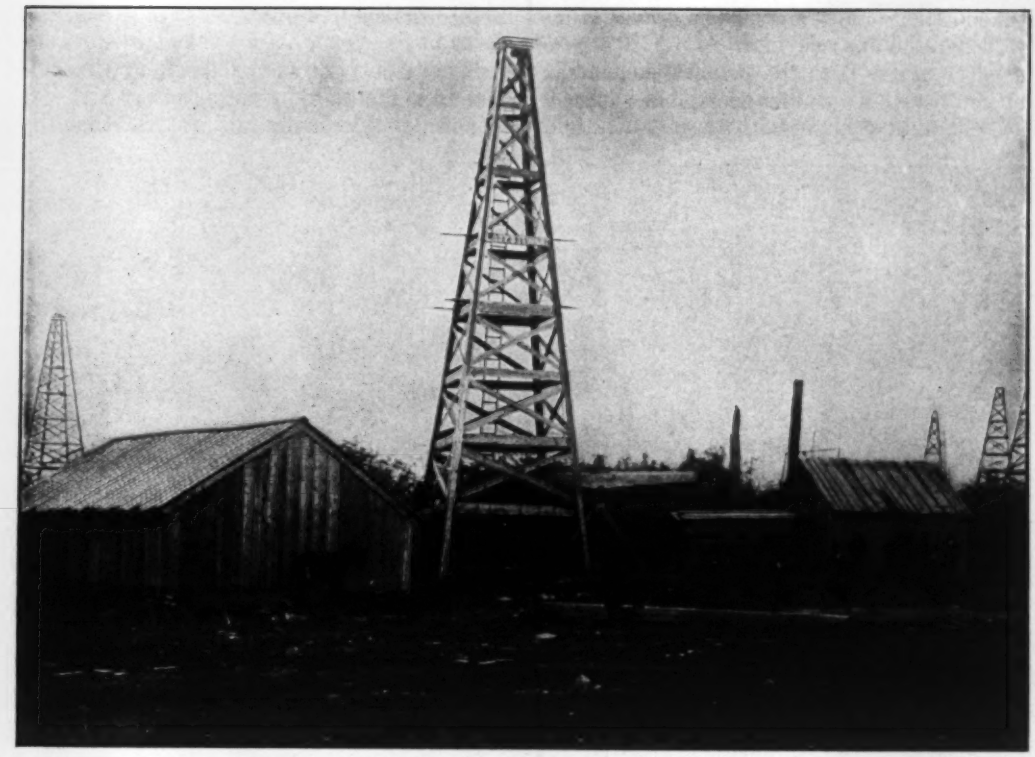


A TYPICAL OIL FARM OF THE EARLY DAYS

There were few tears shed in the Oil Regions over the rupture of the contract. The greater part of the oil men had called it from the beginning an "unholy alliance," and rejoiced that it was a fiasco. If the alliance had been all that came to an end, the case would not have been so serious, but it was not. The breaking of the alliance proved the death of the agency and the association. The leaders who had disapproved of the treaty withdrew from active work; the supporters of the alliance, demoralized by its failure, were glad to keep quiet. A few spasmodic efforts to stop the drill, to inaugurate another shutdown, were made, but failed. Most of the producers felt that, as oil was so low, their only safety was in getting as large a production as they could, and a perfect fever of development followed. The Producers' Association, after ten months of as exciting and strenuous effort as an organization has ever put in, was snuffed out almost in a day. It was to be five years before the oil men recovered sufficiently from the shock of this collapse to make another united effort. If Mr. Rockefeller felt in the fall of 1872 that the "good of the oil business" required the dissolution of the Producers' Agency, he could not have acted with more acumen than he did in leading them into an alliance, and at the psychological moment throwing up his contract.

### *The Refiners Dissolve*

Humiliated as the producers were by their failure, they soon found consolation in the knowledge that the Refiners' Association was in trouble. A serious thing, in fact, had happened. When the official report of the year's exports and imports came out, it was shown that the exports of refined oil had fallen off for the first time in the industry of the business. In 1871, 132,178,843 gallons had been exported. In 1872, only 118,259,832 were exported. Just as alarming was the proof that the shale and coal oil refineries of Europe had taken a fresh start—that they were selling their products more cheaply than kerosene could be imported and sold. There was a general outcry from all over the country that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates were ruining the oil business by keeping up the price of refined oil beyond what



TYPE OF DERRICK AND ENGINE HOUSE IN USE IN 1872

the price of crude justified. The producers, eager for a scapegoat, argued that the low price of crude was due to decreased consumption as well as over-production, and their ill will against Mr. Rockefeller flared up anew.

In the meantime the Refiners' Association was having troubles of its own. The members were not limiting their output as they had agreed—that is, it was discovered every now and then that a refinery was making more oil than Mr. Rockefeller had directed. Again, what was more fatal to the success of the association, members sometimes sold at a lower price than that set by Mr. Rockefeller. These restrictions were fundamental to the success of the combination, and the members were called together at Saratoga in June, 1873, and after a long session the association was dissolved.

### *A Few Figures concerning Standard Oil in 1873*

There was loud exultation in the unthinking part of the Oil Regions over the dissolution of the refiners. The "Junior Anaconda" was dead. The wiser part of the region did not exult. They knew that though the combination might dissolve, the Standard Oil Company of Cleveland still controlled its one-fifth of the capacity of the country; that not only had Mr. Rockefeller been able to hold the twenty refineries he had bolted so summarily at the opening of 1872, but he had assimilated them so thoroughly that he was making enormous profits. Mr. Rockefeller's contracts with the Central Railroad alone in 1873 and '74 obliged him for seven months of the year to ship at least 100,000 barrels of refined oil a month to the seaboard. As a matter of fact he never shipped less than 108,000 barrels, and in one month of the period it rose to 180,000.* Now in 1873 he made, at the very lowest figure, three cents a gallon on his oil. Estimating his shipments simply at 700,000 barrels a year—and they were much more—his profits for that year were $1,050,000, and this accounts for no profits on about 35 per cent. of the Standard output, which was sold locally or shipped westward. Little wonder that the Cleveland refiners who had been snuffed out the year before, and who saw their plants run at such advantage, grew bitter, or that gossip said the daily mail of the president of the Standard Oil Company was enlivened by so many threats of revenge that he took ex-

* Testimony of H. M. Flagler before the Ohio State Commission for investigating railroad freight discrimination, March, 1879.

traordinary precautions about appearing unguarded in public.

### *How Mr. Rockefeller Employed His Profits*

It is worth noticing that these great profits were not being used for private purposes. They were going almost solidly into the extension and solidification of the business. Mr. Rockefeller was building great barrel factories, thus cutting down to the minimum one of a refiner's heaviest expenses. He was buying tank cars, that he might be independent of the vagaries of the railroads in allotting cars. He was gaining control of terminal facilities in New York. He was putting his plants into the most perfect condition, introducing every improved process which would cheapen his manufacturing by the smallest fraction of a cent. He was diligently hunting methods to get a larger percentage of profit from crude oil. There was, perhaps, ten per cent. of waste at that period in crude oil. It hurt him to see it unused, and no man had a heartier welcome from the president of the Standard Oil Company than he who would show him how to utilize any proportion of his residuum.

### *How the Railroads Kept Their Pledges*

In short, Mr. Rockefeller was strengthening his line at every point, and to no part of it was he giving closer attention than to transportation. With the enormous freight at his disposal, he demanded as a right the lowest rate. During this period—1873–1874—he had from the Central a rebate of from ten cents to forty-five cents a barrel—usually it was twenty-five cents† on the open rate for refined oil to the seaboard. He was not the only oil shipper by any means that had a rebate, nor was the Central the only one of the railroads which had broken the contract of March 25, 1872. The Pennsylvania was giving rebates within two weeks after it had signed that document, and early in 1873 the Erie made contracts for rebates with some of the very men who had acted for the independent oil producers and refiners when they compelled the railroads to revise the South Improvement charter. It can safely be said, however, that Mr. Rockefeller's rebate was always as great, if not a little greater, than that of his neighbors; as it should be, so he would contend. Was he not the biggest shipper in the land?

### *Mr. Rockefeller Meditates Plan Number Three*

It was not to be expected that Mr. Rockefeller, having reaped such rewards from his connection with the short-lived South Improvement Company, would give up the idea of combination because the National Refiners' Association had failed. As a matter of fact, he was about to enter on a bolder scheme of conquest than either of the others in which he had been a guiding spirit in the last eighteen months.

† Testimony of H. M. Flagler before Ohio State Commission for investigating discrimination in railroad freights, March, 1879.

STREET IN FAGUNDUS: A TYPICAL OIL TOWN

# *SNOW-WHITE AND ROSE-RED*

*BY EDITH WYATT*

*Author of "Every One His Own Way"*

*Illustrated by Martin Justice*

IN a dark jungle of prejudice there once lived a harsh, facetious young man, named Ralph Rankin.

In mind, he was not naturally dull or illiberal, but an association of thirty years with gentlewomen who loved being cowed, had imposed upon him such a respect for the arbitrary and the crabbed, as one might, according to tradition, gain from residence among pirates.

In body he was tall, with a long face, pointed jaw, and some distinction of bearing.

In estate, he possessed a slight fortune, inherited from his father, and a stone-front house, in a rented row, on the north side.

His fortune he intended to increase by law-practice, and for such a purpose he read books of jurisprudence all day in the office of an elder attorney. His house he inhabited. It was a place of harmonious rooms, in dark unvarnished woods, and excellent shades of Whatman, hung with a few well-selected pictures, and bordered by low book-cases.

Ralph professed a passion for the modern, patronized realistic fiction and symbolic drama, and attended clubs and societies where radical ideas were voiced with freedom and good sense.

While outwardly he followed these pursuits, so enlightened, broadening, and humane, inwardly, he had developed a violent and gay temperament, large, it is true, but rough and overbearing.

By this he unconsciously kept in a state of tutelage unknown to the savage woman, his aunt and his young orphan sister, Ellen.

Ellen was a pretty and quiet, but mean-minded girl, who found an unhealthy comfort in being devoted though ill-treated. She encouraged grumbling about small domestic misfortunes like burnt biscuits by an air of meek guilt. However much she disagreed when Ralph said such things as that a man who would wear tan shoes in the evening would make good gun food, that after he heard a person split his infinitive he never spoke to him again, and that good Romanticists were dead Romanticists, she would only smile and shake her head fondly.

This was partly from her love of being oppressed, and partly because she derived that delight from hearing her brother damning right and left without regard to reason or the truth, that other mild natures derive from melodrama and the dime novel.

As to her own bearing, it was one of the utmost caution and tentativeness. To her the world was made up of people of superior sophistication going about seeking whom they might devour. She often sat silent for whole evenings from a general vague fear of committing some unforgettable outrage before these persons. She spent almost all her time in thinking about such things as whether it would be better form to wear her small hat or to wear her large one to the Thomas concerts.

This sensitiveness was not from any misfortune in the girl's personal appearance. She was a graceful little creature, beautifully made, with large, fawn-like eyes, pale-brown hair, a passionless expression, and a very clear white coloring.

The two orphans had a slight acquaintance with a girl named Regina Von Heller, in whose presence Ellie appeared as the snowdrop beside the cardinal flower.

Regina was a girl of impulsive, hasty manners, and Austrian parentage.

She had a mobile face, a flashing color, and a curved, rather scornful mouth. She carried her head high above her beautiful shoulders and bust, and in her most slingy and care-free moments, preserved a certain erectness.

Madame Von Heller, her mother, a thin little noblewoman with a waterfall, and a black silk apron, taught German, French, and penmanship in schools and in private classes attended by Ellie.

The poor lady had eloped in her sentimental middle-age from Vienna with her music master, a tall Pole, with dirty fingers, excited eyes, and a dyed purple mustache.

He supported her very ill by tuition at girl's schools on the continent, and in New York, where he died.

In these various academies and convents of her parents' classes, Regina had been somewhat scrappily educated till her mother came to Chicago.

Here there had been offered to Madame Heller a position where she taught the branches above mentioned in a quiet, plausible, ladylike manner, unillumined by a ray of intelli-

gence. She played accompaniments also, and gave a few music lessons in the same harmless and dignified way.

By this means she managed to support herself and her daughter, in rooms of their own, on a small, crooked German street, to send Regina to one of the best masters in the city for singing, and to keep her at the school, where she herself offered instruction.

On a cold winter evening Regina stopped for a few minutes at the Rankin's house to deliver an exercise to Ellie.

On this occasion Ralph came across her in the hall.

"Who is your friend, the grenadier?" he said to Ellie, afterwards. Regina had worn a small fur cap.

"Her mother teaches that French class Miss Vanderbank got up," said Ellie.

"Heavens, heavens," said Ralph. "A girl who will wear a sealskin cap is worse than impossible."

Ellie could not help knowing there was more to Regina than the fact of her wearing a sealskin cap. But she would not have dreamed of uttering a word in opposition.

In this manner Ralph roamed deeper and deeper into the jungle and might, perhaps, have been there forever lost if he had not been startled from the thicket by an uncommon incident.

On a rainy spring evening Regina Von Heller was sitting by an open window on the second story, close over the street, looking out at the darkness by the blowing light of a gas-lamp.

The water splashed heavily, darkening the wooden sidewalks, streaking the shadowy red-brick and brown frame fronts, and the lapped shingles of the enclosed place.

"THE 'GRENADIER.'"

After a close day the rain dropped through the air a fine chill the girl waited long to enjoy.

While she was sitting half asleep, with the fresh wind blowing in her face, a voice shouted, "Help! Help!"

There was a sound of something clattering and falling. Shots cracked, and a man with his hat knocked over his eyes ran past down the street, while a neighbor, a Mr. Ostermann, dressed in trousers and a night-shirt open at the throat, rushed ponderously out of his house, and stood shouting, "Robbers! Murder! Police!" in almost sobbing tones.

Regina threw a little old Roman striped shawl over her shoulders, slipped down stairs without wakening Madame Von Heller, and ran out into the rain.

At the same moment two men came plunging down the street, a young reporter and Ralph Rankin.

They were returning late from the theatre. The Clark Street line was blocked, and from the platform of a Wells Street car they had heard the shots and Mr. Ostermann's cries. The reporter always dashed to any scene of excitement, and Ralph could hardly do less than accompany him.

"Where did they go? Which way? Are you hurt?" they exclaimed to Mr. Ostermann, still moaning loudly, "Help! Help!" and apparently unable to make any intelligible or coherent reply.

"There, that way, down," Regina called, pointing the unknown rescuers dramatically towards the end of the street.

Realizing the hopelessness of intercourse with Mr. Ostermann, they had crossed to her.

"Is anyone shot? Was anyone really hurt?" asked the reporter, as Ralph and Regina hastily recognized one another.

"Oh, no. No. Go at once," said Regina. She had no knowlege at all whether what she was saying was true, only an unreasoning sense that the man with his hat knocked over his eyes expected to be chased. She pointed again towards the blur of rain at the end of the street, and the young men started fleetly off over the echoing pavement.

At Mr. Ostermann's steps some neighbors with umbrellas and shawls had now gathered. Mrs. Ostermann, at her open door, with her children about her, was giving all possible detail to the neighbors, while her husband, his throat bared to wind and rain, ran his fingers through his bushy rumpled hair, glared crossly at the crowd, and occasionally exploded with, "Himmel! Scoundrel ones!"

The Ostermanns were jewellers. On that night Mr. Ostermann had brought some repairing work home. Of this it was supposed the thieves had known. However that might be, both the Ostermanns had been awakened by a noise on a lower floor.

Mr. Ostermann had put on his trousers and entered the parlor door just as a man jumped in at the parlor window.

The man shot twice, and then as Mr. Ostermann began to scream, jumped down from the window again.

He was gone when the householder reached the street. Nothing, it appeared, had been taken.

The neighbors began to say that Mr. Ostermann would catch his death of cold.

Mrs. Ostermann knew it. But what could she do? No one could do anything with him when he was like that, she adduced in a tone of pride.

There were interested murmurs that he was a very violent, excitable man.

His friends besought him to go in, went up to him, put their hands soothingly on his arms and endeavored to calm him, but his nature was too grand for that.

He flung them off, opening his eyes widely at them, and growling threateningly, "Leave me be! Leave me be, a-ready!"

To the young men, as they came back dripping with the policemen, he exclaimed, haughtily, "Vhell, vhere is he? Did you get him? I guess not. No."

The brave young men and officers went breathlessly up the steps offering a stage for the recital of their chase. The neighbors crowded around below.

During the account of his rescuers Mr. Ostermann's mood changed. He was now pleased and patronizing with them, as good-hearted young fellows who had after all done what they could, and patting their shoulders he said graciously, "Thank you, my friends, thanks to all. Come in, come in and have a good rest out of the rain, and a glass of beer to talk it over."

He extended his invitation to all about, and to Mrs. Ostermann's proud consternation it met with universal acceptance. All came trooping in out of the gale, the neighbors, the policemen, the young men, and Regina, in her Roman striped shawl.

Beer was brought. All was thoroughly talked over. Mr. Ostermann, in his night-shirt, now radiant and heroic.

"After all," he said, "it was hardly so much the loss of the jewels that enraged me as the disturbance of peace."

Everyone was uncommonly pleased and ex-

pansive. The neighbors became congratulatory, the police complacent, Mr. Ostermann full of civic sentiments and hospitality, his children tumbling on the floor in their night-clothes, uproarious, and the young men delighted to rest and refresh themselves after their noble efforts.

The rain slackened. It was plainly time to go. Mr. Ostermann shook hands with his guests as he passed them, observing when he came to the young men and the policemen, "As for you, my friends, should you ever want for anything, come by me."

◆◆◆

On the next morning when Madame Von Heller and Regina were taking their chocolate, the girl spoke of the excitement of the night before.

"Was it eleven o'clock, did I hear you say," asked Madame Von Heller, in melancholy tones.

"Yes."

"And why were you up at that so late hour, my daughter?"

"The rain was cool. I was putting my head out in it."

"And was not that disagreeable?"

"No," said Regina. "It was wonderful outdoors. I had been reading 'Vor Sonnenaufgang.' I was excited, and the air tranquilized me. I braided my hair down and put on my nice gray sack and leaned out in the rain. All was beautiful. All was black and still, just like 'Ueber allen gipfel ist ruh.' Then suddenly I heard the pistol shots and ran out."

"But first putting up your hair?" said Madame Von Heller, anxiously.

"No," said Regina, "I could not wait."

"But not in your old gray sack, I trust?"

"Yes," said Regina, rising and placing her chocolate cup on the table.

Madame Von Heller shook her head. Though she had eloped and had spent much of her time during her husband's life with revolutionary and carelessly dressed figures, she had always appeared neatly costumed in a high collar and one of her jewel sets, with the brooch matching the cuff buttons.

"I have never liked such things," she said gravely. "And were unknown men there also?"

"Yes. Two tall, fine young men came dashing down the street. Though unarmed they pursued the robbers. They were brave as lions. One proved to be the brother of that Miss Rankin. Mr. Ostermann could not thank them enough."

"They must have been much surprised to see a young lady with hair down running through the streets without chaperon or escort," said Madame Von Heller, mournfully.

Suddenly she began to cry.

Regina rushed up to her, seized her warmly in her arms, and snatching her hands, kissed first one and then the other in distress.

"Heaven knows you are all I have in the world," said Madame Von Heller. "When you turn on me where shall I go? Reckless as you are, you will bring misfortune by such ways."

*"Here Ralph would sit for hours in perfect content"*

The tears streamed down her face.

Regina, instantly worked upon by any neighboring emotion, began to weep, too.

"What would the private pupils and the ladies teaching at Miss Tyson's say, could they know that in the midst of the night my daughter rushes madly about with streaming hair, chattering to unknowns in the muddy streets." Madame Von Heller's chin quivered. "But all this has come because we are poor and alone. Were I wealthy and powerful you would do

*"They simply kissed him good night"*

nothing but with respect to me. And Miss Rankin, what must she think, refined one that she is, a true lady, when her brother speaks of all. To her we must seem the most miserable outcasts of the earth. In squalid dressing gowns, thrusting our heads out to be beat on by the storm——"

"Oh, no. Mother, mother," said Regina.

Her whole body was shaken by sobs. Even her feet under the table, very small and pretty, with high arches, but in flapping pink slippers, shook with her emotion.

"Look at me, my daughter," said Madame Von Heller. "I have grieved you, and anything is better than this—that we tear and bite each other. Speak no more of the horrors of the past night. All is over and must be borne. Should you see Mr. Rankin we will implore him to reveal nothing. You say he has a noble heart." She embraced Regina.

Within a few minutes she was sitting quietly at the table, correcting German lessons in perfect calm, with a small gold pen presented by a pupil.

She was entirely appeased, when on the following day Ralph, meeting her as she dispersed her French class, in his parlor, seemed to address her with the utmost respect, and to show no disposition to refer to the low episode of the Ostermanns and their thieves.

The truth is that having once dashed from the wilderness at this outer cry, Ralph was refreshed by his adventure.

He had been charmed with the street, charmed with the rainy spring evening. He liked to have the neighbors and the policemen trooping about as though they were in a comic opera, and Regina sitting talking beside him, her hair sparkling with the rain and her face eager and excited.

When he saw her again, in her seal-skin cap and fur-lined circular, at a musicale in the rooms of her master, an excellent artist, her appearance seemed to him one of high romantic distinction.

Mr. Lowski, a man of the world as well as an excellent artist, was a good friend of Ralph's,

and after this the young man sometimes visited him when Miss Von Heller took her lessons.

He mentioned this casually to his aunt and Ellie, saying, "I saw your friend, Miss Von Heller, to-day." But to impart that he found a keen interest in a person capable of craning from a window to see a neighborhood scrimmage would so have shaken the foundation of these ladies' understanding of him that he could hardly attempt it.

He sometimes put Regina on the car, once carried her a piece of music left behind, and by degrees fell into the habit of visiting her often on Wolfram street.

Here she talked eagerly to him of her many idols, De Rezske, Garibaldi, Perovskaya, Hauptmann, and a hundred others.

"Well," said Ralph, "that 'Versunkene Glocke,' where the bell keeps ringing, is too much for me. I can't hear what's going on. It's the same way with that other play, 'The Bells,' where the Jew is murdered. Anything that has a bell in it I can't down. 'Hear the loud alarum bells, brazen bell,' and all."

Regina was not gifted with a sense of humor, and she now regarded him with blazing eyes. "And can all that so beautiful and Titan dream be nothing to you for such a small queer reason as that?" she remarked coldly. "To me these bells are vast echoing tones of memory and tradition toiling through the soul of a struggling one. But you, rather than trying to know a great work of art, prefer to seem a little funny, and like a coarse jesting column of some conservative press."

Ralph could hardly refrain from laughing at this fierceness, but he said meekly and hastily, "Oh, yes, I know the play's a splendid thing. I must read it again."

Ellie and the aunt would never have recognized him, either in the fairness of his tone, or in the calm content of his manner, as he sat in a room filled with such objects as he had always considered particularly incriminating.

A coarse paper, brilliantly flowered, hung the irregular walls. Photographs were everywhere, of actors, actresses, professional people in theatric postures, armor, togas, and fur overcoats. Coarse starched white lace curtains broke the yellow light of the afternoon, that gleamed in the reflecting surfaces of the ugly ornamental furniture. A Steinway Grand, Herr Von Heller one's luxury, glittered in the middle of the floor with polished woods, quivering strings, and mellow sounding-board. It was open, as Ralph always said pianos never should be in private houses, to give the fullest sound. Scattered over the music-rack were Pauer's "Tourbillon," "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," and "Wenn ich in deinen augen seh."

In this incorrect apartment Ralph would sit for hours, tranquil, amused, and admiring, eating ginger cookies and cottage cheese, and drinking tea, strong and badly prepared by Madame Von Heller in the intervals of giving lessons, and served in iron-stone china cups without handles, very hot and hard to hold.

He sometimes told Regina about a hundred insignificant things, so remote from her experience as to seem wonderful to her. Sometimes he read her poetry she considered beautiful, beyond the dreams of angels, and sometimes teased her by making such remarks as that there were nothing but dagoes in "Paolo and Francesca," and he had always supposed "The Intruder" was a bill-collector. But more often he appeared in the character she instinctively accredited him with, that of a man fearless of marauders and public opinion alike, and extremely open-minded. Such a man he really was in her presence.

***

It has been said that Mr. Rankin, if harsh and heady, was large; and his size may perhaps be best indicated by his appreciation of Regina. This, at first the sheerest caprice and exception of his fancy, came, after a winter in the presence of her enthusiasm, pride, and beauty, to be one of the most profound impressions of his nature, a passion and a conviction.

The very unworldliness that once had seemed to him a mere ludicrous blight, now appeared endearing, a diversion, and sometimes touching beyond expression.

There was something disinterested, unconscious, and noble in the girl—her bearing, her sympathies, her ideas—that swept him like a cool wind.

More and more this came to be the very necessary breath of life to him.

His betrothal to Regina, none the less, aroused general contempt and indignation.

Madame von Heller wept and shook her head for hours over the serious turn the affair had taken. She was especially depressed after she learned that Ralph's father had made his fortune in the flour business. She repeated again and again that it was because they were poor and alone in the world that Regina accepted the hand of a tradesman. However she soon came around. In fact, she was not a little consoled by the prospect of leading a single life. She had been always, by nature, if not by condition, a spinster; and she now eagerly

refused Ralph's eager entreaties that she remain with her daughter.

The thought of having a small room and parlour of her own alone with her black silk apron and gold pen, at Miss Tyson's, without the perturbing presence of Regina, had high attractions for her.

The aunt and Ellie made a far more terrific scene than Madame Von Heller. They said nothing at all. Nor did they shed a tear in Ralph's presence. They merely kissed him good-night, as though he had blasted their dearest hopes; and, when they visited Regina, addressed her in a tone of quiet endurance more pinching to Ralph than curses.

The poor fellow himself behaved in the most generous and unresentful manner among the trials to which all these ladies subjected him, and endured with humorous equanimity both Madame Von Heller's scorn of the flour business and the sweet, silent tolerance at home.

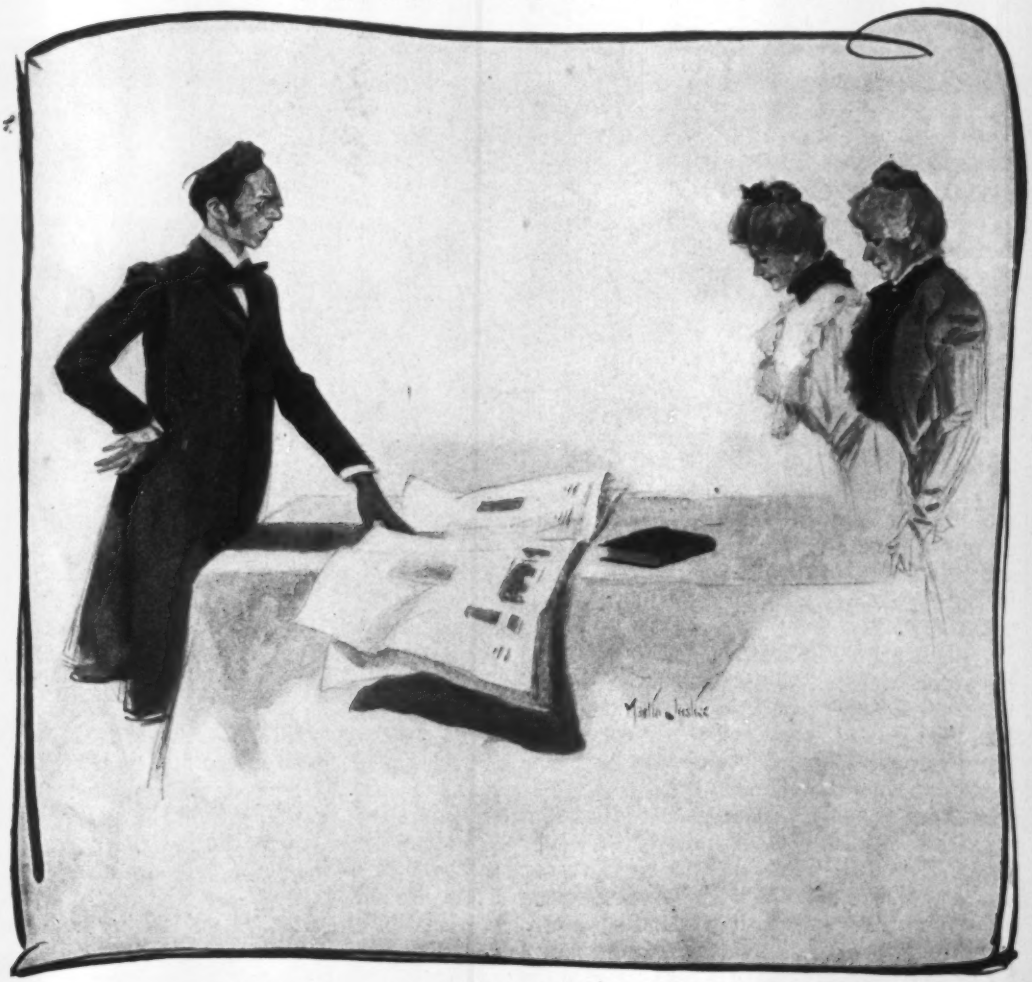
It is a great pleasure to be able to say that he was amply rewarded by the exalted tenderness of his Regina.

So that not only in the land of fairy fable, but also that of natural history, a radical transformation brought a delightful revolution of fortune to all about.

The aunt and Ellie, it is true, were for a short time in low spirits, doing exactly as they pleased, and with no one by to direct them or to impose upon them.

But within a year Ellie married a conservative young college professor, who gave her and the aunt all their opinions, sulked if the beef were underdone, and bullied them to their heart's content.

*"A conservative young college professor, who gave her and the aunt all their opinions"*



# THE LAST YEARS OF ARCTIC WORK

## BY ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

### PEARY'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT

*This is the last chapter in the longest, cleanest, bravest story ever lived within the Arctic Circle. The quest of the North Pole has engaged many men, none so persistently as Robert E. Peary; many have died in the search, none but he has given to it the best years of life; all have contributed by the way to our knowledge of the unknown, none so much and so splendidly as this American naval officer. We are not going now to sum up Captain Peary's achievements; Mr. Baker did that in the February number of last year. Great as they are, and useful, they are neither so great nor so useful as the truly heroic human qualities of the man that has done them:—the practical, executive ability which enabled him to organize, equip, and conduct without mishap, not one, but seven voyages and four expeditions to the North; the sober sense which restrained him to study out his subject, make reconnaissances in the field, and lead test and preparatory expeditions, before planning and undertaking great explorations; the force of will which kept him day by day for seventeen years at a task which takes the spirit out of most men in one or two; the sanity which balanced his mind through seven or eight Arctic nights, one of which has driven some men crazy; and the courage—not reckless, but cautious, deliberate, and triumphant! Mr. Peary did not reach the Pole, but he has left all across the ice blink of Greenland, around its terrible north coast, which he discovered, and up and down the Arctic Ocean, the tracks of a big, bold, noble man to inspire men forever.*—THE EDITOR

THE kernel of an Arctic expedition of the present day is the sledge journey, whether the object of that expedition be the Pole, or the highest north, or the exploration of unknown Arctic lands. Such Arctic lands as are accessible to a ship have been charted long ago, and neither the Pole nor the highest north is likely to be reached directly by a ship. I recognize, of course, the possibilities of the drift method, as originated by Nansen, and fully appreciate the wonderful success of the "Fram's" voyage. On the other hand, however, contrast the dreary, helpless time that must be given to this method (time so wearing that even Nansen's enthusiasm succumbed to it, and drove him out prematurely to his work), and the probability that even the "Fram" would not survive a second attempt—contrast this with the quick, effective spurt of the Duke of Abruzzi, which, in a single year, placed him ahead of Nansen. The man who can so utilize his *personnel* and matériel as to accomplish a march of 500 miles each way over the polar sea will win the Pole, for we know now that the attainment of a base within that distance of the Pole is a matter only of time, patience, and money.

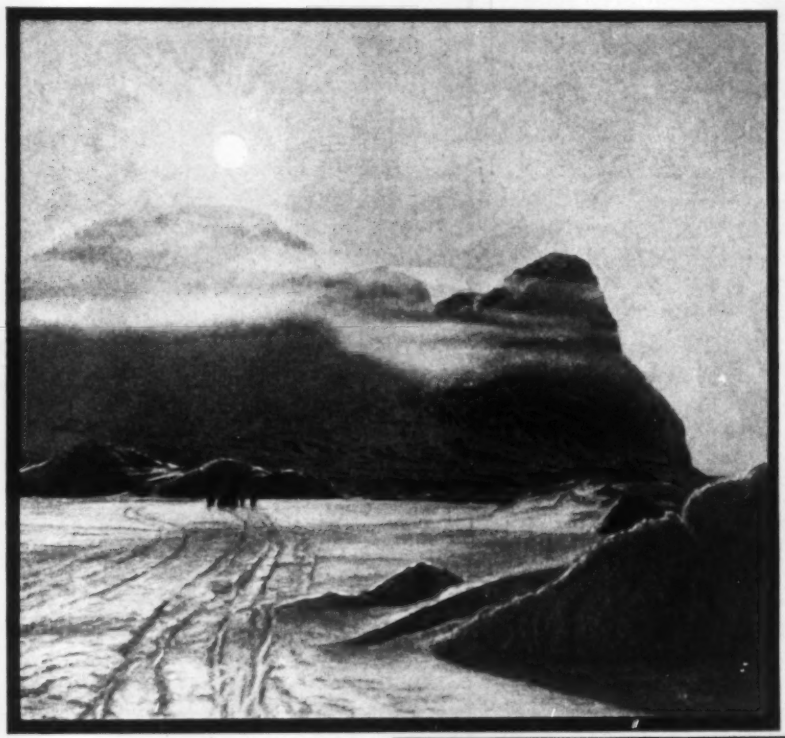
FORT CONGER, WHENCE TWO MAIN ROUTES LEAD NORTH

### *The Longest Sledge Journey in the Arctic Circle*

It was in the spring of 1900, in pursuance of a definite and coherent plan of Arctic exploration, under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York, that the sledge journey which is the subject of the following pages was made. Though the start was made some 350 miles south of the starting points of previous expeditions in this region, a point 150 miles be-

yond their farthest was attained, the northern extremity of the Greenland Archipelago; the last of the remaining Arctic land groups reached and rounded, and the most northerly known land in the world (probably *the* most northerly land) achieved.

This journey, in respect to latitude covered and distance in a direct line from start to finish, is the longest of all sledge journeys within the Arctic Circle. The air-line distance from start to finish was such that, had my starting point been in the same latitude as that of



CAPE LAWRENCE IN MAY, LOOKING NORTH, BY THE LIGHT OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Abruzzi, it would have taken me to the Pole; or had my starting point been in the same latitude as Nansen's, or on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, it would have carried me *beyond* the Pole.

### *Northward in Three Divisions*

My general programme for the spring work of 1900 was to send three divisions of sledges north as far as Conger.

From Conger I would send back a number of the Eskimos, retain some at Conger, and with others proceed north from there, either *via* Cape Hecla, or the north point of Greenland, as circumstances might determine.

I wanted to start the first division on the 15th of February, the second a week later, and leave with the third March 1st; but a severe storm, breaking up the ice between Etah and Littleton Island, delayed the departure of the first division of seven sledges until the 19th.

### *Along the Northern Edge of the North Water*

The second division of six sledges followed on the 26th, and on March 4th I left with the rear division of nine sledges. Three marches carried us to Cape Sabine, along the curving northern edge of the "north water." Here a northerly gale with heavy drift detained me for two days. Three more marches in a temperature of −40° F. brought me to the box house at Cape D'Urville. Records here informed me that the first division had been detained here a week by stormy weather, getting away only on the 4th, the day I left Etah; while the second division had left but two days before my arrival. I had scarcely arrived,

LOCKWOOD AND BRAINARD CAIRN ON LOCKWOOD ISLAND. CAPES KANE AND WASHINGTON IN THE DISTANCE

when two of the first division Eskimos came in from Richardson Bay, where one of them had severely injured his leg by falling under a sledge. One day was spent at the D'Urville house drying our clothing, and on

A ROAD ALONG THE ICE-FOOT

the 13th I got away with seven sledges on the trail of the other divisions, the injured man returning to Sabine with the supporting party.

I hoped to reach Cape Louis Napoleon on this march, but the going was too heavy, and I was obliged to camp in Dobbin Bay, about five miles short of the Cape.

The next day I hoped, on starting, to reach Cape Fraser, but was again disappointed, a severe wind storm compelling me to halt a little south of Hayes Point, and hurriedly build snow igloos in the midst of a blinding drift.

All that night and the next day and the next night, the storm continued. An early start was made on the 16th, and in calm but very thick weather we pushed on to Cape Fraser. Here we encountered the wind and drift full in our faces, and violent, making our progress from here to Cape Norton Shaw, along the ragged ice-foot, very trying.

The going across Scoresby and Richardson Bays was not worse than the year before; and from Cape Wilkes to Cape Lawrence the same as we had always found it. These two marches were made in clear but bitterly windy weather.

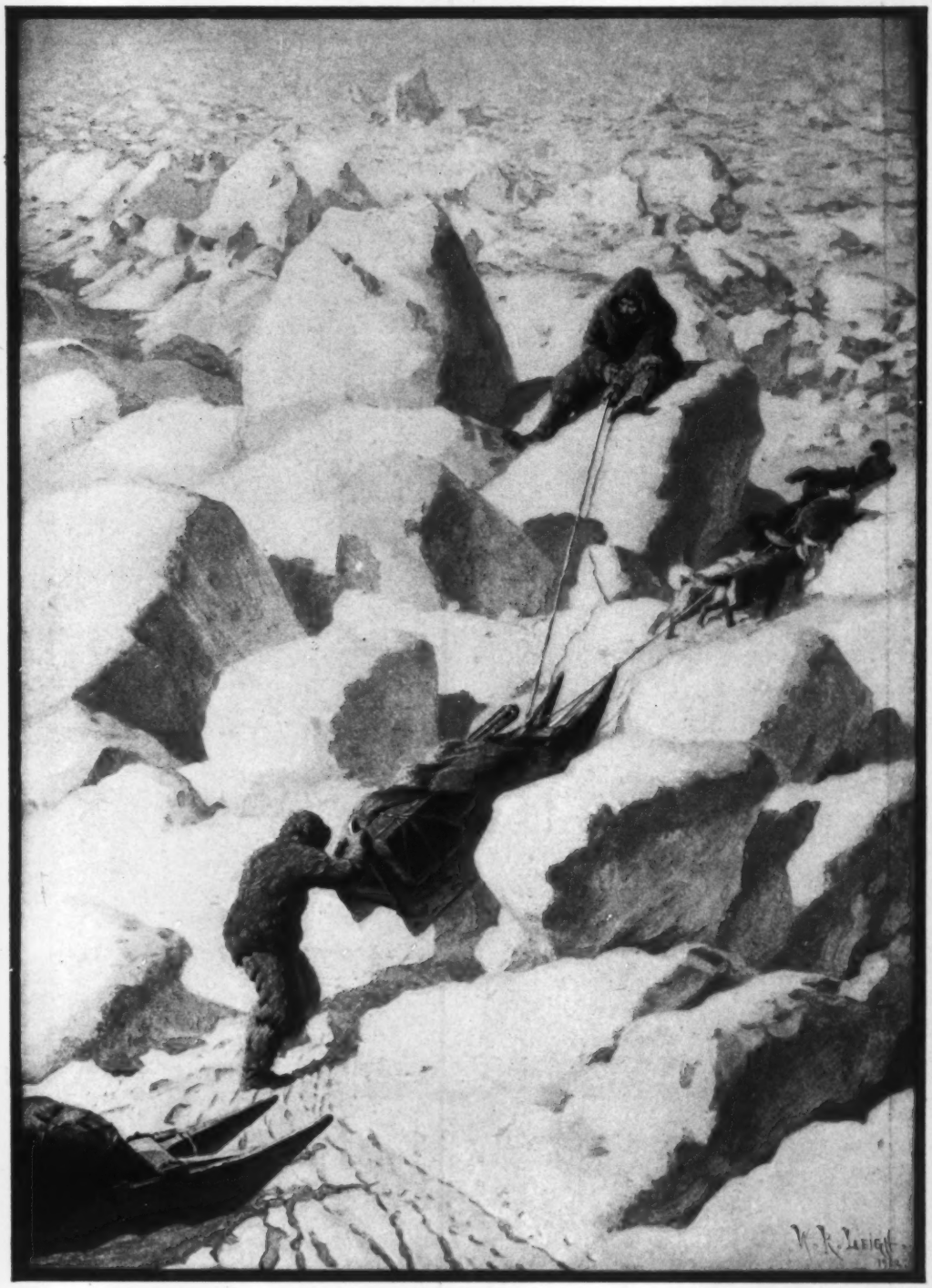
### *Imprisoned by Storms*

Another severe northerly gale held us prisoners at Cape Lawrence for a day. The 20th was an equally cruel day, with wind still savage in its strength, but the question of food for my dogs gave me no choice but to attempt an advance. At the end of four hours we were forced to burrow into a snow bank for shelter, where we remained till the next morning.

In three more marches we reached Cape von Buch. Two more days of good weather brought us to a point a few miles north of Cape Defosse. Here we were stopped by another furious gale, with drifting snow, which imprisoned us for two nights and a day. The wind was still bitter in our faces when we again got under way, the morning of the 27th, and the ice-foot became worse and worse, finally forcing us out on the broken pack. Cape Lieber was reached on this march. At this camp the wind blew savagely all night, and in the morning I waited for it to moderate before attempting to cross Lady Franklin Bay.

### *A Kill of Musk Oxen*

While we were waiting, the returning Eskimos of the first and second divisions came in. They



*"Fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow"*

CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP FROM THE ICE PACK. THIS IS THE MOST NORTHERLY KNOWN LAND IN THE WORLD

brought the very welcome news of the killing of twenty-one musk oxen close to Conger. They also reported the wind out in the bay as less severe than at the Cape.

I immediately got under way, and reached Conger just before midnight of the 28th, twenty-four days from Etah, during six of which I was held up by storms.

The first division had arrived four days, the second two days earlier. During this journey there had been the usual annoying delays of broken sledges, and I had lost numbers of dogs.

The process of breaking in the tendons and muscles of my feet to their new relations, and the callousing of the amputation scars, in this, the first serious demand upon them, had been disagreeable, but was, I believed, final and complete. I felt that I had no reason to complain.

The herd of musk oxen so opportunely secured near the station, with the meat cached here the previous spring, furnished the means to rest and feed up my dogs. A period of thick weather followed my arrival at Conger, and not until April 2d could I send back the Eskimos of my division.

### *The Choice of a Way*

On leaving Etah I had not decided whether I should go north from Conger *via* Cape Hecla,

THE CAIRN AT CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP, WHICH CONTAINS RECORD, SELF-REGISTERING THERMOMETER, AND PARTS OF A SILK AMERICAN FLAG MADE BY MRS. PEARY

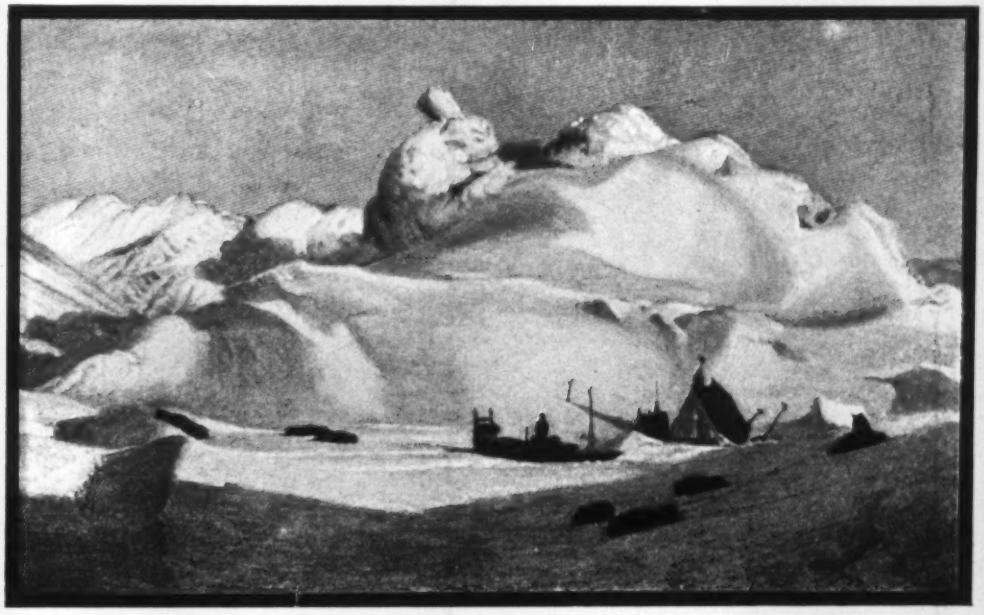
CAMP ON THE POLAR PACK AT 83° 39′ N. DUE NORTH OF CAPE MORRIS K. JESUP

or take the route along the northwest coast of Greenland. Now I decided upon the latter. The lateness of the season and the condition of my dogs might militate against a very long journey; and if I chose the Hecla route, and failed of my utmost aims, the result would be complete failure. If, on the other hand, I chose the Greenland route, and found it impossible to proceed northward over the pack, I still had an unknown coast to explore, and the opportunity of doing valuable work.

Later developments showed my decision to be a fortunate one.

I planned to start from Conger the 9th of April, but stormy weather delayed my departure until the 11th, when I got away with seven sledges.

A CAMP, IN TRANSIT



At the first camp beyond Conger, my best Eskimo was taken sick, and the following day I brought him back to Conger, leaving the rest of the party to cross the channel to the Greenland side, where I would overtake them. This I did two or three days later, and we began our journey up the northwest Greenland coast. As far as Cape Sumner we had almost continuous road-making through very rough ice. Before reaching Cape Sumner we could see a dark water sky lying beyond Cape Brevoort, and knew that we should find open water there.

From Cape Sumner to the Polaris Boat Camp in Newman Bay we cut a continuous road. Here we were stalled until the 21st by continued and severe winds. Getting started again in the tail end of the storm, we advanced as far as the open water, a few miles east of Cape Brevoort, and camped. This open water, about three miles wide at our end, extended clear across the mouth of Robeson Channel to the Grinnell Land coast, where it reached from Lincoln Bay to Cape Rawson. Beyond it, to the north and northwest, as far as could be seen, were numerous lanes and pools.

The next day was devoted to hewing a trail along the ice-foot to Repulse Harbor, and on the 23d, in a violent gale, accompanied by drift, I pushed on to the Drift Point of Beaumont (and later Lockwood), a short distance west of the Black Horn Cliffs.

The ice-foot as far as Repulse Harbor, in spite of the road-making of the previous day, was very trying to sledges, dogs, and men. The slippery side slopes, steep ascents, and precipitous descents, wrenched and strained the men and animals, and capsized, broke, and ripped shoes from the sledges.

### *Open Water and a Moving Pack*

I was not surprised to see from the Drift Point igloos that the Black Horn Cliffs were fronted by open water. The pack was in motion here, and had only recently been crushing against the ice-foot, where we built our igloo.

I thought I had broken my feet in pretty thoroughly on my journey from Etah to Conger, but this day's work of handling a sledge along the ice-foot made me think they had never encountered any serious work before. A blinding snowstorm on the 24th kept us inactive in a camp which could well be called "Camp Woeful." When we awoke in the morning it was snowing heavily, and some three inches had already fallen. We could scarcely see across the ice-foot.

### *Eskimos Became Hysterical*

While we were drinking our tea one of the younger Eskimos fell in a fit, and the others became hysterical. I felt a peculiar dizzy sensation myself. Recognizing the effect of our alcohol cooker in the close atmosphere of the igloo, with every aperture sealed by the newly fallen snow, I hurriedly kicked out the door and a portion of the front wall. This relieved matters, and I sent three of the Eskimo outside to get the benefit of the fresh air, while I took the two worst ones in hand personally, and finally succeeded in quieting them down. After this they were "ankooting" all day. The open water ahead of us, the groaning pack close beside us, the bad weather, and the, to them, mysterious attack of the morning, had combined to put them all in a very timid and unsteady frame of mind.

### *Testing Young Ice at 25° Below Zero*

The next day I made a reconnaissance to the cliffs, and the day after set the entire party to work hewing a road along the ice-foot. That night the temperature fell to −25° F., forming a film of young ice upon the water. The next day I moved up close to the cliffs, and then, with three Eskimos, reconnoitered this young ice. I found that by proceeding with extreme care a man could move across it in most places. With experienced Ahsayoo ahead, constantly testing the ice with his seal spear, myself next, and two Eskimos following, all with feet wide apart, and sliding instead of walking, we crept past the cliffs. Returning, we used our feet like brooms, brushing the thin film of newly fallen snow off the ice for a width of some four feet, to give the cold free access to it.

### *Around a Great Barrier*

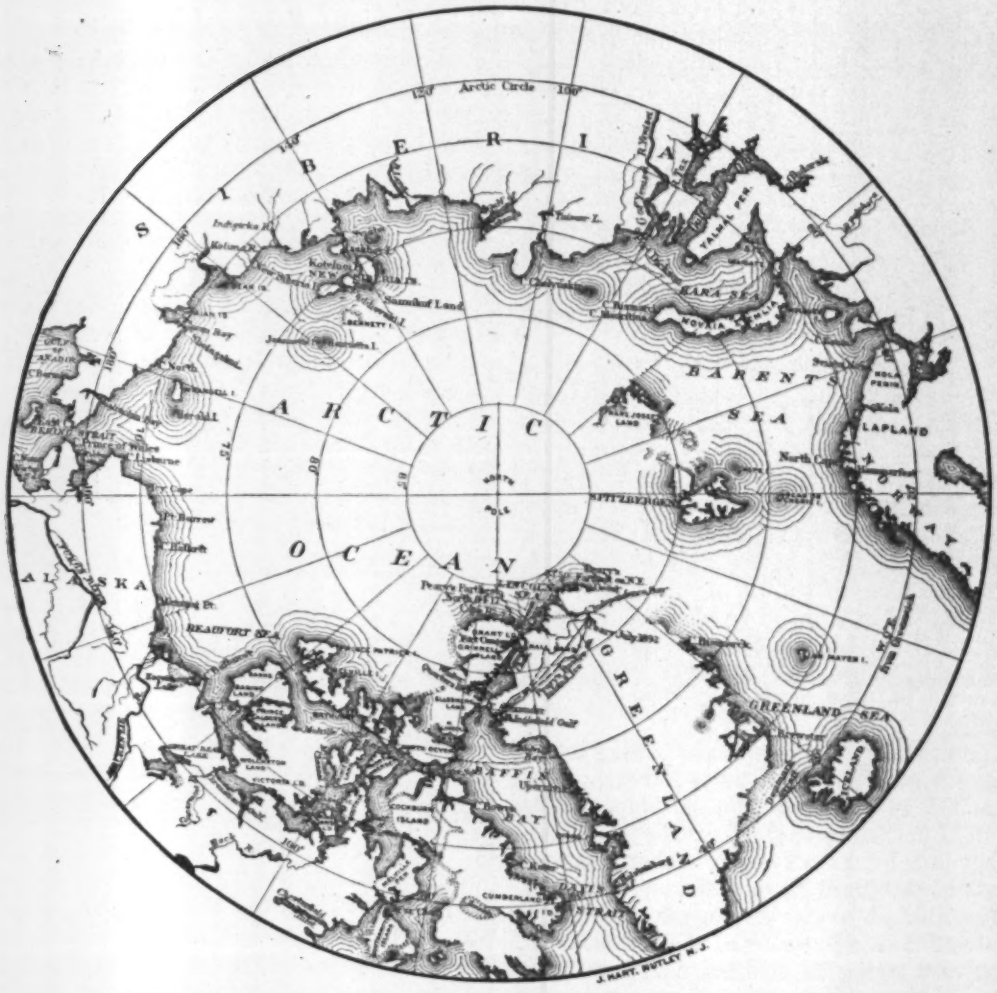
I quote from my diary for the 27th:

At last we are past the barrier which has been looming before me for the last ten days,* the open water at the Black Horn Cliffs. This morning sent two of my men, whose nerves were disturbed by the prospect ahead, back to Conger. This leaves me with Henson and three Eskimos. My supplies can now be carried on the remaining sledges. Still farther stiffened by the contin-

* The Black Horn Cliffs are one of the crucial points in the traverse of the Greenland northwest coast. They extend for several miles along the shore, and, rising vertically from the water, no ice-foot can form at their base. Flanking them by a detour inland is an arduous undertaking for an experienced mountaineer with a light pack, and a physical impossibility with loaded sledges.

The great depth of water and the strong current in front of them keep the ice broken at all times, and for the greater portion of the year cause a large area of open water here.

Familiar with the trying experience of Lockwood and Brainard at these cliffs seventeen years before, and knowing the present season was an open one, I had, from the time we reached Cape Sumner, been certain we should find open water here, and had been praying that it might not be extensive enough to turn us back.




MAP SHOWING LIEUTENANT PEARY'S DIFFERENT EXPEDITIONS TOWARD THE POLE.

uous low temperature of last night, the main sheet of new ice in front of the cliffs was not hazardous as long as the sledges kept a few hundred feet apart, did not stop, and their drivers walked a few yards away to one side. Beyond the limit of yesterday's reconnaissance there were areas of more recent ice, which caused me considerable apprehension, as it buckled to a very disquieting extent beneath dogs and sledges, and from the motion of the outside pack was crushing up in places, while narrow cracks opened in others. Finally, to my relief, we reached the ice-foot this side the cliffs, and camped.

### *The Ice Opens Behind Us*

The next day there was a continuous lane of water, one hundred feet wide, along the ice-foot by our camp, and the space in front of the cliffs was again open water. We had crossed just in time.

Up to Cape Stanton we had to hew a continuous road along the ice-foot. After this the going was much better to Cape Bryant. Off this section of the coast the pack was in constant motion, and an almost continuous lane of water extended along the ice-foot. A little west of Cape Bryant I killed two musk oxen, which my dogs highly appreciated.

### *Finding a Predecessor's Marks*

A long search at Cape Bryant finally discovered the remains of Lockwood's cache and cairn, which had been scattered by bears. At 3.30 P.M. on the 1st of May I left Cape Bryant to cross the wide indentation lying between Cape Bryant and Cape Britannia. Three marches, mostly in thick weather, and over alternating hummocky blue ice and areas of deep snow, brought us at 1 A.M. of the 4th to Cape North (the northern point of Cape Britannia Island). From this camp, after a sleep, I sent back two more Eskimos and the twelve poorest dogs, leaving Henson, one Eskimo, and myself, with three sledges and sixteen dogs, for the permanent advance party.

### *An Advance Party of Three*

From Cape North a ribbon of very young ice on the so-called tidal track, which extends along this coast, gave us a good lift nearly across Nordenskjold Inlet; then it became unsafe, and we climbed a heavy rubble barrier to the old floe-ice inside, which we followed to Cape Bennett and camped. Here we were treated to another snowstorm.

Another strip of young ice gave us a passage nearly across Mascart Inlet until, under Cape Payer, I found it so broken up, that two of the sleges and nearly all of the dogs got into the water before we could escape from it. Then a pocket of snow, thigh and waist deep, over rubble ice, under the lee of the cape, stalled us completely. I pitched the tent, fastened the dogs, and we devoted the rest of the day to stamping a road through the snow, with our snowshoes. Even when we started the next day, I was obliged to put two teams to one sledge, in order to move it.

Cape Payer was a hard proposition. The first half of the distance round it we were obliged to cut a road, and on the last half, with twelve dogs and three men to each sledge, pushed and pulled them, snowplow fashion, through the deep snow.

Distant Cape was almost equally inhospitable, and it was only after long and careful reconnaissance that we were able to get our sledges round it, along a narrow crest of the huge ridge of ice, forced up against the rocks. After this we had comparatively fair going, on past Cape Ramsay, Dome Cape, across Meigs Fjord, as far as Mary Murray Island. Then came some heavy going, and at 11.40 P.M. of May 8th we reached Lockwood's cairn, on the north end of the island. From this cairn I took the record and thermometer deposited there by Lockwood eighteen years before. The record was in a perfect state of preservation.

### *Undiscovered Land Sighted Ahead*

One march from here carried us to Cape Washington. Reaching the low point, which is visible from Lockwood Island, just at midnight, great was my relief to see, on rounding it, another splendid headland, with two magnificent glaciers debouching near it, rising across an intervening inlet. I knew now that Cape Washington was not the northern point of Greenland, as I had feared. It would have been a great disappointment to me, after coming so far, to find that another's eyes had forestalled mine in looking first upon the coveted northern point. Nearly all of my hours for sleep at this camp were taken up by observations and a round of angles. The polar pack north from Cape Washington was in a frightful condition, utterly impracticable. Leaving Cape Washington, we crossed the mouth of the fjord, packed with blue-top floebergs, to the western edge of one of the big glaciers, and then over the extremity of the glacier itself, camping near the edge of the second.

### *The Place Where Floebergs are Born*

Here I found myself in the birthplace of the "floebergs," which could be seen in all the various stages of formation. They are merely degraded icebergs—that is, bergs of low altitude, detached from the extremity of a glacier, which has for some distance been forcing its way along a comparatively level and shallow sea bottom.

### *A Polar Bear Hunt*

From this camp we crossed the second glacier, and a short distance beyond our eyes were gladdened by the sight of a polar bear. We were crossing the mouth of one of the fjords, and I was behind with my sledge, making a sketch of the fjord, when I heard the cry of *Nannooksoah* ("bear") from Henson, and looking up, I saw the animal coming toward us from seaward. For a moment all was excitement. I had scarcely time to seize the upstanders when my dogs were off. As we neared the bear, all the dogs were loosened, and were at him like a cloud. He continued to approach until they were close to him, when he turned and ran for the ice-foot, where he was brought to bay, followed up, and a couple of bullets from my carbine quickly transformed him into dog meat for my faithful teams.

### *Northern Cape of the World Discovered*

It was now evident to me that we were very near the northern extremity of the land, and when we came within view of the next cape ahead, I knew that my eyes at last rested upon the Arctic Ultima Thule. The land ahead also impressed me at once as showing the characteristics of a musk-ox country.

The cape was reached in the next march, and I stopped to take variation and latitude sights. Here my Eskimo shot a hare, and we saw a wolf track, and traces of musk-oxen. A careful reconnaissance of the pack to the northward, with the glasses, from an elevation of a few hundred feet, showed the ice to be of a less impracticable character than it was north of Cape Washington. What were

evidently water clouds showed very distinctly on the horizon. This water sky had been apparent ever since we left Cape Washington, and at one time assumed such a shape that I was almost deceived into taking it for land. Continued careful observation destroyed the illusion. My observations completed, we started northward over the pack, and camped a few miles from land.

The two following marches were made in a thick fog, through which we groped our way northward over broken ice and across gigantic, wavelike drifts of hard snow. One more march in clear weather, over frightful going, consisting of fragments of old floes, ridges of heavy ice thrown up to heights of twenty-five to fifty feet, crevasses and holes masked by snow, the whole intersected by narrow leads of open water, brought us at 5 A.M. on the 16th to the northern edge of a fragment of an old floe, bounded by water. A reconnaissance from the summit of a pinnacle of the floe, some fifty feet high, showed that we were on the edge of the disintegrated pack, with a dense water sky not far distant.

### *Mapping the Arctic Ultima Thule*

My hours for sleep at this camp were occupied in observations, and making a transit profile of the northern coast from Cape Washington eastward.

The next day I started back for the land, and, having a trail to follow, wasted no time in reconnaissance, and reached it in one march, and camped.

Leaving this camp on the 18th, as we were traveling eastward on the ice-foot an hour later, I saw a herd of six musk oxen in one of the coast valleys, and in a short time had secured them. Skinning and cutting up these animals, and feeding the dogs to repletion, consumed some hours; we then resumed our march, getting an unsuccessful shot at a passing wolf as we went.

Within a mile of our next camp a herd of fifteen musk-oxen lay fast asleep. I left them undisturbed. From here on, for three marches, we reeled off splendid distances, over good going, in blinding sunshine, and in the face of a wind from the east, which burned our faces like a sirocco.

### *On Around North Greenland*

The first march took us to a magnificent cape, at which the northern face of the land trends away to the southeast. This cape is in the same latitude as Cape Washington. The next two carried us down the east coast to the eighty-third parallel. In the first of these we crossed the mouth of a large fjord penetrating for a long distance in a southwesterly (true) direction. On the next, in a fleeting glimpse through the fog, I saw a magnificent mountain of peculiar contour, which I recognized as the peak seen by me in 1895 from the summit of the interior ice-cap south of Independence Bay, rising proudly above the land to the north. This mountain was then named by me Mt. Wistar. Finally the density of the fog compelled a halt on the extremity of a low point composed entirely of fine glacial drift, which I judged to be a small island in the mouth of a large fjord.

### *The Last Look Northward*

From my camp of the previous night I had observed this island (?), and beyond and over it a massive block of a mountain, forming the opposite cape of a large intervening fjord, and beyond that again another distant cape. Open water was clearly visible a few miles off the coast, while not far out, dark water clouds reached away to the southeast.

### *Out of Provisions; Turning Back*

At this camp I remained two nights and a day, waiting for the fog to lift. Then, as there seemed to be no indications of its doing so, and my provisions were exhausted, I started on my return journey at 3.30 A.M. on the 23d of May, after erecting a cairn in which I deposited the following record:

*Copy of Record in Cairn at Clarence Wyckoff Island.*

Arrived here at 10.30 P.M. May 20th, from Etah, *via* Fort Conger, and north end of Greenland. Left Etah March 4th. Left Conger April 15th. Arrived north end Greenland May 13th. Reached point on sea-ice, Lat. 83° 50′ N., May 16th.

On arrival here had rations for one more march southward. Two days' dense fog have held me here. Am now starting back.

With me are my man, Mathew Henson; Ahngmalokto, an Eskimo; sixteen dogs, and three sledges.

This journey has been made under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the Peary Arctic Club of New York City.

The membership of this club comprises Morris K. Jesup, Henry W. Cannon, Herbert L. Bridgman, John H. Flagler, E. C. Benedict, James J. Hill, H. H. Benedict, Frederick E. Hyde, E. W. Bliss, H. H. Sands, J. M. Constable, Charles P. Daly, Henry Parish, A. A. Raven, E. B. Thomas, and others.

(Signed) R. E. PEARY.
Civil Engineer, U.S.N.

The fog kept company with us on our return almost continuously, until we had passed Lockwood Island, but, as we had a trail to follow, did not delay us as much as the several inches of heavy snow that fell in a furious arctic blizzard, which came rushing in from the polar basin, and prisoned us for two days at Cape Bridgman.

At Cape Jesup, the northern extremity, I erected a prominent cairn, in which I deposited the following record:

*Copy of Record in Cairn on Cape Jesup.*

May 13, 1900, 5 A.M.

Have just reached here from Etah *via* Ft. Conger. Left Etah March 4th. Left Conger April 15th. Have with me my man, Henson; an Eskimo, Ahngmalokto; sixteen dogs, and three sledges; all in fair condition. Proceed to-day due north (true) over sea-ice. Fine weather. I am doing this work under the auspices of, and with funds furnished by, the Peary Arctic Club of New York City.

(Signed) R. E. PEARY,
Civil Engineer, U.S.N.

May 17. Have returned to this point. Reached 83° 50′ N. Lat. due north of here. Stopped by extremely rough ice intersected by water cracks. Water sky to north. Am now going east along the coast. Fine weather.

May 26. Have again returned to this place. Reached point on east coast about N. Lat. 83°. Open water all along the coast a few miles off. No land seen to north or east. Last seven days continuous fogs, wind, and snow. Is now snowing, with strong westerly wind. Temperature 20° F. Ten musk-oxen killed east of here. Expect to start for Conger to-morrow.

## *Lockwood's Record Carried North*

At Cape Washington, also, I placed in a cairn a copy of Lockwood's record, from the cairn at Lockwood Island, with the following endorsement:

This copy of the record left by Lieutenant J. B. Lockwood, and Sergeant (now Colonel) D. L. Brainard, U.S.A., in the cairn on Lockwood Island, southwest of here, May 16, 1882, is to-day placed by me in this cairn, on the farthest land seen by them, as a tribute to two brave men, one of whom gave his life for his Arctic work.

May 29, 1900.

## *A Glimpse of the North Coast Mountains*

For a few minutes in one of the marches the fog lifted, giving me a magnificent panorama of the North Coast Mountains. Very somber and savage they looked, towering white as marble with the new fallen snow, under their low, threatening canopy of lead-colored clouds. Two herds of musk-oxen were passed, one of fifteen and one of eighteen, and two or three stragglers. Four of these were shot for dog food, and the skin of one, killed within less than a mile of the extreme northern point, has been brought back as a trophy for the club.

## *Ice Piled Mountain High by a Storm*

Once free of the fog off Mary Murray Island, we made rapid progress, reaching Cape North in four marches from Cape Washington. Clear weather showed us the existence of open water a few miles off shore, extending from Dome Cape to Cape Washington. At Black Cape there was a large open water, reaching from the shore northward. Everywhere along this coast I was impressed by the startling evidences of the violence of the blizzard of a few days before. The polar pack had been driven resistlessly in against the iron coast, and at every projecting point had risen to the crest of the ridge of old ice along the outer edge of the ice-foot, and pouring over this, had descended upon the ice-foot in a terrific cataract of huge blocks. In places these mountains of shattered ice were one hundred feet or more in height. The old ice in the bays and fjords had had its outer edge loaded with a great ridge of ice fragments, and was itself cracked and crumpled into huge swells by the resistless pressure. All the young ice which had helped us on our outward passage had been crushed into countless fragments, and swallowed up in the general chaos. Though hampered by fog, the passage from Cape North to Cape Bryant was made in twenty-five and one-half marching hours. At 7 A.M. on the 6th of June we camped on the end of the ice-foot, at the eastern end of the Black Horn Cliffs. A point a few hundred feet up the bluffs, commanding the region in front of the cliffs, showed it to be filled by small pieces of old ice, held in place against the shore by the pressure of the outside pack. It promised, at best, the heaviest kind of work, with a certainty that it would run abroad at the first release of pressure.

## *A Dash Across Floating Broken Ice*

The next day, when about one-third the way across, the ice did begin to open out, and it was only after a rapid and hazardous dash from cake to cake that we reached an old floe, which, after several hours of heavy work, allowed us to climb upon the ice-foot at the western end of the cliffs. From here on rapid progress was made again, three more marches taking us to Conger, where we arrived at 1.30 A.M. June 10th, though the open water between Repulse Harbor and Cape Brevoort, which had now expanded down Robeson Channel to a point below Cape Sumner, hampered us seriously. In passing I took copies of the Beaumont English Records from the cairn at Repulse Harbor, and brought them back for the archives of the club. They form one of the finest chapters of the most splendid courage, fortitude, and endurance under dire stress of circumstances that is to be found in the history of Arctic explorations.

## *Pain, Labor, and Joy*

We had been in the field from the 4th of March until the 10th of June. From Etah to

Cape North we had slept in snow igloos. From Cape North on, and during the return march, a light tent formed our shelter. From Etah to Conger, along the terrible ice-foot which borders the Grinnell Land coast, the work had been of the most arduous and trying nature, and the weather through these eternally wind-swept channels, extremely bitter. From Conger to Cape North there was a slight but imperceptible amelioration of conditions. From Cape Washington on, the glare of the summer sunlight became almost unendurable, and from Cape Jesup the east wind, blowing full in our faces, burned them till they cracked. Only the continued use of the darkest glasses kept us from snow blindness.

From Cape Bryant to Conger, on the return, our clothing was constantly saturated—at first, only to a little above the knees, from traversing the pools on the ice-foot; later, from head to foot, in traversing the treacherous sea-ice in front of the Black Horn Cliffs, and at Cape Bryant, and under the cliffs of Cape Sumner. Yet, in spite of all the hard work, the discomforts, the annoyances, the uncertainties, the physical wear and tear, I never felt before, I never expect to feel again, the same exhilaration of spirits, the same mental exaltation, that I felt from the time we reached and passed eastward of Cape Washington till we returned to it. It was a feeling which lifted me above such petty things as weariness and hunger, aches and pains and bruises, smarting eyes and face, and all the other irritations of serious Arctic work.

### *By Right of Discovery*

This whole grand coast, fronting the central Polar Basin, never before seen by human eye, was *mine*. Each jutting cape, each ragged glacier, each snow-capped mountain, each spreading fjord, had been dragged by me from obscurity, and was mine by the great right of discovery. A mild form of lunacy, perhaps, yet the feeling has been in the heart of every man who has trodden for the first time on new lands, and will be in the hearts of a few more men yet, before the earth yields up its last unknown mile.

### *Peary's Greatest Achievement*

In this journey I had determined conclusively the northern limit of the Greenland Archipelago or land group, and had practically connected the coast southeastward to Independence Bay, leaving only that comparatively short portion of the periphery of Greenland lying between Independence Bay and Cape Bismarck indeterminate. The non-existence of land for a very considerable distance to the northward and northeastward was also settled, with every indication pointing to the belief that the coast along which we traveled formed the shore of an uninterrupted central Polar sea, extending to the Pole, and beyond to the Spitzbergen and Franz Josef Land groups of the opposite hemisphere.

The origin of the floebergs and paleocrystic ice was definitely determined. Further than this, the result of the journey was to eliminate this route as a desirable or practical one by which to reach the Pole. The broken character of the ice, the large amount of open water, and the comparatively rapid motion of the ice, as it swung round the northern coast into the southerly setting east Greenland current, were very unfavorable features.

### *Not the Way to the Pole*

The complete change of character of the coast from Cape Jesup eastward is an interesting fact to be borne in mind. Another interesting item is the comparative abundance of game observed and secured along a coast which the experience of two previous expeditions had indicated as being practically barren of animal life. Two musk-oxen were killed by me in the Cape Bryant region in the upward march, and five by my supporting party on their return. One bear, as already noted, was killed east of Cape Washington, and east of Cape Jesup forty-two musk-oxen were seen, of which ten were secured. One hare was killed in this region, a wolf seen, and traces of lemming, ermine, and ptarmigan observed. Numbers of hare were killed in the neighborhood of Repulse Harbor.

### *1902—Another Way to the Pole Tried*

With the Greenland route eliminated, there yet remained the Cape Hecla route, and this I attempted in the spring of 1902. It is not necessary here to go into the details of this attempt farther than to note that, as a result of added experience, perfected equipment, better acquaintance with the region traversed, and in spite of the supposed handicap of its being my fourth consecutive year of Arctic work and life, the arduous journey from Cape Sabine to Conger was accomplished in twelve marches; the equally arduous, but shorter, journey from Conger to Hecla in eight more. I now found myself, after nearly 400 miles of travel in the severest part of the Arctic year, just at the beginning of my real work, the conquest of the Polar pack.

After fighting my way northward for fifteen

days over a pack of extremely rugged character, the latter portion of the journey being over ice in motion (not motion sufficient, as has been erroneously understood, to carry me far out of my course; but sufficient, by the wheeling of the floes, to open up continually new leads, and form new pressure ridges across my route), I was driven to the conclusion that further advance for my party was impracticable. *Personnel*, equipment, and methods were satisfactory and effective, as evidenced by our speedy and safe return, not only to Hecla, but also to Cape Sabine.

When I say that I regarded further advance as impracticable, I mean that a rate of advance capable of producing the objects I had in view—namely, the Pole itself, or, if not that, a pronounced highest north—was not practicable under existing conditions, with a party of the size I had with me.

### *How to Go to the Pole*

So far am I from considering the general proposition of advance over the Polar pack impracticable that I have no hesitation in saying I believe that the man who, with the proper party, the proper equipment, and proper experience, can secure a base on the northern shore of Grinnell Land, and can begin his work with the earliest returning light in February, will hold the Pole in his grasp.

As bearing upon the soundness of my conclusion, it is, I think, fair to note that I have already made four sledge journeys in these regions, of such length that the average air-line distance between the starting point and the terminus of the four is equal to the distance from the northern shore of Grinnell Land to the Pole. If it be contended that the character of the traveling is so different as to make the comparison hardly a fair one, it may be said that increased experience, improved methods, and a large party will, I believe, fully counterbalance this.

### *The Pole Can and Will be Reached*

The proper method for an effective attack upon the Pole may be summed up in a paragraph, viz.:

A strongly built ship of maximum power; a minimum party, utilizing the Eskimos exclusively for the rank and file; the establishment of a permanent station or sub-base at Sabine; the formation of a chain of caches from Sabine to Hecla; the establishment of a main base somewhere on the North Grinnell Land coast; forcing the ship to winter quarters there; the redistribution of the entire tribe of Whale Sound Eskimos, taking the picked men of the tribe on the ship, and distributing the others in a series of settlements along the Grinnell Land coast, with the rear on the perennial walrus grounds at Sonntag Bay and the head of certain summer navigation at Sabine, and the van at Hecla; and, finally, an advance, in the earliest returning light of February, from Hecla northward over the polar pack, with a small, light, pioneer party, followed by a large, heavy, main party, from which at intervals two or three sledges would drop out and return, until on the last stage there would be but two or three sledges left.

## *PRIDE*

### *BY WINIFRED WEBB*

*I WEEP not for the grief of man,*
*His grandeur there I see;*
*But oh! the pathos of his pride*
*Could break the heart in me!*

# THE FLYING DEATH

## A Story in Three Writings and a Telegram

### BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

### PART II. THE END OF THE TRAIL

DOCUMENT No. 3 (A). *Extract from letter written by Stanford Colton to his father, John Colton, Esq., of New York City. Date, September 21st, 4 P.M.*

. . . . So there, my dear dad, is the case against the Pteranodon. To your hard business sense it will seem a thing for laughter. You wouldn't put a cent in Pteranodon stock on the word of an idealistic, scientific theorist like old Ravenden, backed by a few queer marks on a beach. Very well, neither would I. Just the same, I ducked and ran when the owl flapped out from the cliff. And I wonder if you wouldn't have been trailing us to shelter yourself, had you been along.

Now as to poor Haynes. I was the last person to speak to him. He woke me out of a troubled dream walking along the hall at six o'clock this morning.

"Is that you, Haynes?" I called.

"Yes," he said. "I'm off for the beach."

"Wait fifteen minutes, and I'll go with you," I suggested.

"If you don't mind, Colton, I'd rather you wouldn't. I want to go over the ground alone, first. But I wish you'd come down after breakfast, and join me."

"All right," I said. "It's your game to play. Good luck. Oh, hold on a minute. Have you got a gun?"

"No," he answered.

"Better take mine."

"You must have been having bad dreams," he said lightly. "A good night's rest has shooed the Professor's Cretaceous jub-jub bird out of my mental premises. Anyhow, I don't think a revolver would be much use against it, do you? But I'm much obliged."

I was now up and at the door. "Well, good luck," I said again, and for some reason I reached out and shook hands with him.

He looked rather surprised—perhaps just a bit startled—but he only said: "See you in a couple of hours."

Sleep was not for me after that. I tried it, but it was no go. The Stratton family almost expired of amazement when I showed up for seven o'clock breakfast. Half an hour later I was on the way to find Haynes. I went directly down the beach. Haynes had gone this way before me, as I saw by his tracks. It was a dead-and-alive sort of morning—gray with a mist that seemed to smother sound as well as sight. I went forward with dampened spirits and little heart in the enterprise. As I came to the turn of the cliffs that opens up the view down the shore I hallooed for Haynes. No answer came. Again I shouted, and this time as my call drew no answer I confess that a clammy feeling of loneliness hastened my steps. I rounded the cliff at a good pace and saw ahead what checked me like a blow.

Almost at the spot where we had found Serdholm, a man lay sprawled grotesquely. Though the face was hidden and the posture distorted, I knew him instantly for Haynes, and as instantly knew he was dead. There's a bad streak in me, dad, and it came out right there, for I had wheeled to run before I realized the shame of it. Then, thank God, I caught myself, and stopped. As I turned again my foot struck a small rock. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it was the best at hand. I picked it up and went forward to the body, sickening at every step.

Haynes had been struck opposite the gully. The weapon that killed him had been driven with fearful impetus between his ribs, from the back. A dozen staggering prints showed where he had plunged forward before he fell. The heart was touched, and he must have been dead almost on the stroke. His flight was involuntary—the blind, mechanical instinct of escape from death. To one who had seen its like before, there was no mistaking that great gash in his back. Haynes had been killed as Serdholm was. But for what cause? What possible motive of murder could embrace those two who had never known or so much as spoken to each other? No; it was reasonless: the act of a thing without mind, inspired by no motive but the blood-thirst, the passion of slaughter. At that, the picture of the Pteranodon, as the Professor had drawn it, took hold of my mind. I ran to the point whence Haynes had staggered. Begin-

ning there, in double line over the clean sand, stretched the grisly track of the talons. Except for them the sand was untouched.

So great an access of horror possessed me that I became, for the moment, irresponsible. Perhaps it was instinct that sent me to the sea. I ran in to my knees, dropped on all fours, and not only plunged my head in, but took great gulps of the salt water. The retching that followed cleared my brain. I was able to command myself as I returned to the body of Haynes. Yet it was still with an overmastering repulsion that I scanned the heavens for wings; and when I came to climb to the cliff's top, for a better view, three several times my knees gave way, and I rolled to the gully. Nothing was in sight. Again I returned to the body, now somewhat master of myself. A hasty examination convinced me that Haynes had been dead for some time, perhaps an hour. There was but one thing to do. I set off for the house at my best speed.

Of the formalities that succeeded there is no need to speak; but following what I thought Haynes's method would have been, I investigated the movements of Schenck, the patrolman, that morning. From six o'clock to eight he was at the station. His alibi is solid. In the killing of poor Haynes he had no part. That being proved, sufficiently establishes his innocence of the Serdholm crime. Both were done by the same murderer.

Professor Ravenden is now fixed in his belief that the Pteranodon, or some little-altered descendant, did the murders. I am struggling not to believe it, yet it lies back of all my surmises as a hideous probability. One thing I know, that nothing would tempt me alone upon that beach to-night. To-morrow morning I shall load up my Colt's and go down there with the Professor, who is a game old theorist, and can be counted on to see this through. He is blocking out, this afternoon, a monograph on the survival of the Pteranodon. It will make a stir in the scientific world. Don't be worried about my part in this. I'll be cautious to-morrow. No other news to tell; nothing but this counts.

Your affectionate son,

STANFORD.

P. S.—Dad, couldn't you do something to help Haynes's people? Not financially—I don't believe they need that. If they're anything like Haynes, they wouldn't accept it anyhow. But go and see them, and tell them how much we thought of him here, and how he died trying to get at the truth. I've written them, but you can do so much more on the ground.

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DOCUMENT No. 3 (B). *Statement by Stanford Colton regarding his part in the events of the morning of September* 22, 1902.

This is written at the request of Professor Ravenden, to be embodied with his report on the Montauk Point tragedies. On the morning of September 22d (the day after the killing of Harris Haynes) I went to the beach opposite Stony Gully. It was seven o'clock when I reached the point where the bodies of Haynes and Serdholm were found. Professor Ravenden was to have accompanied me. He had started out while I was at breakfast, however, through a misunderstanding as to time. His route was a roundabout one, bringing him to the spot after my arrival, as will appear in his report. I went directly down the shore. In my belt was my revolver.

As I came opposite Stony Gully I carefully examined the sand. It had been much trodden by those who had taken the body of Haynes to the house. Toward the soft beach and the gully's mouth, however, there had been no effacement, though there was a slight blurring effected by a mild fall of rain. My first action was to look carefully about the country to discover any possible peril near by. Having satisfied myself that I was not threatened, I set about inspecting the sand. There were no fresh marks. The five-taloned tracks were in several places almost as distinct as on the previous day. Fortunately, owing to the scanty population and the slow transmission of news, there had been very few visitors to the scene, and those few had been careful in their movements, so the evidence was not trodden out.

For a closer examination I got down on my hands and knees above one of the tracks. There was the secret if I could but read it. The footprint was in all respects the counterpart of the sketch made by Haynes, and of the impress on the Cretaceous rock of Professor Ravenden. I might have been in that posture two or three minutes, my mind immersed in conjecture. Then I rose, and as I stood and looked down, there suddenly flashed into my brain the solution. I started forward to the next mark, and as I advanced, something sang in the air behind me. I knew it was some swiftly flying thing; knew in the same agonizing moment that I was doomed; tried to face my death; and then there was a dreadful, grinding shock, a flame with jagged teeth tore through my brain, and I fell forward into darkness.

DOCUMENT No. 4. *The explanation by Professor Willis Ravenden, F.R.S., etc., of the events of September 20, 21, 22, 1902, surrounding the death of Paul Serdholm and Harris Haynes, and the striking down of Stanford Colton.*

Of the events of the three days, September 20, 21, and 22, 1902, at Montauk Point, culminating in my own experience of the final date, I write with some degree of pain due to the personal element in my own attitude toward the case, and, as such, unworthy of a balanced intelligence. It is the more difficult for me to recount equably these matters, in that I was shaken, at successive moments of the *dénoûment*, by many and violent passions: grief, fear, horror, and, finally, an inhuman rage which shamefully rankles in my memory. Yet what I here set down is told with such fidelity as I can achieve, bearing due reference to the comparative value of the elements, and without, I trust, unnecessary circumlocution or undue obtrusion of my own sentiments and theories.

Upon the death of my esteemed young friend, Mr. Haynes, I made minute examination of the vestigia near the body. These were obviously the footprints of the same creature that killed Serdholm, the coast-guard. Not only the measurements and depth of indentation, but the intervals corresponded exactly with those observed in the first investigation. The non-existence of five-toed birds drove me to the consideration of other winged creatures, and certainly none may say that, with the evidence on hand, my hypothesis of the survival and reappearance of the Pteranodon was not justified.

Having concluded my examination into the circumstances of Mr. Haynes's death, I returned to Third House and set about embodying the remarkable events in a monograph. In this work I employed the entire afternoon and evening of the 21st, with the exception of an inconsiderable space devoted to a letter which it seemed proper to write to the afflicted family of Mr. Haynes, and in which I suggested for their comfort the fact that he met his death in the noble cause of scientific investigation. In pursuance of an understanding with Mr. Colton, he and I were to have visited, early on the following morning, the scene of the tragedies. By a misconception of the plan, I started out before he left, thinking that he had already gone. My purpose was to proceed to the spot along the cliffs, instead of by the beach, this route affording a more favorable view, though an intermittent one, as it presents a succession of smoothly rolling hillocks. Hardly had I left the house when the disturbance of the grasses incidental to my passage put to flight a fine specimen of the Lycæna pseudargiolus, whose variations I have been investigating. I had, of course, taken my net with me, partly, indeed, as a weapon of defense, as the butt is readily detachable, and heavily loaded.

In the light of subsequent events I must confess my culpability in allowing even so absorbing an interest as this that suddenly beset my path to turn me from my engagement to meet Mr. Colton. Instinctively, however, I pursued the insect. Although this species, as is well known, exhibits a power of sustained flight possessed by none other of the lepidopteræ of corresponding wing-area, I hoped that, owing to the chill morning air, this specimen would be readily captured. Provocatively, as it would seem, it alighted at short intervals, but on each occasion rose again as I was almost within reach. Thus lured on I described a half-circle, and was, approximately, a third of a mile inland, when finally I netted my prey from the leaves of a Quercus ilicifolia. Having deposited it in the cyanide of potassium jar which I carried on a shoulder-strap, I made haste, not without some quickenings of self-reproach, toward the cliff. Incentive to greater haste was furnished by a fog-bank that was approaching from the south. Heading directly for the nearest point of the cliff I reached it before the fog arrived. The first object that caught my eye, as it ranged for the readiest access to the beach, was the outstretched body of Colton lying upon the hard sand where Serdholm and Haynes had met their deaths. He was barely within my scope of vision, the nearer beach being cut off from sight by the cliff line.

I may say, without intemperance of expression, that for the moment I was stunned into inaction. Then came the sense of my own guilt and responsibility. Along the cliff I ran, at full speed, dipped down into a hollow, where, for the time, the beach was shut off from view, and surmounted the hill beyond, which brought me almost above the body a little to the east of the gully. The fog, too, had been advancing swiftly, and now as I reached the cliff's edge it spread a gray mantle over the body lying there alone.

Already I had reached the edge of the gully, when there moved very slowly out upon the hard sand a thing so out of all conception, an apparition so monstrous to the sight, that my

net fell from my hand, and a loud cry burst from me. In the gray folds of mist it wavered, assuming shapes beyond comprehension. Suddenly it doubled on itself, contracted to a compact mass, underwent a strange inversion, and before my clearing vision there arose a man, dreadful of aspect indeed, but still a human being, and, as such, not beyond human powers to cope with. Coincidently with this recognition I noted a knife, inordinately long of blade and bulky of handle, on the sand almost under Colton. Toward this the man had been moving when my cry arrested him, and now he stood facing the height with strained eye and bestially gnashing teeth.

Here was no time for delay. The facile descent of the gully was out of the question. It was over the cliff or nothing, for if Colton was alive his only chance was that I should reach his assailant before the latter could come at the knife. Upon the flash of the thought I was in mid-air, a giddy terror dulling my brain as I plunged down through the fog. Fortunately for me—for the bones of sixty years are brittle—I landed upon a slope of soft sand. Forward I pitched, threw myself completely over, and, carried to my feet by the impetus, ran down the lesser slope upon the man.

That he was obsessed by a mania of murder was written on his face and in his eyes. But now his expression, as he turned toward me, was that of a beast alarmed. To hold his attention, I shouted. The one desideratum was to reach him before he turned again to the knife and Colton.

The maniac crouched as I ran in upon him, and I must confess to a certain savage exultation as I noted that he had little the advantage of me in size or weight. Although not a large man, I may say that I am of wiry frame, which my out-of-door life has kept in condition. So I felt no great misgivings as to the outcome. We closed. As my opponent's muscles tightened on mine I knew, with a udden, daunting shock, that I had met the strength of fury. For a moment we strained, I striving for a hold which would enable me to lift him from his feet. Then with a rabid scream the creature dashed his face into my shoulder, and bit through shirt and flesh until I felt the teeth grate on my shoulder-blade.

Not improbably this saved my life and Colton's. For, upon the outrage of that assault, a fury not less insane than that of my enemy fired me, and I, who have ever practised a certain scientific austerity of emotional life, became, to my dishonor, a raging beast. Power as of steam flashed through every vein; strength as of steel distended every muscle. Clutching at the throat of my assailant I tore that hideous face from my shoulder. My right hand, drawn back for a blow, twitched the cord of my heavy poison bottle. Shouting aloud I swung the formidable weapon up and brought it down upon his head with repeated blows. His grasp relaxed. I sprang back for a fuller swing and beat him to the ground. The jar was shattered, but such was my ecstasy of murderousness that I forgot the specimen of pseudargiolus, which fell with the fragments and was trodden into the sand.

In my hand I still held the base of the jar. My head was whirling. I staggered backward, and with barely sense enough left to know that the deadly fumes of the cyanide were doing their work, flung it far away. A mist fell like a curtain somewhere between my eyes and my brain, befogging the processes of thought. That Colton was now sitting up, I knew to be a hallucination. Colton was dead —Colton was dead, said the spirit of murder deep in my brain, and it remained for me to kill his slayer. The world reeled about me, so I dropped to all fours and crawled to the man. That Colton should seem to have arisen, and to be staggering toward us, further enraged me. It was but fair that he should not interfere until I had finished my work. There was blood on the man's face—my blood and his—as I set my fingers to his throat. Another moment and I should have had the murder of a fellow-man on my soul, but an arm slipped under my chest, and a voice gasped:

"In God's name, Professor, don't kill the poor devil!"

My hold relaxed. I felt myself lifted, and then I was lying on my back, looking into Colton's white face. I must have been saying something, for Colton replied, as if to a question:

"It's all right, Professor. There's no pseudargiolus or Pteranodon, or anything. Just lie quiet for a moment."

But it was borne in upon me that I had lost my prize. "Let me up!" I cried. "I've lost it! It fell when the poison jar broke."

"There, there," he soothed, as one calms a delirious person. "Just wait——"

"I'm speaking of my specimen, the pseudargiolus." The mist was beginning to lift from my brain, and the mind now swung dizzily back to the great speculation. "The Pteranodon?" I cried, looking about me.

"There." Colton laughed shakily as he pointed to the blood-besmeared form lying quiet on the sand.

"But the footprints! the footprints! The fossil marks on the rock?"

"Footprints on the rock. Handprints, here."

"Handprints!" I repeated; "Tell me slowly. I must confess to a degree of bewilderment to which I am not accustomed."

"No wonder, sir. Here it is. I saw it all just before I was hit. This man is Serdholm's cousin, the juggler. He's crazy, probably from Serdholm's blow. He's evidently been waiting for a chance to kill Serdholm. That rock in the gully's mouth is where he waited. You've seen circus-jugglers throw knives. You know with what marvelous skill they do it. Well, that's the way he killed Serdholm. In his crazy cunning he saw that footprints would give him away, so he utilized another of his circus tricks and recovered the knife by walking on his hands. Perhaps the snipe tracks hereabout suggested it."

"But Mr. Haynes? And yourself?"

"I don't know why he wanted to kill us unless he feared we would discover his secret. I escaped because I was going forward as he threw, and that must have disturbed his aim so that the knife turned in the air and the handle struck me, knocking me senseless."

Here the juggler groaned, and we busied ourselves with bringing him to. He is now in an asylum, with a fair chance of recovery.

Mr. Colton is entirely recovered from his experience, as am I, except for an inconvenient stiffness in the muscles of my right shoulder where I was bitten. My physician advises that I train myself to manipulate the capturing-net with my left hand. After a long search I found the remains of the pseudargiolus specimen, with one wing almost intact. It may still be of aid in my work on the structural changes of this species. My monograph on the Pteranodon, it is hardly needful to state, will not be published. At the same time I maintain that the survival of this formidable creature, while now lacking definite proof, is none the less strictly within the limits of scientific possibility.

WILLIS RAVENDEN.

# THE PHONOGRAPH AND THE GRAFT

## BY O. HENRY

*Illustrated by F. Luis Mora*

I LOOKED in at the engine-room of the Bloomfield-Cater Mfg. Co. (Ltd.), for the engineer was Kirksy, and there was a golden half-hour between the time he shut down steam and washed up that I coveted. For Kirksy was an improvisatore, and he told stories from the inside outward, finely leaving his spoken words and his theme to adjust themselves as best they might.

I found Kirksy resting, with his pipe lit, smut-faced and blue overalled.

"'Tis a fair afternoon," I said, "but bids to be colder."

"Did I ever tell you," began Kirksy honorably, "about the time Henry Horsecollar and me took a phonograph to South America?" and I felt ashamed of my subterfuge, and dropped into the wooden chair he kicked toward me.

"Henry was a quarter-breed, quarter-back Cherokee, educated East in the idioms of football and West in contraband whiskey, and a gentleman, same as you or me. He was easy and romping in his ways; a man about six foot, with a kind of rubber-tire movement. Yes, he was a little man about five foot five, or five foot eleven. He was what you would call a medium tall man of average smallness. Henry had quit college once, and the Muscogee jail three times—once for introducing, and twice for selling, whiskey in the Territories. Henry Horsecollar never let any cigar stores come up and stand behind him. He didn't belong to that tribe of Indians.

"Henry and me met at Texarkana, and figured out this phonograph scheme. He had $360 which came to him out of a land allotment in the reservation. I had run down from Little Rock on account of a distressful scene I had witnessed on the street there. A man stood on a box and passed around some gold watches, screw case, stem-winders, Elgin movement, very elegant. Twenty bucks they cost you over the counter. At three dollars the crowd fought for the tickers. The man happened to find a valise full of them handy, and he passed them out like putting hot biscuits on a plate. The backs were hard to unscrew, but the crowd put its ear to the case, and they ticked mollifying

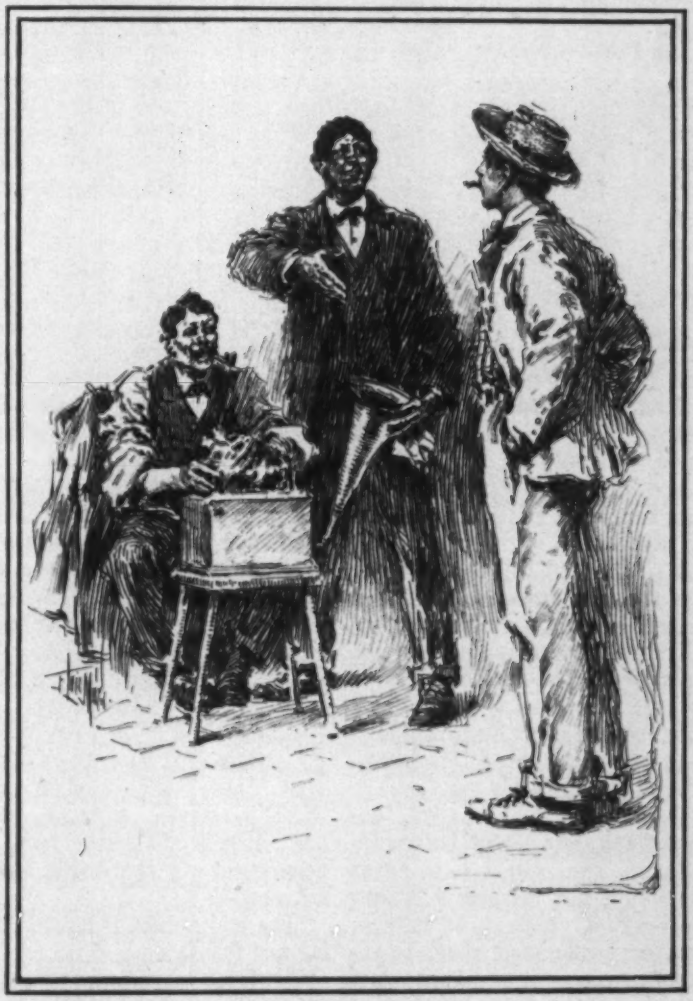
and agreeable. Three of those watches were genuine tickers; but the rest, they were only kickers. Hey? Why, empty cases with one of them horny black bugs that fly around electric lights in 'em. Them bugs kick off minutes and seconds industrious and beautiful. The man I was speaking of cleaned up $288, and went away, because he knew that when it came time to wind watches in Little Rock an entomologist would be needed, and he wasn't one.

"So, as I say, Henry had $360 and I had $288. The phonograph idea was Henry's, but I took to it freely, being fond of machinery of all kinds.

"The Latin races," says Henry, explaining easy in his idioms he learned at college, "are peculiarly adapted to be victims of the phonograph. They possess the artistic temperament. They yearn for music and color and gaiety. They give up wampum to the hand organ man or the four-legged chicken when they're months behind with the grocery and the breadfruit-tree."

"Then," says I, "we'll export canned music to the Latins; but I'm mindful of Mr. Julius Cæsar's account of 'em where he says, '*Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est*,' which is the same as to say, 'We will need all of our gall in devising means to tree them parties.' I hated to make a show of education, but I was disinclined to be overdone in syntax by a mere Indian, to whom we owe nothing except the land on which the United States is situated.

"We bought a fine phonograph in Texarkana—one of the best make—and half a trunkful of records. We packed up, and took the T. and P. for New Orleans. From that celebrated center of molasses and disfranchised coon songs we took a steamer for—yes, I think it was South America or Mexico—I am full of inability to divulge the location of it—'tis on the rural delivery route, 'tis colored yellow on the map, and branded with the literature of cigar boxes.



"'*Injun*,' *says Henry*; '*tame Injun*'"

"We landed on a smiling coast at a town they denounced by the name, as near as I can recollect, of Sore-toe-kangaroo. 'Twas a palatable enough place to look at. The houses were clean and white, sticking about among the scenery like hard-boiled eggs served with lettuce. There was a block of skyscraper mountains in the suburbs, and they kept pretty quiet, like they were laying one finger on their lips and watching the town. And the sea was remarking 'Sh-sh-sh!' on the beach; and now and then a ripe cocoanut would fall kerblip in the sand, and that was all there was doing. Yes, I judge that town was considerably on the quiet. I judge that after Gabriel quits blowing his horn, and the car starts, with Philadelphia swinging to the last strap, and Pine Gulley, Arkansas, hanging on to the

hind rail, Sore-toe-kangaroo will wake up and ask if anybody spoke.

"The captain went ashore with us, and offered to conduct what he seemed to like to call the obsequies. He introduced Henry and me to the United States Consul, and a roan man, the head of the Department of Mercenary and Licentious Dispositions, the way it read upon his sign.

"'I touch here again a week from to-day,' says the captain.

"'By that time,' we told him, 'we'll be amassing wealth in the interior towns with our galvanized prima donna and correct imitations of Sousa's band excavating a march from a tin mine.'

"'Ye'll not,' says the captain. 'Ye'll be hypnotized. Any gentleman in the audience who kindly steps upon the stage and looks this country in the eye will be converted to the hypothesis that he's but a fly in the Elgin creamery. Ye'll be standing knee deep in the surf waiting for me, and your machine for making Hamburger steak out of the hitherto respected art of music will be playing 'There's no place like home.'

"Henry skinned a twenty off his roll, and received from the Bureau of Mercenary Dispositions a paper bearing a red seal and a dialect story, and no change.

"Then we got the consul full of red wine, and struck him for a horoscope. He was a thin, youngish kind of man, I should say past fifty, sort of French-Irish in his affections, and puffed up with disconsolation. Yes, he was a flattened kind of a man, in whom drink lay stagnant, inclined to corpulence and misery. Yes, I think he was a kind of Dutchman, being very sad and genial in his ways.

"'The marvelous invention,' he says, 'entitled the phonograph, has never before invaded these shores. The people have never heard it. They would not believe it if they should. Simple-hearted children of nature, progress has never condemned them to accept the work of a can-opener as an overture, and rag-time might incite them to a bloody revolution. But you can try the experiment. The best chance you have is that the populace may not wake up when you play. There's two ways,' says the consul, 'they may take it. They may become inebriated with attention, like an Atlanta colonel listening to "Marching through Georgia," or they will get excited and transpose the key of the music with an axe and yourselves into a dungeon. In the latter case,' says the consul, 'I'll do my duty by cabling to the State Department, and I'll wrap the Stars and Stripes around you when you come to be shot, and threaten them with the vengeance of the greatest gold export and financial reserve nation on earth. The flag is full of bullet holes now,' says the consul, 'made in that way. Twice before,' says the consul, 'I have cabled our government for a couple of gunboats to protect American citizens. The first time the Department sent me a pair of gum boots. The other time was when a man named Pease was going to be executed here. They referred that appeal to the Secretary of Agriculture. Let us now disturb the señor behind the bar for a subsequence of the red wine.'

"Thus soliloquized the consul of Sore-toe-kangaroo to me and Henry Horsecollar.

"But, notwithstanding, we hired a room that afternoon in the Calle de los Angeles, the main street that runs along the shore, and put our trunks there. 'Twas a good-sized room, dark and cheerful, but small. 'Twas on a various street, diversified by houses and conservatory plants. The peasantry of the city passed to and fro on the fine pasturage between the sidewalks. 'Twas, for the world, like an opera chorus when the Royal Kafoozlum is about to enter.

"We were rubbing the dust off the machine and getting fixed to start business the next day when a big, fine-looking white man in white clothes stopped at the door and looked in. We extended the invitations, and he walked inside and sized us up. He was chewing a long cigar, and wrinkling his eyes, meditative, like a girl trying to decide which dress to wear to the party.

"'New York?' he says to me finally.

"'Originally, and from time to time,' I says. 'Hasn't it rubbed off yet?'

"'It's simple,' says he, 'when you know how. It's the fit of the vest. They don't cut vests right anywhere else. Coats, maybe, but not vests.'

"The white man looks at Henry Horsecollar and hesitates.

"'Injun,' says Henry; 'tame Injun.'

"'Mellinger,' says the man—'Homer P. Mellinger. Boys, you're confiscated. You're babes in the wood without a chaperon or referee, and it's my duty to start you going. I'll knock out the props and launch you proper in the pellucid waters of Sore-toe-kangaroo. You'll have to be christened, and if you'll come with me I'll break a bottle of wine across your bows, according to Hoyle.'

"Well, for two days Homer P. Mellinger did the honors. That man cut ice in Sore-toe-kangaroo. He was It. He was the Royal Kafoozlum. If me and Henry was babes in the wood,

*"All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow"*

he was a Robin Redbreast from the topmost bough. Him and me and Henry Horsecollar locked arms and toted that phonograph around and had wassail and diversions. Everywhere we found doors open we went in and set the machine going, and Mellinger called upon the people to observe the artful music and his life-long friends, the two Señors Americanos. The opera chorus was agitated with esteem, and followed us from house to house. There was vino tinto and vino blanco to drink with every tune. The aborigines had acquirements of a pleasant thing in the way of drinks that gums itself to the recollection. They chop off the end of a green cocoanut, and pour in on the liquor of it French brandy and gin. We had them and other things.

"Mine and Henry's money was counterfeit. Everything was on Homer P. Mellinger. That man could find rolls of bills in his clothes where Hermann the Wizard couldn't have conjured out an omelette. He could have founded universities and had enough left to buy the colored vote of his country. Henry and me wondered what his graft was. One evening he told us.

"'Boys,' says he, 'I've deceived you. Instead of a painted butterfly, I'm the hardest worked man in this country. Ten years ago I landed on its shores, and two years ago on the point of its jaw. Yes, I reckon I can get the decision over this ginger-cake commonwealth at the end of any round I choose. I'll confide in you because you are my countrymen and guests, even if you have committed an assault upon my adopted shores with the worst system of noises ever set to music.

"'My job is private secretary to the President of this Republic, and my duties are running it. I'm not headlined in the bills, but I'm the mustard in the salad dressing. There isn't a law goes before Congress, there isn't a concession granted, there isn't an import duty levied, but what H. P. Mellinger he cooks and seasons it. In the front office I fill the President's inkstand and search visiting statesmen for dynamite; in the back room I dictate the policy of the government. You'd never guess how I got the pull. It's the only graft of its kind in the world. I'll put you wise. You remember the topliner in the old copy-books—"Honesty is the best policy." That's it. I'm the only honest man in this republic. The government knows it; the people know it; the boodlers know it; the foreign investors know it. I make the government keep its faith. If a man is promised a job he gets it. If outside capital buys a concession they get the goods. I

run a monopoly of square dealing here. There's no competition. If Colonel Diogenes were to flash his lantern in this precinct he'd have my address inside of two minutes. There isn't big money in it, but it's a sure thing, and lets a man sleep of nights.'

"Thus Homer P. Mellinger made oration to me and Henry Horsecollar in Sore-toe-kangaroo. And, later, he divested himself of this remark:

"'Boys, I'm to hold a *soirée* this evening with a gang of leading citizens, and I want your assistance. You bring the musical corn sheller and give the affair the outside appearance of a function. There's important business on hand, but it mustn't show. I can talk to you people. I've been pained for years on account of not having anybody to blow off and brag to. I get homesick sometimes, and I'd swap the entire perquisites of office for just one hour to have a stein and a caviare sandwich somewhere on Thirty-fourth Street, and stand and watch the street cars go by, and smell the peanut roaster at old Giuseppe's fruit stand.'

"'Yes,' said I, 'there's fine caviare at Billy Renfrow's café, corner of Thirty-fourth and——"

"'God knows it,' interrupts Mellinger, 'and if you'd told me you knew Billy Renfrow I'd have invented tons of ways of making you happy. Billy was my side kicker in New York. That is a man who never knew what crooked was. Here I am working Honesty for a graft, but that man loses money on it. *Carrambos!* I get sick at times of this country. Everything's rotten. From the Executive down to the coffee pickers, they're plotting to down each other and skin their friends. If a mule driver takes off his hat to an official, that man figures it out that he's a popular idol, and sets his pegs to stir up a revolution and upset the administration. It's one of my little chores as private secretary to smell out these revolutions and affix the kibosh before they break out and scratch the paint off the government property. That's why I'm down here now in this mildewed coast town. The Governor of the district and his crew are plotting to uprise. I've got every one of their names, and they're invited to listen to the phonograph to-night, compliments of H. P. M. That's the way I'll get them in a bunch, and things are on the programme to happen to them.'

"We three were sitting at table in the cantina of the Purified Saints. Mellinger poured out wine, and was looking some worried; I was thinking.

"'They're a sharp crowd,' he says, kind of fretful. 'They're capitalized by a foreign syndicate after rubber, and they're loaded to the muzzle for bribing. I'm sick,' goes on Mellinger, 'of comic opera. I want to smell East River and wear suspenders again. At times I feel like throwing up my job, but I'm d—n fool enough to be sort of proud of it. 'There's Mellinger,' they say here, '*Por Dios!* you can't touch him with a million.' I'd like to take that record back and show it to Billy Renfrow some day; and that tightens my grip whenever I see a fat thing that I could corral just by winking one eye—and losing my graft. By ——, they can't monkey with me. They know it. What money I get I make honest and spend it. Some day I'll make a pile and go back and eat caviare with Billy. To-night I'll show you how to handle a bunch of corruptionists. I'll show them what Mellinger, private secretary, means when you spell it with the cotton and tissue paper off.'

"Mellinger appears shaky, and breaks his glass against the neck of the bottle.

"I says to myself, 'White man, if I'm not mistaken there's been a bait laid out where the tail of your eye could see it.'

"That night, according to arrangements, me and Henry took the phonograph to a room in a 'dobe house in a dirty side street, where the grass was knee high. 'Twas a long room, lit with smoky oil lamps. There was plenty of chairs and a table at the back end. We set the phonograph on the table. Mellinger was there, walking up and down, disturbed in his predicaments. He chewed cigars and spat 'em out, and he bit the thumb nail of his left hand.

"By and by the invitations to the musicale came sliding in by pairs and threes and spade flushes. Their color was of a diversity, running from a three-days' smoked meerschaum to a patent-leather polish. They were as polite as wax, being devastated with enjoyments to give Señor Mellinger the good evenings. I understood their Spanish talk—I ran a pumping engine two years in a Mexican silver mine, and had it pat—but I never let on.

"Maybe fifty of 'em had come, and was seated, when in slid the king bee, the Governor of the district. Mellinger met him at the door, and escorted him to the grand stand. When I saw that Latin man I knew that Mellinger, private secretary, had all the dances on his card taken. That was a big, squashy man, the color of a rubber overshoe, and he had an eye like a head waiter's.

"Mellinger explained, fluent, in the Castilian idioms, that his soul was disconcerted with

joy at introducing to his respected friends America's greatest invention, the wonder of the age. Henry got the cue and run on an elegant brass-band record and the festivities became initiated. The Governor man had a bit of English under his hat, and when the music was choked off he says:

"'Ver-r-ree fine. Gr-r-r-r-racias, the American gentleemen, the so esplendeed moosic as to playee.'

"The table was a long one, and Henry and me sat at the end of it next the wall. The Governor sat at the other end. Homer P. Mellinger stood at the side of it. I was just wondering how Mellinger was going to handle his crowd, when the home talent suddenly opened the services.

"That Governor man was suitable for uprisings and policies. I judge he was a ready kind of man, who took his own time. Yes, he was full of attentions and immediateness. He leaned his hands on the table and imposed his face toward the secretary man.

"'Do the American Señors understand Spanish?' he asks in his native accents.

"'They do not,' says Mellinger.

"'Then, listen,' goes on the Latin man, prompt. 'The musics are of sufficient prettiness, but not of necessity. Let us speak of business. I well know why we are here, since I observe my compatriots. You had a whisper yesterday, Señor Mellinger, of our proposals. To-night we will speak out. We know that you stand in the President's favor, and we know your influence. The government will be changed. We know the worth of your services. We esteem your friendship and aid so much that'—Mellinger raises his hand, but the Governor man bottles him up. 'Do not speak until I have done.'

"The Governor man then draws a package wrapped in paper from his pocket, and lays it on the table by Mellinger's hand.

"'In that you will find one hundred thousand dollars in money of your country. You can do nothing against us, but you can be worth that for us. Go back to the capital and obey our instructions. Take that money now. We trust you. You will find with it a paper giving in detail the work you will be expected to do for us. Do not have the unwiseness to refuse.'

"The Governor man paused, with his eyes fixed on Mellinger, full of expressions and observances. I looked at Mellinger, and was glad Billy Renfrow couldn't see him then. The sweat was popping out on his forehead, and he stood dumb, tapping the little package with the ends of his fingers. The Colorado maduro gang was after his graft. He had only to change his politics, and stuff six figures in his inside pocket.

"Henry whispers to me and wants the pause in the programme interpreted. I whisper back: 'H. P. is up against a bribe, senator's size, and the coons have got him going.' I saw Mellinger's hand moving closer to the package. 'He's weakening,' I whispered to Henry. 'We'll remind him,' says Henry, 'of the peanut roaster on Thirty-fourth Street, New York.'

"Henry stooped and got a record from the basketful we'd brought, slid it in the phonograph, and started her off. It was a cornet solo, very neat and beautiful, and the name of it was 'Home, Sweet Home.' Not one of them fifty odd men in the room moved while it was playing, and the Governor man kept his eyes steady on Mellinger. I saw Mellinger's head go up little by little, and his hand came creeping away from the package. Not until the last note sounded did anybody stir. And then Homer P. Mellinger takes up the bundle of boodle and slams it in the Governor man's face.

"'That's my answer,' says Mellinger, private secretary, 'and there'll be another in the morning. I have proofs of conspiracy against every man of you. The show is over, gentlemen.'

"'There's one more act,' puts in the Governor man. 'You are a servant, I believe, employed by the President to copy letters and answer raps at the door. I am Governor here. Señors, I call upon you in the name of the cause to seize this man.'

"That brindled gang of conspirators shoved back their chairs and advanced in force. I could see where Mellinger had made a mistake in massing his enemy so as to make a grand-stand play. I think he made another one, too; but we can pass that, Mellinger's idea of a graft and mine being different, according to estimations and points of view.

"There was only one window and door in that room, and they were in the front end. Here was fifty odd Latin men coming in a bunch to obstruct the legislation of Mellinger. You may say there was three of us, for me and Henry, simultaneous, declared New York City and the Cherokee Nation in sympathy with the weaker party.

"Then it was that Henry Horsecollar rose to a point of disorder and intervened, showing, admirable, the advantages of education as applied to the American Indian's natural intellect and native refinement. He stood up and smoothed back his hair on each side with

his hands as you have seen little girls do when they play.

"'Get behind me, both of you,' says Henry.

"'What is it to be?' I asked.

"'I'm going to buck center,' says Henry, in his football idioms. 'There isn't a tackle in the lot of them. Keep close behind me and rush the game.'

"That cultured Red Man exhaled an arrangement of sounds with his mouth that caused the Latin aggregation to pause, with thoughtfulness and hesitations. The matter of his proclamation seemed to be a coöperation of the Cherokee college yell with the Carlisle war-whoop. He went at the chocolate team like the flip of a little boy's nigger shooter. His right elbow laid out the Governor man on the gridiron, and he made a lane the length of the crowd that a woman could have carried a step-ladder through without striking anything. All me and Mellinger had to do was to follow.

"In five minutes we were out of that street and at the military headquarters, where Mellinger had things his own way.

"The next day Mellinger takes me and Henry to one side and begins to shed tens and twenties.

"'I want to buy that phonograph,' he says. 'I liked that last tune it played. Now, you boys better go back home, for they'll give you trouble here before I can get the screws put on 'em. If you happen to ever see Billy Renfrow again, tell him I'm coming back to New York as soon as I can make a stake—honest.'

"'This is more money,' says I, 'than the machine is worth.'

"'Tis government expense money,' says Mellinger, 'and the government's getting the tune grinder cheap.'

"Henry and I knew that pretty well, but we never let Homer P. Mellinger know that we had seen how near he came to losing his graft.

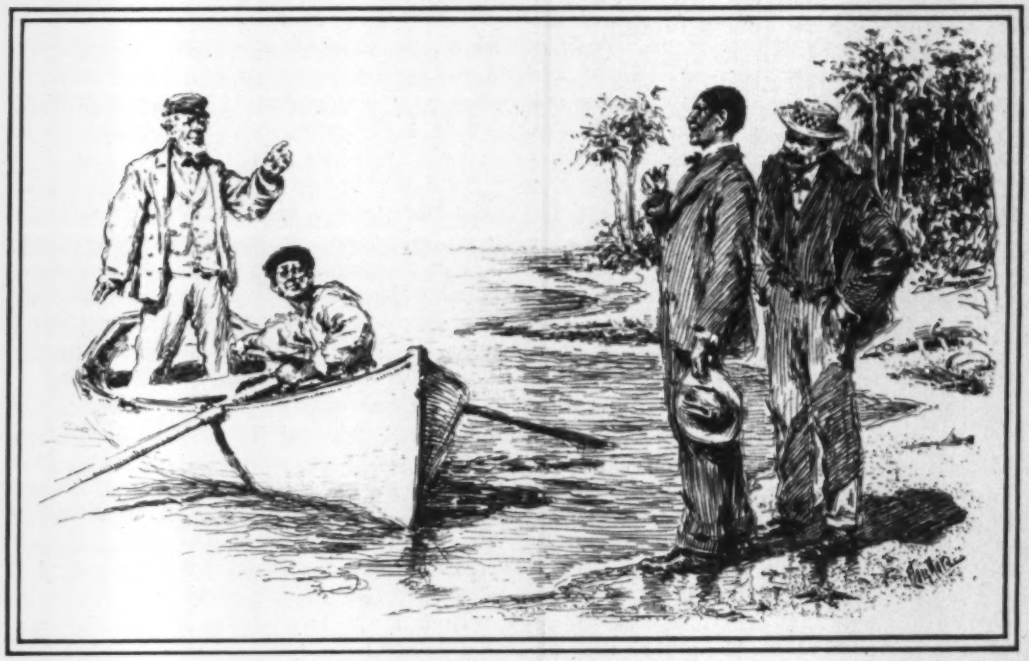
"We laid low until the day the steamer came back. When we saw the captain's boat on the beach me and Henry went down and stood in the edge of the water. The captain grinned when he saw us.

"'I told you you'd be waiting,' he says. 'Where's the Hamburger machine?'

"'It stays behind,' I says, 'to play "Home, Sweet Home."'

"'I told you so,' says the captain again. 'Climb in the boat.'

"And that," said Kirksy, "is the way me and Henry Horsecollar introduced the phonograph in that Latin country along about the vicinity of South America."



*"'Where's the Hamburger machine?'"*

# CHILDREN OF THE COAL SHADOW

## BY FRANCIS H. NICHOLS

*Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover*

*In his article, "The Right to Work," which appeared in the December* McCLURE'S, *Mr. Ray Stannard Baker told the story of the non-striking miner. In this article Mr. Nichols tells about child labor in the coal regions. Mr. Baker and Mr. Nichols both went to the coal regions for* McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *each made a thorough investigation of the conditions he was asked to write about, and each has let the facts which he found speak for themselves. The editors of* McCLURE'S *know that, in this great controversy, what their readers want first of all is simply the facts.*—THE EDITOR.

THE nine "hard coal counties" of Pennsylvania are Susquehanna Lackawanna, Luzerne, Carbon, Schuylkill, Columbia, Sullivan, Northumberland, and Dauphin. A community of interests and the ties of labor unions have so bound the counties together that they constitute a sort of separate and distinct state, called by its inhabitants "Anthracite." Practically the whole population of the nine counties is discontented. Nearly every man has a grievance, and lives in a state of protest, and in this protesting wives and mothers join; with their husbands and sons they share a deep sense of wrong and injustice. It is not my purpose to attempt an explanation of this chronic unhappiness; I only wish to call attention to the atmosphere and life into which a child of the coal shadow is born. Almost the first words which his baby mind can grasp are his mother's complaints of the exorbitant prices charged for the necessities of life at the "company's store," or his father's curses at the injustice of some "docking boss," or his sister's sobs when a ten-per-cent. wage reduction has been declared at the knitting mill.

### *What the Children of Miners are Born To*

So far as the conditions of his life are concerned, it makes no difference to the child of the Coal Shadow whether his parents are Americans or foreigners. If they are Americans, they were born in Anthracite of Irish or Welsh parentage, and they have known no world but the coal fields all their lives. If foreigners, they were recruited by some agent of the operators twenty years ago from among the poorest peasantry of Continental Europe, and emigrated thence directly to their present homes. In either event the child's parents are uneducated, their mental

AN IMPRESSION OF THE "COAL SHADOW"

horizon is in everything bounded by the coal heaps, and their hope is the union.

Every child of the coal fields who to-day is ten years old has lived through at least two great strikes. During these periods the indefinite and sullen discontent takes a concrete and militant form. There is talk by idle men of "the rights of labor" and the "wickedness of riches." Deputies armed with rifles are guarding the company's property. A detachment of militia is encamped at the end of the street. The child's mother, whose face grows daily paler and more careworn, goes once a week to the District Local to receive a dollar or two of relief funds, with which she buys enough food to keep together the bodies and souls of her family. The child's father at night attends secret meetings of the union, and feels highly honored when the district organizer calls to whisper to him the password. The child learns that the worst crime a man can commit is to be a "scab," and that his noblest privilege is to join the union.

A MUSICIAN OF THE BREAKER

### *The Prohibition of "Coal Picking"*

The effects of the strike are directly felt by the children of the miner almost as much as by the miner himself. A case in point during the strike of 1902 was the prohibition of "coal picking."

While the mines were working, the miner was permitted to buy coal at the colliery at a moderate price. Upon the declaration of the strike, this privilege was denied him. The miner's wife naturally turned for her supply to the mountain of culm beside which she lived. The children of the villages began to fill their coal-scuttles from the heaps, that were the accumulations of years, and which had been always regarded as valueless refuse. But the company put up "No trespass" signs, and stationed deputies to see that not a pound of culm was removed. Impelled by their need for fuel, parties of children were sent out to steal coal on more distant culm heaps.

### *A Child's Opinion of the Company's Motive*

Walking from one mining village to another, I frequently came upon these little ones crouching on their hands and knees, searching the refuse for pieces of coal. At our approach

CULM BANKS

the children fled like startled deer. One day, in a hollow of a culm pile near Audenried, we surprised a mother with her baby and a seven-year-old daughter. The baby was rolling on a shawl, while the others worked. The girl rose quickly as she saw us, and started away, but she was so frightened that she fell back again beside her coal-scuttle. She pointed to it, half-filled, as she said, "That's all we've taken. I'll throw it back if you'll let us go."

"We haven't got no money for to pay fines with. We'll have to go to jail," pleaded the mother. It was some time before we could convince them that it was not our intention to place them under arrest.

"Why does the company guard all this coal so carefully?" I asked of the girl.

"All the people round here is striking," she replied. "So, of course, the company wants them to starve, and if they can't get coal to cook their food with, they will starve faster."

This was a seven-year-old child's idea of justice—and of the company. And the children know the company. The boys are seldom more than eight years old when they enter its employ.

### *The School of the "Breaker"*

The company's nurseries for boys of the coal shadow are the grim black buildings called breakers, where the lump coal from the blast is crushed into marketable sizes.

In speaking of the events of his childhood, the average man is far more apt to refer to the time "when I was working in the breaker" than to any occurrence of his school-days. After being ground in heavy machinery in the cupola of the breaker, the broken coal flows down a series of chutes to the ground floor, where it is loaded on freight cars waiting to receive it. The chutes zigzag through the building, about three feet apart. Between them, in tiers, are nailed a series of planks; these serve as seats for the "slate-pickers." Mixed with the coal are pieces of slate rock which it is the duty of the slate-picker to detect as they pass him, and to throw into another chute which passes to the refuse heap below. A few of the slate-pickers are white-haired old men, superannuated or crippled miners who are no longer able to blast coal below ground, and who for the sake of a dollar a day pass their last years in the breaker; but an overwhelming majority in all the breakers

NOTICE PROHIBITING COAL PICKING

IN THE BREAKER

are boys. All day long their little fingers dip into the unending grimy stream that rolls past them.

### *Dangers and Hardships of the Work*

The coal so closely resembles slate that it can be detected only by the closest scrutiny, and the childish faces are compelled to bend so low over the chutes that prematurely round shoulders and narrow chests are the inevitable result. In front of the chutes is an open space reserved for the "breaker boss," who watches the boys as intently as they watch the coal.

The boss is armed with a stick, with which he occasionally raps on the head and shoulders a boy who betrays lack of zeal. The breakers are supposed to be heated in winter, and a steam pipe winds up the wall; but in cold weather every pound of steam is needed in the mines, so that the amount of heat that radiates from the steam pipe is not sufficient to be taken seriously by any of the breakers' toilers. From November until May a breaker boy always wears a cap and tippet, and overcoat if he possesses one, but because he has to rely largely upon the sense of touch, he cannot cover his finger-tips with mittens or gloves; from the chafing of the coal his fingers sometimes bleed, and his nails are worn down to the quick. The hours of toil for slate-pickers are supposed to be from seven in the morning until noon, and from one to six in the afternoon; but when the colliery is running on "full capacity orders," the noon recess is reduced to half an hour, and the good-night whistle does not blow until half-past six. For his eleven hours' work the breaker boy gets no more pay than for ten.

The wages of breaker boys are about the same all over the coal regions. When he begins to work at slate picking a boy receives forty cents a day, and as he becomes more expert the amount is increased until at the end of, say, his fourth year in the breaker, his daily wage may have reached ninety cents. This is the maximum for an especially industrious and skillful boy. The average is about seventy cents a day. From the ranks of the older breaker boys are chosen door-boys and runners, who work in the mines below ground.

The number of boys who work in hard coal mines is imperfectly realized in the rest of the United States. According to the report of the Bureau of Mines of Pennsylvania for 1901, 147,651 persons were employed "inside and outside the mines of the anthracite region." Of these, 19,564 were classified as slate-pickers, 3,148 as door-boys and helpers, and 10,894 as drivers and runners.

The report makes no classification of miners by their ages, but I am convinced that 90 per cent. of the slate-pickers, 30 per cent. of the drivers and runners, and all of the door-boys and helpers are boys. In other words, a total of 24,023, or nearly one-sixth of all the employees of the anthracite coal mines, are children.

### *Age Certificates and What They Amount To*

According to the mining laws of Pennsylvania, "no boy under the age of fourteen shall be employed in a mine, nor shall a boy under the age of twelve be employed in or about the outside structures or workings of a colliery" (*i.e.*, in a breaker). Yet no one who stands by the side of a breaker boss and looks up at the tiers of benches that rise from the floor to the coal-begrimed roof can believe for a minute that the law has been complied with in the case of one in ten of the tiny figures in blue jumpers and overalls bending over the chutes. The mine inspector and the breaker boss will explain that "these boys look younger than their ages is," and that a sworn certificate setting forth the age of every boy is on file in the office.

Children's age certificates are a criminal institution. When a father wishes to place his son in a breaker, he obtains an "age blank" from a mine inspector, and in its spaces he has inserted some age at which it is legal for a boy to work. He carries the certificate to a notary public or justice of the peace, who, in consideration of a fee of twenty-five cents, administers oath to the parent and affixes a notarial seal to the certificate.

### *Justifiable and Unjustifiable Perjury*

According to the ethics of the coal fields, it is not wrong for a miner or his family to lie or to practise any form of deceit in dealing with coal-mine operators or owners. A parent is justified in perjuring himself as to his son's age on a certificate that will be filed with the mine superintendent, but any statement made to a representative of the union must be absolutely truthful. For this reason my inquiries of mine boys as to their work and ages were always conducted under the sacred auspices of the union.

### *Testimony "On the Level"*

The interrogative colloquy was invariably something like this:

THE FORELADY

*"Leads an isolated life of conscious rectitude for about $5.00 a week"*

"How old are you?"

*Boy:* "Thirteen; going on fourteen."

*Secretary of the Local:* "On the level now, this is union business. You can speak free, understand."

*Boy:* "Oh, dat's a diffurnt t'ing altogether. I'm nine years old. I've been working since me fadder got hurted in th' explosion in No. 17 a year ago last October."

A system of compulsory registration of births, such as exists in most of the other States of the Union, might settle the question of the ages of children, but, strangely enough, such does not exist in the State of Pennsylvania. Without some such source of evidence, notaries and inspectors, knowing to a moral certainty the perjury, can prove nothing.

### *Where the Daughters Work*

While the miner's son is working in the breaker or mine it is probable that his daughter is employed in a mill or factory. Sometimes in a mining town, sometimes in a remote part of the coal fields, one comes upon a large, substantial building of wood or brick. When the six o'clock whistle blows, its front door is opened, and out streams a procession of girls. Some of them are apparently seventeen or eighteen years old, the majority are from thirteen to sixteen, but quite a number would seem to be considerably less than thirteen. Such a building is one of the knitting mills or silk factories that during the last ten years have come into Anthracite. Underwear and men's socks are now manufactured in large quantities near many of the mining towns. The silk factories are usually offshoots of older establishments in other parts of the country. Anthracite is away from the main lines of railroad; it is at an unnecessarily long distance from the markets where the product of the mill is sold; the raw material used on the spindles and looms must be transported from afar.

### *Why the Mills Have Come to the Coal Regions*

The factory inspector will tell you, "The mills locate in Anthracite because they all employ girls, and girl labor is cheaper here than anywhere else." A glance at a "textile" map of Pennsylvania will show that wherever there are miners, there cluster mills that employ "cheap girl labor." Besides silk and hosiery a local feminine industry is the manufacture of the fuses or "squibs" which are used in coal blasting. The statistics of the nine counties of Anthracite count up 11,216 "females" employed in them, 2,403 between twelve and sixteen years of age.

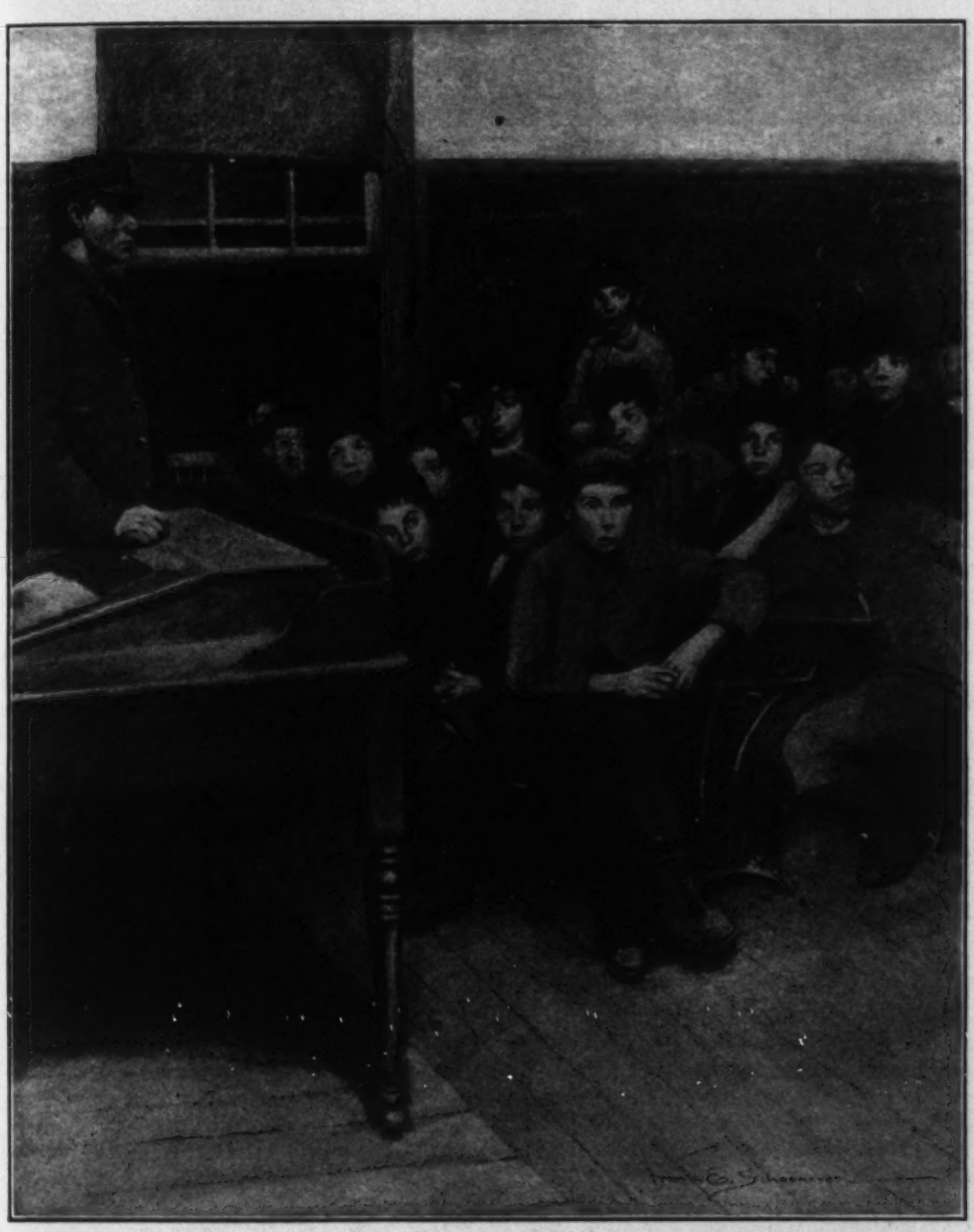
The perjury certificate prevails for the girls, as well as the boys, and I estimate that 90 per cent. of the 11,216 females are girls who have not yet reached womanhood. They work ten hours a day, and the majority stand all of that time, having a chance to sit only in the noon hour. This brings on a characteristic lameness in the girls during their first year at the mill. The report of the Secretary of Internal Affairs of the State places the "average daily wage of children between the ages of thirteen and sixteen" employed in the manufacturing of underwear at forty-seven cents, in hosiery mills at forty-six cents.

### *More Testimony "on the Level"*

Through a district organizer I was enabled to interview under union auspices a number of little girls who were employed in a knitting mill. One girl of fifteen said that she was the oldest of seven children. She had worked in the mill since she was nine years old. Her father was a miner. As pay for "raveling" she received an amount between $2.50 and $3 every two weeks. Another thirteen-year-old raveler had worked since the death of her father, two years before, from miner's asthma; her brother had been killed in the mine. The $3 she received every two weeks in her pay envelope supported her mother and her ten-year-old sister. A girl of fourteen had "looked over" stockings for two years. She was able to make about $4 every two weeks. A "looper" of fifteen received $6 every fortnight. She had worked for four years. Her father was a confirmed invalid. Yet all these children seemed to take great pride in assuring me that their "papers was all right and sworn to when we started to work."

The breaker boss finds at the mill or factory a counterpart in the "forelady." This personage holds a prominent place in the civilization of Anthracite. It is taken for granted that the forelady must be habitually hateful, and in all controversies side with the proprietor against the rest of the girls. It is her duty to crush incipient strikes, and to do all in her power to "break" the union. She enjoys being hated by every one, and leads an isolated life of conscious rectitude for about $5 a week.

"How many pairs of socks can a girl make in a day?" I asked a forelady. "They can easy do forty dozen pair if they is good workers, but none of them is good. They all is kickers. That's what's the matter with them," was her reply.



A BREAKER BOYS' UNION MEETING

## *Boys' and Girls' Unions*

And they do "kick," both boys and girls. They are organized to "kick." The children have their unions as well as the grown folk. Almost as soon as the breaker boy's certificate is accepted and placed on file in the colliery office he makes application to become a member of the "Junior Local," the members of which are all boys under sixteen. Their weekly meetings take place at night, and are conducted with the utmost secrecy, the members being admitted only by password. The monthly dues range from ten to twenty-five cents, in accordance with the wages received by the members.

Every Junior Local has its full quota of officers, from president to corresponding secretary, elected semi-annually by the boys. To the weekly meetings of the Junior Local the regular Miners' Union of the district sends a representative, but he is not an officer of the Juniors; he acts only as referee and instructor.

### *A Boys' Union Meeting*

At Harwood, a village about four miles from Hazelton, I attended a meeting of a Junior Local. Promptly at eight o'clock the boys, about fifty in number, gathered in the schoolhouse. Their oily caps and grimy overalls gave evidence of their having only recently left their day's toil in the mines and breakers. After the blinds had been drawn, and the door locked, the president mounted the teacher's platform and called the meeting to order by pounding on the desk with his fist. On the front row of benches sat the vice-president, treasurer, and secretary. Comparatively few of the members who filled the benches in the room would have been pronounced by any observer of ordinary perspicacity outside the perjured world of Anthracite as being more than ten years of age.

A BREAKER BOSS

"How old are you?" I asked the assembled meeting, and the answer came back in a grand chorus, "Thirteen." An accord of ideas, as well as ages, worthy of a union.

Mill and factory girls are as zealous as their brothers in forming and maintaining unions. The employees of knitting mills are members of the Textile Workers' Union of America. Silk workers have a union, and girls who make squibs belong to the United Powder and High Explosive Workers of America. The weekly meeting of the union is the great event in the life of every child in the coal fields. When attending meetings members of girls' unions are required to wear "the same clothes that they would in church." The debates relate to grievances, and they are always of a serious and sometimes of a strenuous character.

### *First Lessons in Striking*

Before a local can be taken seriously it must have wrung some concession from the boss. Its members must have gone through at least one strike before the district organizer will point to them with pride and will say, "They are all right. They know how to assert their manhood." This is one of the technical phrases of labor leaders, and is always used in the generic sense. Pale-faced little girls "assert their manhood" quite as often and as vigorously as do stalwart coal-begrimed miners.

"When we had a strike at the mill two years ago," the former president of a knitting girls' union said to me, "the vice-president and myself walked all the way from Pittston to Nanticoke, making appeals to the locals in every town we passed. The $150 we raised kept us going for the two months that we were out, and we won that strike."

After the members of a union have determined upon a strike, the first step is to send for the district organizer and to tell him their grievances. In a town of the Coal Shadow I witnessed the formal narration of the sorrows of unionized children to their district organizer. The operatives of a silk mill were contemplating a strike. During the noon hour about twenty little girls, who constituted the grievance committee, crowded around the district organizer in an alley. The girls were led by their president, one of the few boys employed in the mill. He was tall, round-shouldered, and had red hair. He explained that "We are getting ready to fight the oppressions."

The oppressions were the firm that owned the mill, and they afterwards told me at length of the base ingratitude of their employees. "The more you do for them the more they want. They don't appreciate the chance we give them to work and to earn money. They're ignorant, and led by labor agitators."

### *What These Child Unions Have Done*

Puerile, and almost amusing, as are children's unions, they have in some instances met with success in advancing wages and in shortening hours of labor. The secretary of a knitting union told me that during the three years of its existence the organization had by a series of demands and strikes obtained an advance of fifteen per cent. for every one of the 300 employees. The girls who work in a squib factory were receiving seventy cents per day. They asked their employer for an increase of five cents in their daily wage. His refusal was prompt and indignant.

"Then," said the president of the union, a girl aged sixteen, "we served notice upon him that unless he gave us the raise within twenty-four hours we would strike. We knew that he had lots of orders to fill, and he couldn't afford to shut down. The next day he posted up a notice that hereafter we would be paid seventy-five cents a day, and

we're getting it yet. That's what the union done."

It is, however, a peculiarity of children's unions that they not infrequently declare a strike because of a grievance that has nothing directly to do with hours or wages. The child of the Coal Shadow submits uncomplainingly to a habitual treatment which in a country like China would be considered cruel and intolerable. But when extra pressure is so brought to bear upon the little human machine that it is strained to the breaking point: when the child's very life is threatened; then, as a last resort, he turns for protection to the union, composed of children like himself, who share his sorrows and who can appreciate his sufferings. The seventeen-year-old girl president of a union told me this story of the latest victory of her District Local:

In the performance of certain work in the factory a little girl was employed to operate a treadle.

"She had to work all day long, and as she was growing pretty fast, she began to get kind of crippled-like. She was lame in one leg, and she was lop-sided, one shoulder being higher than the other. By and by she got so bad that she had to lay off for a week and go to bed. While she was away the boss hired a big boy to work the treadle, and paid him, of course, considerable more than she was getting. But when she came back to work, he fired the boy and put her on the treadle again. Our Grievance Committee waited on the boss and asked him polite, as a favor, to give her an easier job, because she was getting deformed. But he said that he wouldn't have no interference with his business. He was an American citizen, and no one could dictate to him. Then I called a meeting of our Local.

### *A Seventeen-year-old Girl's Speech*

"'Girls,' I says, addressing them from the chair, 'shall we stand for it—we, that believes in the rights of man? Shall we stand for seeing her growing up a cripple and the union not doing nothing nor reaching out no hand for to help? I know that it's tough to strike now, because some of us is supporting our families, whose fathers is striking. Shall we stand for it?' They voted unanimous to strike if she wasn't took off the treadle. We had the resolution wrote out nice on a typewriter. The Grievance Committee handed it to the boss. He thought it over for two days, and then he give in. The boy is working the treadle yet, and the girl is at the bench."

### *Education in the Coal Regions*

In the vicinity of every mining town is a district school, whose usual need of paint and general appearance of dilapidation gives evidence of its slight importance in the life of the community. According to the State law the schools of each township are under the exclusive control of a local board elected by the voters of the district. In a community where almost the entire population are miners the school board is necessarily composed of miners; the schools must be managed from the union miners' standpoint. The miner on the school board is no better educated than the rest of his kind, and while he may be opposed theoretically to child labor, he regards its continuance as a necessity, and it is therefore his business to see that the school in no way interferes with a parent's prerogative of sending his child to the breaker or mill. The teacher must be in full sympathy and accord with the union. If, as the result of going to school, a child should learn to question in the slightest degree the utterances of the union, then the teacher is at fault, because the union cannot be mistaken about anything.

The State law provides for the appointment of "attendance officers, whose duty it shall be to arrest and apprehend truants and others who fail to attend school." In most mining towns such an officer is unknown. School boards may, under the law, "grant the use of school-houses for lyceums and other literary purposes." This is construed to mean meetings of the union, and in consequence everywhere in the coal region the school-house is the recognized headquarters of the Local. It is as often referred to in this connection as an educational institution. An inquiry for a miner is very apt to be met with the response, "He's up to the school-house." The prevailing idea of the school in Anthracite is an institution where children may go when they have nothing else to do. Except during strikes, for the most part the pupils are less than seven years old.

### *"Scab" Scholars and "Scab" Steam*

During the last strike a number of breaker boys took advantage of the enforced idleness to obtain "two months of learning" by going to school; but the ruling passion of their lives, their devotion to the union, found expression even here. It was the breaker boys who organized the school strikes which occurred in many mining towns. The "cause" was characteristic. The children discovered

that some of the pupils were the children of bosses or non-union men, or suspected that the teacher's father or brother or sweetheart "was friendly with the scabs." A breaker boy who belonged to the Junior Local would call the school together at recess and address them. However young he might be he was well versed in the arguments of the union. He told the other pupils that "we must all hang together now if we wish to assert our manhood." Such an orator always found ready listeners, and during the afternoon, when the teacher's back was turned and the door was open, the school would rise *en masse* and would walk out. At Plymouth a school strike was declared for another cause. By an arrangement with a neighboring colliery, the steam with which a school was heated was brought from the boilers of the power-house. During the strike the coal company employed in their engine-room some non-union firemen. When, on the first cold day of the term, steam was turned on in the schoolhouse, the pupils struck because they "wouldn't sit in no room what was heated by scab steam." School strikes were usually of short duration, because the leaders were promptly expelled, and their followers were too young "to get organized," as a school strike leader in McAdoo explained to me.

This leader was perhaps the most remarkable character that I met anywhere in the nine coal counties. He said that he was ten years old, and that he had worked in the breaker a year under a certificate which described his age as fourteen. He could neither read nor write. With tobacco juice evident about the corners of his mouth as he talked, he explained to me that "this school will never amount to nothing until it is organized." Although school strikes are usually deprecated by miners, several of them have told me that "they couldn't stand for having their children learning in the same room with a non-union child."

Painfully ludicrous and pitiful as it all is, it is perfectly understandable. The children of the Coal Shadow have no child life. The little tots are sullen, the older children fight; they rarely play, and almost their only amusement is, as we have seen, the union and the strike that is the logical result of the conditions of their existence. They have no friends. Their parents, driven by what they think is necessity, forswear them into bondage. Their employers, compelled by what they regard as economic forces, grind them to hatred. The State, ruled by influences, either refrains from amalgamating laws or corrective enforcement. The rest of the world doesn't care. So the shadow of the coal heap lies dark upon these "unionized" little ones as they grow up to be men and women. Within a few years the breaker boy will be a miner. It is the only trade with which he is familiar, and his lack of education will make a commercial or professional career for him almost impossible. He will have to live in Anthracite, because it is the only country where a hard-coal miner can follow his trade. The mill girl will marry early in life; her husband will be a miner. They will both be American citizens. They will remain in the Coal Shadow.

# THE LADY AND THE BOY

## BY NORVELL HARRISON

"I FOUND her," he said, when he could catch his breath. "She's in the locust grove. They wasn't doing anything. Now tell me about Little Lena and the Lomish Leopard."

The warm wind flung the curls back from his face, and played with the tie beneath his sailor collar. He dropped on the grass beside me, laying his dusty little hand upon my knee.

"You'd gotten to where he peeped and saw her putting cake and jelly on the tombstone," he reminded me, "when you thought about the lady. Go on."

"Wait," I said. "Whom do you mean by 'they'? Who else is there besides—the lady?"

"Some other ladies in chairs. She's in a hammock. She wasn't talking to anybody. I guess she's asleep."

"Go back," I commanded, "and tell her—don't say that I said so—but tell her that I'm down by the mineral spring. Say you think I look very lonely. Tell her I'm not reading or anything. And don't let the other ladies hear you."

He was off like a shot. A catbird started from the sycamore tree above me and flew after him, but her noisy song did not make him turn. Presently a very old lady came to fill her pitcher from the mineral spring, and lingered a moment to pick some wild honeysuckle. When she met him in the path on her homeward way, she put a piece into his hand, and he brought it to me, crushed and colorless.

"The other ladies went away," he explained, "so I didn't have to whisper. I told her what you told me to, and she said my face was very dirty. I went pretty quick, didn't I?"

"You did," I answered. "Didn't she send me any message—say she was sorry I was lonely? Or that she would come and talk to me?" He shook his head regretfully.

"Maybe she knew I was coming right back," he suggested, "or maybe she thought, if you were very lonely you would come and talk to her."

"Perhaps she did," I answered.

I lay back, staring up through the branches of the sycamore, at the patches of blue beyond.

"They are very strange," I mused; "they say things, and they look as if they meant them, and they don't at all. Often they mean just the opposite. And when we do the wrong thing they go off and stay hours and hours with men who wear gold teeth in front and do a great many tricks with cards. It's very hard."

"She kissed me," he said, with a manifest desire to prove that his wrongs were greater than mine. "I didn't want her to, but she did. Did she ever kiss you?"

A black cloud appeared in the blue above us, moving sideways to the mountains. When it had gone only a small part of its way it broke, scattering into numberless gray fragments. One of them sank low into the west.

"The moon was there last night," I said. "It was golden and silvern and white and moon-colored, all at once. You mustn't ask questions like that. People will call you a little pitcher and a nuisance."

"Why?" he asked. "Because you're as big as she is? She often kisses me. Every time I have on my long white pants with gold cord up at the sides, she does. Pants is a funny reason to kiss a person for, isn't it?"

"Very," I answered; "so are dresses that are black like your hair, with sleeves that begin and don't finish. So are little trembly things high up in your hair, that are black and shining like your eyes. They are absurd reasons, but if people feel like that, other people who are, at heart, offish and unkind, ought not to wear them." He eyed me distrustfully.

"They're the only long pair I've got," he murmured, "and sometimes all the others are at the wash lady's."

"Then," I said, "if you insist upon wearing them, and she kisses you just once, very gently and lightly, and quite on the cheek, it's wrong and foolish for you to fly into a passion, and say you never dreamed of her doing such a thing, and that you can never forgive her; and then say she must keep entirely away from you, and if you want to be friends again, you will come and tell her so. It's so selfish. A person does not want to spend his whole life by the mineral spring. There are times when his soul may yearn for the locust grove."

"I didn't," he said, looking puzzled. "I never did anything but stand still and quiet, like we do when we sing 'Little children, come and gather,' at my auntie's kindergarten."

"That," I said, "is the proper position. Unless, perhaps——"

There was such a long pause that he broke it presently by saying, suggestively:

"I bet Lena was surprised to see a leopard in the churchyard, don't you? I guess she thought it was somebody's spirit walking around."

"No," I said. "Little Lena knew the real thing when she saw it. Besides, she didn't believe in spirits."

I turned towards him, putting my hand into my pocket as I did so.

"How would you like to go to the office and get a nice, big, pink box of chocolate almonds?" I asked. "We could dispose of them, you know, while we talked about Lena and the leopard."

"All right," he answered promptly.

"And suppose you come back by the locust grove," I suggested, "and see if anybody is still there. If they're not, I suppose there'd be no objection to our going and sitting there. One likes the shade oneself, occasionally, when one's friends have finished using it."

"All right," he said again.

The catbird did not follow him into the world a second time, but, having learned that 'tis home where the heart is, she perched herself on the leafy bough beside her mate and poured forth her knowledge to all who would listen. The thrush from the hawthorn bush across the stream joined in, swelling the song with his amorous notes. "There is a land," he warbled, "where lovers come face to face, hand to hand, mouth to mouth—mouth to mouth—mouth to mouth—" So often he sung it, and with such passionate, ecstatic emphasis, that the leaves on the hawthorn bush trembled with the full sweetness of his secret.

I had listened a long time, and speculated much, when his voice sounded behind me.

"They didn't have any chocolate almonds," he said; "but I thought you'd be mad if I didn't get something, so I got these. I think they are just as good; don't you?"

"Every whit," I said.

"And they last a lot longer," he went on, "because only a very few pieces make you feel as if you didn't want any more till after dinner."

He lifted the top from his pink box with careful fingers. "Did you—was there anybody in our grove?" I asked.

"The lady was still there," he said, peeping beneath the paper-lace mat, "and that man that makes all the cards fly up, and your own card first of all. I asked them would they have some, but they said no. The hammock was nearly touching the ground, and her dress was all dirty at the end."

"But they were not both in the hammock," I objected.

"Yes, they were. Aren't you going to eat any?"

"Certainly," I answered. "I am going to eat a great deal. I shall also drink and be merry, even if I'm not allowed to share hammocks and things." I took a handful of something very red and sticky, and sat up.

"And now," I said, "we will forget that we are ostracized, and be happy with Lena and the leopard. They are in the churchyard, you remember, eyeing each other darkly."

"No, he was looking at her that way, but she didn't know he was sitting behind her," he corrected.

"Very true. She did not. Anyhow, she had been forbidden by her parents to play about the graves, and the leopard must have known this, for in less than a minute after his lomish eye fell upon her, he made a bee-line for her. Then Lena ran, the leopard ran—Lena ran, the leopard ran—Lena ran—but the leopard ran faster, and before she knew it he had bitten off one of her legs! What did little Lena do? Stop and cry? Not she. She balanced herself on her remaining limb, and began hopping. On came the leopard. Lena hopped, the leopard hopped—Lena hopped—but alas! in one gigantic hop the leopard reached her side, and, falling upon her, bit off her other leg!"

I stopped.

"Why did the leopard hop?" he asked. "Nobody'd bitten his legs."

"Why?" I repeated. "Because he was a polite person and a perfect gentleman. You stand when a lady stands, you know; why shouldn't you hop when a lady hops?"

He looked at me dubiously. "That lady at the table by the window with the little gray whiskers is lame," he remarked. "She hops dreadfully. And her husband don't ever hop. Isn't he a perfect gentleman?"

"Certainly," I answered, "in his way. But his way was not the leopard's way. The leopard would do anything to please a lady. I dare say that if Lena had told him not to follow her, or come where she was, or anything, he would have obeyed her to the letter."

"Oh, I don't believe he would," he declared, "because he must have known she didn't want him to run her down and bite her legs off. Anybody'd know that without her saying so. What does lomish mean?"

"Ah, that is the secret," I said. "Had

Lena known that, her blood would have never stained the village green. Her legs——"

"She's coming right here," he cried, his eyes fixed on the winding path, "that lady that was in the hammock. We can go to the locust grove now! Come on!"

I turned quickly. Yes, it was she. Across the green grass she was coming to me.

"It's too late," I said very kindly. "Much, much too late. It would be lonely there besides, and ants and things would get upon our clothing."

"Then I guess I'll go back to the hotel," he said. "You won't mind; will you? She'll come and talk to you, and I'd like to give the other boys some candy."

I gathered up his pink box of red candy and put it into his hands.

"Give them all some," I said. "If what you have is not enough, get some more. Get them all that they can eat."

"Really?" he asked, incredulously. "They can eat a good deal, you know. That Thompson boy——"

"Is honest and deserving," I finished. "Get a separate box for him. Hurry, or all the best boxes will be gone."

He did not wait to hear more. Running swiftly, he would have passed her, but she put out her hand and stopped him, and although he did not then wear the garb that custom had made the warrant for that act, she kissed him; then, with eyes that were black and shining like the spangled butterfly she had worn in her hair, she gathered up her skirts and came towards me.

# A LOVE LETTER TO EMMY LOU*

## BY GEORGE SIEBEL

DEAR LITTLE EMMY LOU:

I have read your book, Emmy Lou, and am writing you this letter to tell you how much I love you. In my world of books, I know a great host of charming ladies, Emmy Lou; some very beautiful, some very noble; proud and courtly dames of chivalry's ages, lovely and heroic maidens of every clime and every time; some with hair burnished like gold, Emmy Lou, some with raven tresses; some gay as the lark, Emmy Lou, some pious as saints; some full of learning like Romola and Hypatia, some with hearts of love like Helen Castlewood and the fair Jehane; a great assemblage of lovely ladies, Emmy Lou, crowned with beauty and garlanded with grace that have inspired the hearts of poets to song and the hearts of warriors to battle, but, Emmy Lou, I love you better than all of them, because you are the dearest little girl I ever met.

I felt very sorry for you when the boy in the Primer World, who could so glibly tell the teacher all about the mat, and the bat, and the black rat, and the fat hen, hurt your chubby fist by snapping an india-rubber band. I do not think he atoned quite enough when he gave you that fine long new slate pencil, grandly encased for half its length in gold paper, nor when he sent you your first valentine. No, he has not atoned quite enough, Emmy Lou, but now that you are Miss McLaurin you will doubtless even the score by snapping the india-rubber band of your disdain at his heart. But only to show him how it stings, and then, of course, you'll make up for the hurt and be his valentine—won't you, Emmy Lou?

You found, in that Primer World, that many things were strange. "To copy digits until one's chubby fingers, tightly gripping the pencil, ached, and then to be expected to take a sponge and wash those digits off," was strange—wasn't it, Emmy Lou?

And to be told crossly to sit down was bewildering, when in answer to c, a, t you said "Pussy." For there was Pussy washing her face on the chart, and Miss Clara's pointer pointing to her.

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But you have found many other strange things in this mysterious world—haven't you, Emmy Lou? From your first step in deductive reasoning—which told you that pencils have a way of rolling off your desk when you are gone, and that one pencil makes many stumps—to the day when you gazed so long into Aunt Cordelia's mirror and suddenly met Self, you have found your pathway in life hedged right and left with strange things—haven't you, Emmy Lou? But you looked at them so bravely and smiled so sunnily as you went on through the world—through the First Reader World, and the Fifth Reader World, and the Grammar Grade World, and the High School World—through the world of Miss Clara and the world of the Large Lady in Black Bombazine, and the rosy world of Dear Teacher, and the thorny world of Miss Lizzie, and all the other worlds—there was always courage in your smile and trust in your heart, and that is why I love you, Emmy Lou, dearest little girl of all.

I can see you now, opening your Primer at page 17, which you know by heart and identify by its picture; and I can hear you now, as your small voice drones forth in sing-song fashion:

How old are you, Sue?
I am as old as my cat.
And how old is your cat?
My cat is as old as my dog.
And how old is your dog?
My dog is as old as I am.

What matter if you held your Primer upside down, as many another Emmy Lou has done while reading some equally affecting narrative? What matter, Emmy Lou, if you were small in knowledge: you were large in faith. And a glorious privilege was accorded to Hattie, who had you for her "nintimate friend." If many people took you for their "nintimate friend," Emmy Lou, you would help them very much. I wish you could be the "nintimate friend" of every Miss Lizzie who teaches in our schools—it was Miss Lizzie who threw the Green and Gold Book into the stove. It would be better for the Miss Lizzies and better for the other Emmy Lous.

If all the Miss Lizzies could read your book, Emmy Lou, how they would be changed! They would no longer be like the Cruel Stepmother, the Wicked Fairy Godmother, the grim and terrible Ogress who dwelt in her lonely castle, the school-house, while the forty little girls in the Fourth Reader were the captive Princesses, kept by Miss Lizzie until certain tasks were performed.

The years flit by, Emmy Lou, and I love you still. When you contradicted Hattie about being an Animal and then had to confess on paper that such you were; when you and your index finger pored over the dictionary's pages to discover whether you were also a Heretic; when you made the humiliating discovery, for a Southern girl, that you were a Republican because your papa was one—in all these anxious and solemn moments my heart went out to you, Emmy Lou.

And when, at twelve years, you find yourself dreaming, Emmy Lou, and watching the clouds through the school-room window, still I love you, Emmy Lou—for your conscience, which William told about in his essay. You remember, the two girls who met a cow. "Look her right in the face and pretend like we aren't afraid," said the biggest girl. But the littlest girl—that was you—had a conscience. "Won't it be deceiving the cow?" she wanted to know. Brave, honest Emmy Lou!

In every disillusionment—the world has so many—I feel with you, Emmy Lou. How often the world slaps our ideals in the face, as when Hattie told you Miss Beaton was going to be married, and you, shocked, hurt, told the romance you had woven about her. "She was going to be married," you said, "and—he—he never came—he was dead." "No such thing," said Hattie; "he runs a feed store next my father's office."

Yes, I love you, Emmy Lou, better than all the proud and beauteous heroines in the big grown-up books, because you are so sunshiny and trustful, so sweet and brave—because you have a heart of gold, Emmy Lou. And I want you to tell George Madden Martin (who, I hear, is really Mrs. Atwood R. Martin) how glad I am that she has told us all about you, the dearest little girl since Alice dropped down into Wonderland—yes, I love you even better than Alice, Emmy Lou.

But here I am still calling you Emmy Lou, and you have budded into Miss MacLaurin, and are receiving attentions from William and Chester; your mirror has told you that you are pretty, and you have had strange heart-flutterings, and your eyes have sought the ground, and your cheeks have blossomed pink. I fear, Emmy Lou, that ere long you will think more of William or of Chester than of any book lover's protestations. So, good-by, Emmy Lou—be assured that you have my heart, and that I will love you ever.

Good-by, Emmy Lou!